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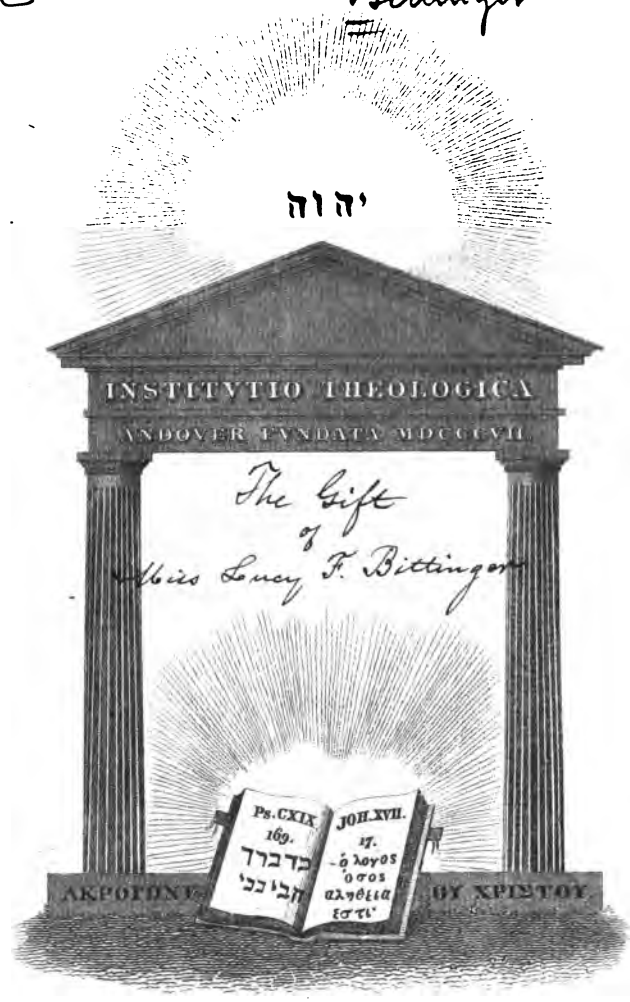
JOSEPH BAUGHER BITTINGER, D.D.

C Bittinger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J. B. Bittinger

MEMORIALS

OF

THE REVEREND

JOSEPH BAUGHER BITTINGER, D. D.

BY

HIS DAUGHTER.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

WOODSVILLE, N. H.
PRESS OF F. W. BITTINGER,
1891.

The gift

of

Miss Lucy F. Bittinger.

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PREFACE.

This memorial aims to tell the story of my father's life as far as possible in his own words, by selections from his letters and diaries.

In thanking those who have helped me by the loan of his letters, I must particularize my father's early friend, Miss Priscilla Titcomb of Newburyport, Mass., his Cleveland friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Day and Mrs. Mary C. Harvey, and his brother the Rev. John Q. Bittinger of Haverhill, N. H., who not only lent me letters, but assisted me by his advice.

I hope this book will be a pleasant memorial to those who knew and loved my father—and most of those who knew him, loved him—and that it may perhaps keep some image of his life for those who never knew him.

L. F. B.

"History to him was not a heap of dry dates and facts, but a development of the plan of redemption; pregnant with lessons of wisdom and encouragement. He read the past in the light of the present, and the present in the light of the past. His sympathies extended as far as Christ's kingdom. He found the footsteps of the Redeemer in all ages and denominations."

"Assailed and calumniated all his life long * * he quietly continued the work which he was appointed to do, and lived too near the Great White Throne to care for the angry buzz of prejudiced ignorance and professional orthodoxy."—*Archdeacon Farrar of Frederic Denison Maurice.*

"The frightful visions of the ceaseless suffering I so lately witnessed continually haunt me, and I must not wish them dispelled, as they alone can effectually teach me patience as to the cutting off of a life so immensely valuable to many besides myself; as to the leaving unfinished so many undertakings, so many purposes for the good of mankind; to say nothing of the charm, interest, enlivenment, support, instruction, edification continually exhaled by that existence throughout the immediate home-circle, now so desolate! and in a desolation which nothing can remedy."—*Baroness Bunsen.*

"In old days it was strength to me to be with him; and for the future it will be strength to remember him."—*Canon Westcott of Bishop Lightfoot.*

MEMORIALS OF
JOSEPH BAUGHER BITTINGER, D. D.

Joseph Bittinger* was born March 30, 1823, in Berwick township, Adams county, Pennsylvania. He was the third son of Joseph and Lydia (Bair) Bittinger.† The homestead where he was born had been in the possession of the family since 1737, when Johann Adam Büdinger and his family came to settle in what was then Lancaster county. Adam Büdinger's eldest son, Nicholas, received the homestead farm and during his lifetime gave it to his son Joseph. Joseph Bittinger, the first, married a daughter of the Rev. John George Baugher, commonly called "Pastor Baugher," who was sent out as a missionary to the Lutherans of this country by the Lutheran church in Germany. But Joseph Bittinger died young and left his wife with five children, of whom Joseph, my father's father, was the second.

My father and most of his brothers and sisters were born in a large log house standing near the site of the present brick farm-house. He often spoke of the wonderful solidity of the old house, its great chimney, and stairs made of triangular blocks of wood, two sides of the triangle forming the riser and tread of the steps. When the "new house" was built the logs of the old one were sold and re-erected in Hanover. The re-built house still stands and the logs are apparently as solid as ever.

Joseph must have been a quiet boy, for he was well content to stay at home with the women rather than go afield with the men; to carry wood for the great brick oven, to rock the cradle, even wash dishes, and in general to be what his brothers called him, "mother's boy."

When he was of school age, which was pretty young in those days, he was sent to the country school, at first provisionally. It was then the custom for a parent to pay for the schooling of a certain number of children, and the elder Joseph Bittinger paid for two children, his older sons William and Henry. But when they were kept at home to help in farm work, little Joseph was sent to take their place. He did

*My father took the middle name of Baugher (the maiden name of his father's mother) when grown up, in order to prevent confusion among himself, a cousin, his father and grandfather, all of whom were simply named "Joseph."

†There were twelve children in the family: William, Henry, Joseph, Ellen, Edward, Rebecca, George, John, Daniel, Ann Maria, Howard and Charles.

not relish this attendance as a substitute and would play truant as often as he could.

The servant "Lena" was, and was considered, a member of the family. In summer she helped the over-burdened mother with the housework; in winter they together spun the clothing and the household linen. She was like an elder sister to the children. It was from her that Joseph learned to read German out of her Bible and Gebetbuch.

It was by association with a little German playmate that Joseph learned to speak German with the readiness and accuracy which were afterwards so remarkable. The boy could speak no English and the two children were forced to communicate in German. The words which Joseph did not understand, he tried to remember, and in the evening would ask his father their meaning.

The *patois* of "Pennsylvania German" was not the language of Joseph Bittinger's home. In this it was exceptional; all the neighbors used the Pennsylvania German as a home language. But his father and mother had been brought up in the neighboring town of Hanover, three miles distant, and there the *patois* was already beginning to yield to English. There was German preaching on alternate Sundays in the churches, but English books and papers were common. His father subscribed to an English county paper.

His brother Henry was Joseph's especial favorite in the family. His other brothers delighted to tease Joseph, taking advantage of his quick temper, but Henry was then, as always, kind and gentle. They slept together during all their boyhood, and in after life, differences of education, character, or surroundings never altered their deep affection for each other. Their brotherly love continued for more than fifty years, until the bond was broken in this world by Henry's death.

When Joseph was old enough to go to school on his own account, he was no longer reluctant. The teaching and teachers of those early days were poor, but he contrived to bring away from the schools a good deal of knowledge, perhaps because he brought to it a strong mind and a thirst for learning. To his father's instruction and help he gave as much credit as to the schools. Those were the days when the alphabet was given entire as a lesson, and the pupil whipped if he did not learn it, and whipped until he did.

Simultaneously with Joseph's school-going, another branch of his education was being carried on; he was learning to work. He did all sorts of farm-work, and was proud of his talent for reaping and binding; as to plowing, he acknowledged that his brother Henry

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used to tell how he went to school only three months. But he was one of the most intelligent men in his section, fond of reading, and a man of rare judgment, which was often called into service in advising in the affairs of his neighbors. He was fond of debate, and often my brother in his early days, listened with boyish pleasure to the sharp reasoning and keen wit of his father.

My mother was a gentle-spirited woman, of much personal beauty, with dark blue eyes and dark, wavy hair, (from which Joseph's hair got its curl,) and was almost slavishly devoted to family and domestic duties, as was the lot of the women in her day. Father retiring from active business at fifty years of age, mother's life was one of ease during her last years.

My mother was the flower of the family, but, as was common in those days, had few school advantages, but she had in her the making of a large woman had she had advantages such as girls now have. Joseph owed his loyalty to duty largely to his mother, who was a person of great conscientiousness.

It was under such parentage that my brother grew up to boyhood. The influences around him, if not of the highest, were uplifting, and he early showed a fondness for books, which fact led to his going to college. The schools of his day were quite crude, and the range of study was confined to the "three Rs," "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic." But Joseph took geography and grammar in addition to these, and so extraordinary were his acquirements regarded by his fellow students that when he recited in these last branches,—he being the only one that took them,—the whole school would pause in its noise and study to listen to his wonderful achievements.

His life at home was that of any boy on a farm where

there was plenty to do. He was distinguished from the other children by a mature mind for his age, and for his devotion to his books whenever an hour of leisure came. In this he was encouraged by his father.

Joseph went to college quite early, being only sixteen years of age. There he was faithful to duty, and studious, and was the first scholar in his class. The other children were proud of him, and he was the first graduate from college from all that region. In vacation time he made himself useful at home, but was not assigned to the hard work of the farm. His chief duty which he assumed voluntarily was to keep the wood-pile well replenished. He was fond of swinging the axe, and out of love for his mother, whose work well prepared and plentiful wood would lighten, he took delight in splitting it with much care, and preparing an abundance of dry kindling. Especially one kind of wood was worked up in the best manner. This was the wood for the bake-oven, the old-fashioned brick oven of that period, in which families did the baking at one time to last the whole week, capacious enough for eight or ten loaves of bread and fifteen and twenty pies. It was a habit of his when he had prepared one of these bake-day piles, to stand erect with hands on axe-helve, mouth in a sort of whistle-pucker, and his head on one side, and say to a younger brother who was sitting near by, "Well, I guess that will pass muster," and then would exhibit one of his peculiar smiles of satisfaction, showing his glistening white teeth.

I think my father sent my brother to college with a view of his training for the legal profession. He was very fond of good speaking, and was greatly pleased with the tokens of proficiency which my brother early displayed in debates which were held in the little stone school-house on the hill. My father almost always attended the courts at Gettysburg,

either on private business or as a juror, and was acquainted with the leading members of the bar, which at that time was an unusually able one, numbering in its roll such men as the late Thaddeus Stevens, James Cooper, at one time a member of the lower house in Congress and also a senator in Congress, and Daniel Smyser, who became eminent as a judge. My father's ambition was that my brother might win the honors of a lawyer.

The father, who had always regretted the circumstances which had denied to himself a college education, had resolved on one for his sons. He first sent Henry to the neighboring Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, then a quiet unhistoric town thirteen miles away. One of his relatives, the Rev. Henry Louis Baugher, D. D., was a professor in the institution, of which he was afterwards president. But Henry Bittinger had no intellectual tastes, and soon returned. His father then resolved to send Joseph.

Before sending him out into the world, his father, following the German custom, had his son attend catechetical instruction under the Rev. Jacob Albert, then pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran church, Hanover, and in this church Joseph, with his sister Ellen, was confirmed. In later life he always spoke strongly of the benefits of catechetical instruction, and the lasting impressions for good which he had received under it. One of his cherished plans, which failing strength prevented him from carrying out, was to bring about a return to this good old custom in his church at Sewickley.

Joseph entered the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College, May 30, 1839. In the Memorabilia which he was asked to prepare for the semi-centennial of his Alma Mater, in 1882, he said of his college life:

The college was then under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Philip Krauth, and was only in the seventh year of its existence. * * * I see yet the motley crowd of hastily and half-dressed boys rushing pell-mell to be in time to answer to their names—nearly half the roll runs through my mind as I think of those days, and with equal distinctness I recall the different ways in which "the boys" answered to their names; the timid "here," sometimes abridged to "yer," or flattened

out to "hyer;" now and then the Englisn "yes" would come up, and occasionally the Latin "present." Then the Scriptures and prayer—brief interval of quiet, to be broken by the hurried, noisy exit for breakfast, or for the completion of the unfinished toilets.

In those days the majority of the students boarded in *commons*, a few favored ones had the freedom of the town. Mr. Peter Aughinbaugh was steward, and the dining-room was on the first floor under the portico. Two lines of tables extended the length of the room. At the head of each table sat one of the tutors to ask the blessing, preserve order and carve. The students stood while grace was being said. Instead of chairs we sat on long benches, and it sometime happened, in our zeal to be seated, or in some superfluity of naughtiness, that one of those benches would be overturned with a great crash, to the delight of the boys and the confusion of the tutor, or the principal of the preparatory department.

I well remember the cheery, chubby face of the present Bishop of Nebraska, and his brother "Joe," now "starred" in the catalogue. I could not well forget that these rooms were both for recitation and general study, for having entered late in the term, I recited at such times as were convenient for the teacher. Here I said my Latin grammar to tutor Deihl, and here I wrestled with the Greek reader. I was once quite audibly smiled upon by that room, for crowding "Penelope" into three syllables—Pen-e-lope. But as I and some others were obliged to put in our recitations at odd times, perhaps we put them in sometimes rather oddly.

My classmate, Cather, must have had his troubles, too, in Latin and Greek, for he declared to tutor Deihl that committing the Latin declensions was "like pulling teeth," and as for getting a Greek paradigm—"he'd as soon climb a shell-

bark tree backwards." This comparison smacks more of the Illinois than of the Ilissus, and James Cather was a true Westerner. * * * The college campus as we now see it was not yet. The front yard was as bare as your hand, the back yard was the general wood-yard. I think it was in '44 that the campus was set out in trees. Benedict (F.), now of Bedford, Pa., was a leading spirit in those improvements, and in honor of him I named the road leading from the portico to Washington street—the only path then laid down—*Via Benedicta*, a name which I believe it still retains.

Our campus in those days was the field back of the present preparatory building. There we played some "corner-ball" and much "long-ball," till "town-ball" drove those rustic games out of fashion. Base-ball was not yet known to the curriculum, nor did the college course embrace rowing and the other modern improvements. * * * The college was poor, the professors were poor, and most of the students were poor. Well do I recall the meagre furniture and thread-bare wardrobe of that time. The "gay clothing" of a few of the boys often put to shame the wearers of "the vile raiment." In that day there were only two gold watches in all Pennsylvania College. Well might such impecuniousness breed thoughts of rebellion at the charge of 12 1-2 cents extra for the cleaning of the rooms. It is pleasant to think, though hard to believe, that when this impost was taken from the rooms and added to the table, the generousness of the diet proportionately increased. It is pleasant to add that the $1.87 1-2 per week included washing and mending; and well do I remember making personal appeals, and not in vain, to Mother Aughinbaugh for additional buttons and for greater permanence of those already in position.

"Darning" was also done, if it was not "nominated in the bond.

During Joseph Bittinger's course there was much religious interest in the college, and he always considered that if he could say that he was "converted" at any particular time, it was then. In his "Memorabilia" he wrote:

THE SUMMER OF 1839.

The religious feeling during this session was very deep. Even at this far remove I can feel its solemnity. Perhaps I was more open to such instructions then, for I had just come to college from a course of catechetical instruction, under the pious labors of the Rev. Jacob Albert, of Hanover; had been confirmed and admitted to my first communion. My heart had grown thoughtful and tender, and I was no doubt sensitive to religious influences.

There was one incident which greatly intensified the religious sentiment then pervading the institution: that was the sudden death of young Key, of Baltimore. He died in the college building, and it seemed a voice from the grave calling to repentance.

Many religious meetings were held—prayer-meetings especially. I do not now recall any additional preaching services, but "morning and evening prayers," which, in colleges, are usually perfunctory and never very devout, were at that time deeply serious, and often painful in their solemnity. The younger students were gathered into small prayer-meeting groups. They met in each other's rooms, or perhaps more often, in the rooms of the older Christian students. Henry Ziegler's room was one of those "places where prayer was wont to be made." Gottlieb Bassler's room was also an oratory. * * * The only larger prayer-meetings held were on Sunday evenings. These were conducted by the theological students. The names most deeply impressed on

my memory as active in revival work at that time are those of Passavant, Hay, Harris, Ziegler, Bassler, Harrison and Suman,—and later, John E. Graeff, Fred. Barnitz and Benedict.

The Winter of 1842-3.

This was a revival season pretty wide-spread. I was out of college during the winter term, and therefore am unable to give any details. I only remember that, on my making a visit to Gettysburg at the time of the contest between the two literary societies of the college (February of 1843), I observed the deep religious feeling which pervaded the community and the college. It was during this revival that Robert Clarkson and his brother Joseph, Luther Albert, the son of my old pastor, and others, whose names have escaped me, became interested in religion. * * *

The Spring of 1844.

The religious impulse of the previous year,—perhaps of the preceding years,—was carried over, and its momentum increased. The day of prayer for colleges was looked forward to with fear and dread. All the devotional exercises of the college reflected the excitement that was coming. The preaching was serious, whoever did it; but of Prof. Baugher's, the acting pastor of the college church, this was particularly true. Always earnest, always pungent, he was now perfervid in his pulpit ministrations. * * *

Looking back at those revivals, after forty years, I recall nothing in the manner of conducting them that is unpleasant. Possibly those who were older may have seen things of which they disapproved. I am glad to say that the deepest impression left on my mind was the importance, solemnity and nearness of eternal things. Some of my best resolutions date from that time. Some of my tenderest friendships are rested there, and among the names of those who were most

zealous for "these things," there are many whose after-life and labors have been an ornament and a blessing to the church of Christ.

Among his college friends, for whom he retained during life, the liveliest affection, were Deihl, his room-mate, the Rev. R. H. Clarkson, the late Bishop of Nebraska, John Morris, Esq., of Baltimore, Beale M. Schmucker, the Rev. Peter Anstadt, and the Rev. G. A. Nixdorff.

He had, too, a great respect and attachment to his instructors, in particular for President Krauth, Professor, afterwards President, Baugher, and for President Jacobs. This modest and useful man was said to be the introducer of the process of canning fruit, now so universal. His services to the Union generals at the time of the battle of Gettysburg were most important; he put at their service all his knowledge of the surrounding country and gave valuable advice. Joseph Bittinger always gave to Prof. Jacobs the credit for all the weather wisdom which he had in so remarkable a degree.

For Pennsylvania College—his "dear Alma Mater," as he called it on his death-bed, when his mind was busy to the last with plans for its good—he always felt the deepest love and gratitude, "for what it has done for me, and through me I hope for others," as he said in those last moments.

During his college course, he wrote long journal letters to his mother, but they are lost, and these scattered recollections are all that are recoverable of his college life.

Joseph Baugher Bittinger, as he now began to write himself, was the chairman *pro tem.* of the meeting called in June, 1844, to organize the Linnæan Association, and after the society was formed, was elected treasurer. He was the essayist of his society in the contest of the same year.

He graduated Sept. 16, 1844, receiving the honor of the Latin salutatory, which, however, he did not deliver, for the characteristic reason that "he thought a Latin salutatory useless and something of a sham." After graduation he returned home and taught a country school during the next winter in a little rough-cast schoolhouse where he had himself been a pupil.

When he left college he had not yet decided upon a profession, though his wishes and those of his friends pointed toward the law. His father also encouraged him in this. Accordingly he began its study in February, 1845, and many pages of his "Index Rerum" are filled with notes concerning it.

About the same time he began a school in Hanover. He boarded during part of his teaching in Hanover, with Mr. Michael Etzler, who had just before married Louisa Young. With them he formed a friendship which always endured and they held a place with his own family in his affections.

During the progress of this winter of 1845, his feelings regarding a future profession were undergoing a change, and he finally resolved upon the choice of the ministry as his calling. Some notes found after his death give the following account of his vacillations as to a profession and what finally influenced him to a choice. Their somewhat stilted and sophomoric style is a great contrast to the clear simplicity of his more mature writing.

When I first left home to finish my education, the office of a village school-master was the acme of my ambition. When I was converted, my first love, in accordance with my character, was a continuous thrill of desire to tell the great joy to my family, and it has always been a marked trait in my Christian experience to tell the "good things of the Spirit" to my relatives, friends and acquaintances. Before I had finished my college course, my mind was oscillating between teaching and preaching, and this oscillation was doubtless kept up by the counsel and interests of two diverse parties of friends; the one urging me most flatteringly to enter the bar, the other to consecrate myself to the pulpit. Thus I wavered until this third disturbing power counterbalanced the thought of teaching. I had a talent for excelling,—but my diffidence of my powers, admonished me to shun the *publicity* of the Law,—but the same force operated likewise against the Gospel. Thus then was my entire system of hopes and resolutions overturned, and for a season all was chaos. But whose soul ever slumbered after having once tasted the intoxicating cup of ambition? My spirit brooded over this confusion for a while, and from its elements called forth "politics,"—now the statesman bearing on his shoulders the interests of a nation haunted my vision, but the shrink-

ing spirit of modesty, while it hovered in feverish anxiety around the majestic portals of the State temple, feared to enter. Again I returned to my first love, again vacillated, for often, as I rode by myself, I would unconsciously sing (though I never sing at other times) impromptu compositions of sacred poetry, and then I would say "I will one day preach the Gospel." But I was yet too ambitious, yet too pious to wear the livery of heaven in the courts of the world. In this unsettled frame of mind I still kept on teaching, —when at last I determined at least to *study* law. I commenced, but my eyes failing fast during the hot weather, I desisted; when winter came I commenced again. I solicited aid and direction, but circumstances seemed adverse. I prayed I might be right, yet would not my mind remain quiet. My *good* friends still urged the ministry, but there was one *little* matter which I think turned the scales. I had paid assiduous attentions to a young lady, and was very anxious to know her preference of the professions, but her caution seemed proportionate to my importunity; at last she incidentally expressed her predilections for the ministry, and although she was not pious, yet my mind was resolved, I loved her more than I did my prospects of future worldly fame, and determined to preach, and since then my enthusiastic temperament has often painted the white fields of the east ripe for the harvest—January, 1847.

His decision was a bitter disappointment to his father. The elder Joseph Bittinger, indeed, refused to assist his son at all in his studies for the ministry, and he was obliged to depend for his support on his own earnings in teaching, on some assistance from the New England Education Society, and upon a generous loan from Mrs. Billmeyer, who took a particularly tender interest in the young man because he was about the age of one of her own dead sons. He, on his part, always spoke of her with filial affection and kept up a constant correspondence with her during his Seminary course.

He began the study of divinity at Andover, Mass., Oct. 24, 1846.

What influenced him to go so far from home for his theological training were the superior advantages offered in New England, and the good influence, to which he always gave great weight, of a young man's receiving part, at least, of his education in a different section of the country from that in which he had been born and bred.

A note book which gradually developed into a fragmentary journal is the only record that remains of most of this Andover life.

March 5, 1846. A great source of temptation is opened to me, in the nature of my studies. I find that however often I take up my Bible for devotional purposes, the thought of a critical reading thrusts itself upon my mind, and the devotion of the soul is cooled, if not chilled. I presume such is the experience of every critical student of the Scripture. Every station and profession has its peculiar trials,—but if opposed, all work for our good.

March 16. A great deal of anxiety is caused by reflecting how uselessly many of my hours are spent—especially when I'm taking bodily exercise. I'm very thankful that my occupation is one that seems so well adapted to the peculiar nervousness or irritability of mind which will not suffer me to think to any effect when physically active. I doubt not it is in a great degree owing to my habits of sedentary pursuits. I often propose to myself a subject as the theme of meditation, during my morning or evening walks, but seldom do I succeed in fastening my attention to the production of any good effect. Yet is my effort sometimes rewarded with one or two ideas either new or renewed. So that I do not despair of finally subduing this waywardness of temper in my mental constitution, as to be able to carry on a lucid and connected train of thought under all circumstances.

Aug. 16. Though it is a common experience, and a common remark of Bible readers that it never seems old if read in the right spirit, I feel as if I would add my simple confession to this number and declare my experience in the in-

creasing newness of the Bible at each successive reading. It seems composed of strata of truth and comfort, every one truthful and consoling. The deeper we dig, the purer the ore—for though it is all gold, the fine gold is that which lies deepest, and which only the most patient and diligent laborers find. Then the deep study and fervent zeal which are needful to reach these hidden treasures make them doubly valuable. We are cursed to earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but blest with the zest with which we then eat it,—so the scripture truths which are deepest to fathom are dearest to possess. One should think that the depth of this well of truth should be sufficient to convince men that man never dug it, for it cannot be that he dug the well, who is unable even to fathom it. There is enough truth in the Bible to make thousands of converts to its tenets, though it offered nothing more valuable than their own worth. I thank God that some of its "hard sayings" have stirred up evil men to labor in the cause of Christianity. Those learned rationalists are the scavengers of religious truth, and when they have cleared away the rubbish of the road of truth, we will run in it rejoicing.

By the privations and economies which he underwent in order to support himself while in the Seminary, Joseph Bittinger broke down his constitution, robust as it had been, and impaired his health for life. During one year when he boarded himself, his expenditure for food was only $30; for some years he did not eat meat.

Partly in consequence, it was thought, of his poor and insufficient food, his eyes failed him and he was obliged to finish his studies at the Seminary by the aid of a reader. His classmates showed him great kindness in reading to him; he also hired as a reader a boy, Samuel Lamson, and thus formed with him a lasting friendship.

In one of his vacations, Joseph Bittinger served the American Tract Society as colporteur in Lynn, Mass. He considered the experience among the skeptical shoemakers of Lynn and the knowledge of men thus acquired, invaluable to him in his future work of the ministry, and often said that he learned as much there as in the Seminary.

Another great blessing which he owed to his stay in Lynn was the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Isiah Breed. It was while boarding at their house during his work of colportage that he learned to know and admire their wide hospitality and unceasing benevolence. Mrs. Breed was active in charitable work in Boston and had brought up several adopted children beside her own large family. When Mr. Bittinger had an attack of rheumatism, an hereditary complaint, but developed in him by his frugal life at Andover, Mrs. Breed took the young student to her home to nurse him; indeed he was treated as one of the family.

Mr. Bittinger also made the acquaintance of a lady who boarded in this large and miscellaneous family, Miss Priscilla Titcomb, of Newburyport, Mass., and through her, with her brother, Mr. B. B. Titcomb.

On the 8th of June, 1848, occurred the first death in the large family of Joseph and Lydia Bittinger. The ninth child, Daniel, died in his sixteenth vear, after a short illness. This, Death's first invasion of the family circle, seems to have made a deep impression upon Joseph. For some years the anniversaries of Daniel's birth and death are marked in his brother's diary.

June 17, 1848. It has a strange sound, the word "died," and a peculiar look. I often saw, heard, and used the word but I never heard or uttered it as it seemed to me this afternoon, when I saw it in a newspaper, connected with my brother Daniel's death. Henceforth it shall have a new meaning to my mind—it shall say *live*, *live*.

Aug. 15. Psa. 69 : 8.—(I am become a stranger unto my brethren and an alien unto my mother's children). As I read this verse this morning my mind was taken homeward. I felt that in some sense these words were true of me. I sometimes feel as if my suspicions of home must be wrong. It is now nine years since I left home, and doubtless my education, etc., have in a great degree broken those sympathies which should exist, and which would exist if all my brothers and sisters and parents were pious and educated. But as it is, their range of thought and feeling is necessarily very different from mine. They do not write to me, and

this makes me think that they have forgotten me, but then writing is a habit and they may not have acquired it. Their souls may be full of love, but it is only mute; should I not trust to their sincerity? My soul yearns toward them, so that I sometimes feel as if I could not possibly stay from home any longer. If the Lord will open the way for me during the approaching vacation, I shall surely visit home. I pray that it may be a profitable visit, both to my soul and their souls. May God grant it.

Aug. 30. I apprehend no greater calamity, at present, than blindness, though my general health seems seriously interrupted. One can bear up against pain when it leaves you in the full possession of all one's senses, which are the citadels, as it were, by whose strength the mind fortifies itself, but when the eyes are gone, where shall the spirits then rally? For one so young, so covetous of knowledge, so aspiring for an active and a useful life to stand face to face with the idea of blindness is terrible. The thought of its befalling me sometimes makes even me sad,—for though I have schooled myself to bear submissively what God may impose, yet I have not yet finished my education so far that I feel prepared to say, "Let it come." There are some things whose sufferance one can only learn to endure by a teaching of necessity, and I am inclined to think that blindness is one of that class.

Dec. 11th. I fear when I once enter the ministry, I shall be over-excited by my preparations for the pulpit. Even now, when I engage in writing on a subject in which I feel the slightest interest, I become so excited that I cannot for a while compose my mind to meditation on any other subject nor to sleep. After such intense engagement, my body feels much worn down.

On New Year's day, 1849, begins the series of pocket diaries, which

he kept up throughout the rest of his life. The first entry in the diary is:

Jan. 1, 1849. Received this from Mrs. Breed, a paper knife from Willie, and something from Lucilla. Began my first sermon.

Jan. 13th. Received two letters, one from Canton, O., giving me a call. But who am I? Another from Prof. Reynolds on the same point, and also on the York academy vacancy.

(From the Journal.) This evening I experienced, as I have often done in a measure, my utter weakness and inability to do aught for God without his special aid. To hear myself called Rev., to be called to take charge of a church, seemed a vision. I thought it could not be, there seemed such an improbability about it. And yet the time is hastening on when I must go forth. Then will there be no room for delay or excuse. I wonder whether others feel as weak and unfit as I do. I seem the weakest among my brethren; any one of them, it seems to me, is better qualified than myself. When I look to God, then only do I seem to feel like doing anything of value for the world.

Jan. 26. Prof. Phelps returned my *first* sermon with his criticisms,—too favorable, I fear.

Feb. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Breed seem merely ordinary folks till you hear them on benevolent projects—then I think one realizes their vast superiority to most men and women.

Feb. 11. My mind is agitated—tormented by the desire to produce better sermons than I can. It does not seem to me as if I could produce anything that is as good as what I hear from others, nothing which should be saving to souls or worthy of the church of Christ. Yet I often draw relief from the bare fact that other men do succeed, and perhaps I may, too. But much as I am oppressed by thoughts

of inadequacy, I *dare not draw back. I must preach.*

Feb. 25. This afternoon in talking with Little on the prospect which is now so soon to open upon us, he remarked that when he received his first call, the thought which was most prominent in his mind was *the want of holiness.* This I feel is the great point. Men may amass treasures of knowledge, may cultivate and adorn the intellect, acquire the graces and powers of eloquence, but if all these things be not sanctified, the preacher can do nothing for God—for He is not honored save by His own—even a clean offering, purged as with fire.

Feb. 27. There is an undue solicitude in the minds of most young men when on the verge of active life, lest they should not get to the right place. From the confessions of some of my class I find that there is a very general desire to get to easy situations—the bane of idleness. There are two classes of motives which generally decide the minds of ministerial candidates,—first, ease; second, the desire of self cultivation. The first is an ignoble but not less sinful motive. There is a speciousness about the latter which does not belong to the former. It seems commendable for a man to look to the improvement of his own mind, but when the desire amounts to only the personal satisfaction of *self*-culture aside from the interests of your charge, it is sinful; and the hoarder of learning, but for his greater infrequency, would be, as he deserves to be, as severely reprobated as the gatherer of filthy lucre. The woe against the lust of silver and gold is equally pointed against the mere lust of knowledge. The indurating process upon the mind is just as certain, though it differs much in its character from that of the former. Again the anxiety of the candidates lest they should not find the field for *their* talents is quite common, especially among the higher order of minds. The sin in this case lies in a dis-

trust of God's special providence. Does not God know to whom he has given talents? Does he not know where they can be best employed? Will he forget his chosen vessels or the people for whom he had prepared them? If the Lord hide a man's talent it is either for the man's own good, for the good of his church, or for both. President Edwards *seemed* buried and his light shut up when he left Northampton, but if he had not left Northampton he would never have left his work on the Will, on the Affections, on the History of Redemption, etc. He has done more than if he had remained at Northampton. Perhaps he would have burned out, but his light was too precious to be so soon wasted. The Lord doeth all things well.

March 11. Luke, viii: 38, 39. It seems to me that here was advice given, which should often be given nowadays to those who without being specially endowed by God, intellectually, yet insist on following Christ publicly. They might do more good as private Christians than they ever will as public servants of God.

March 13. Though myself "an irregular convert" I am grieved to hear some of my fellow students speak of the influence of the Spirit as entirely withdrawn unless He manifest His power in revivals. To this grief is added surprise when I hear this sentiment uttered by those who are the sons of Christian parents and have themselves been Christians from a time beyond which their memory does not reach. Is God not present in the breeze, as well as in the tempest? Does a man cease to live because his pulse does not beat 120 per minute? And has the Holy Ghost fled from the church when her hallelujahs are not ringing from every mountain top, and commingling with the cries of yielding and resisting sinners? Is it not the duty of the church to grow internally, as well as externally? Must not her stakes be

strengthened before her cords can safely be *lengthened?* I too rejoice in these irresistible demonstrations of omnipotence when nations are turned as the heart of one man, but I also believe that there are hours and days and years of divine rest and quiet in which Zion is more exalted than in years and days and hours of paroxysm.

March 30. (His birthday.) A birthday budget from Lynn—cakes, nuts, tarts, oranges, apples, cheese and fowl. A birthday festival with E. H. Greely and Lyman White, N. H. Where will I keep my next anniversary?

April 17. Today I received license to preach the Gospel. I have felt much consolation of late in yielding to God's direction as to where it will be my duty to labor. I am fully persuaded that He will bring me to the best place—if I will only await His purpose—the best place for me, the best place for His church, the best place for His own glory. It is as sweet a thought as it is great, to give oneself up to Omniscience for direction. Oh, if only I can maintain such a trust in His providence, as shall enable me to repose in His arm, for support, and to follow His guidance as a child follows a parent, into a dark room.

April 29. Preached my first sermon for Mr. Cooke, Lynn. Preached three times, performing the third service extemporaneously. Psalm 119 : 113.

June 7. I feel so boyish yet, and still daily I receive notice that I am a man. It seems then that in the eyes of others I am no boy, at all events I feel that more is expected of me than it is proper to demand of youth. It is important that I divest myself of boyish thoughts, for so long as I deem myself a boy, I will to some extent continue one. Some childlike feelings and thoughts I prefer to cherish all my days. Men are often too manly—at least for practical purposes—and especially for easy social intercourse with the

young. The want of due confidence in my thoughts is one of the direct results of such juvenile estimates. Another drawback resulting from such feelings is an unbecoming backwardness to advance anything on a subject; and still another evil is that I do not attach sufficient importance to my conduct, assuming that all will judge me as I judge myself. In this way I may sanction by my timidity what I do not concur in, and authorize conduct which I should reprobate.

June 18. Left Andover to teach at Newburyport; stopped during the night at Lynn.

July 13. A letter from A. Farwell, principal of the Abbott Female Seminary, Andover. My teaching here seems very like an indication of Providence, as to taking the Seminary.

July 24. Close of the Putnam Free School; the farewell of scholars.

(From the Journal.) What a bitter thought it is to break oneself at once roughly and rudely loose from the thousand tendrils of sympathy and love which intercourse has entwined around the soul. Today as I looked upon the thought of our disbanding school, and saw how bitter the reality was, I could have wept for sorrow. I do not repine, but it is so hard to sever at a single rupture, the cords which it took days and weeks to weave and attach—but what a noble tribute does so much tenderness pay to Him who has made us such creatures of love.

July 28. Present of Barnes' Notes, ten volumes, from my classes in the Putnam Free school.

After a month's absence, spent, like most of his vacations, chiefly in Lynn and Newburyport, he returned to Andover, Sept. 3d, to take temporary charge of the Abbott Female Seminary there, during the absence of the principal in Europe.

Sept. 13. How sweet and refreshing it is to hear a song

of Zion. Today after the labors of teaching and devising, I was moved to tears of joy by the notes of "Boylston" as the scholars closed the school with it. Their young voices as they formed an offering of praise, seemed to rise up to heaven like a volume of sacrificial smoke, and as it rose, it bore forth my spirit with it to more peaceful regions. The reflection, too, that the singing was in response to my request, and thus betokened their willingness to obey my wishes, gave a peculiar tenderness to my emotions.

Oct. 16. My scholars complain that I do not bow to them. It is in my heart to bow, but not always in my eyes.

Oct. 25. What a sadness stole over my mind as I listened to the familiar tones of the chapel bell, while its notes passed from one chamber of the soul to another, and waked up thoughts of other days when that same bell struck its uniform sounds—always the same, but never finding me the same, as year succeeded year. When first I heard it, I was a stranger in a strange land. * * * I never can hear that bell ringing out its changeless notes, among the leafless elms and russet fields, without being recalled to the land of shadows and darkness through which a kind Providence led me.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

Oct. 30. * * If it were not so old a song, I should berate the weather, but I think it both more Christian, and more becoming the head of a "Seminary," to bear all things meekly and patiently. You have all been much in my mind of late—no, all along. I cannot well reconcile myself to this long exile; I need to see some of those old familiar faces, hear some well-known voices, and sit in some accustomed place, to make me fully feel myself—indeed, I doubt my personal identity, at times, and fear that unless I soon have means of removing my skepticism, I shall not recog-

nize myself as the same man that used to go to and fro in the earth from Lynn to Andover, and from Andover to Lynn. * * I made Mrs.—— my residuary legatee; after my other bills were settled, I found myself in possession of an *iron* spoon, a cup, bowl, plates, fork, etc., all of which I transferred to the old lady—and who should I overhear one night, telling some of the people at the Mansion House of my goodness, but Mrs.——. I was abashed at the panegyric, and went to my room with this reflection, that this world must be made up of very indifferent people, if *my* conduct could draw forth such commendation as, in the plenitude of her gratitude, she uttered. My school is moving steadily along. The other evening I heard the first words of encouragement, that have yet fallen on my ear; they were quite good—but were they true, and by discriminating judges? Dare I believe them? I wish I could, and go in the strength of them forty days. I know you will say, Oh, thou of little faith—but can I help it? *My* classes are full and punctual, and interested.(?) I know I have my scholars very near at heart, and pray that I may make them worthy women; if possible they shall be "mothers in Israel." I have devised a number of new modes for drawing forth their latent powers—if there be such. For certain members of the school, I select topics for essays, giving the same subject to all; at present I have them on the female characters of the Scriptures. "Ruth" leads off. The great difficulty with young essayists is that they will do their writing compositions in a mere perfunctory way. Now I think giving them a theme, upon which they can read, yet on which they cannot copy any language, nor many expressed thoughts—(for the Bible tells only facts, it gives no deductions, at least very few)—will take them by guile, and draw unconsciously from them their opinions; then too the fact of

so many writing on the same subject, is, I think, no more than a healthy stimulus. You know I abhor mere emulation —it is not a legitimate motive (and the other day I occupied considerable time, in telling the school, under the influence of what motives they should study). Of my class in Intellectual Philosophy I require an abstract or dissertation daily, from one of the class (of seven) on a subject previously assigned. I do not expect to make a deep impression on parents, by the scraps of knowledge which their children may prate, but I do expect deeply to impress my scholars with the thoughts of disciplining their minds.—It is now at the close of the day when the scholars have gone, and I am again brought face to face with my morning's work, that I shall finish this hasty note. Today things went quite commendably. Scholars good-humored, teachers ditto, studies pleasant and of course it is to be inferred, something has been done. I was thinking last evening, as I looked out to the west, what a work is that in which I am engaged; but if I should be instrumental in training up more or fewer, to follow me in the way to Heaven, what a rapturous thought to find there one and another and another, who, while they, in common with myself, should ascribe their salvation to Christ, should yet be able to point out the *turning thought* in their life, and say that I had given them that thought. I was as strong as ten men, when my soul had feasted on that idea— and, my dear friend, it may be all true. What manner of person ought I to be? You see I am getting so near the close that I must say *farewell*—which is a word full of all manner of love, sincerity and truth to you, your brother, each and all of the beloved family at Lynn.

Dec. 14. There is a freeness of intercourse between me and my scholars which promises much good. Now I can work. I have the leverage of their good will.

Feb. 17, 1850. This afternoon I made my first attempt at extemporaneous preaching. I suffered much, both in mind and soul, but I feel that it is duty. I believe that it is the duty, in part, of all to "speak" unto God's people; but my duty is stronger if possible, because my eyes preclude me from accomplishing much unless I can acquire the power of extemporizing. In this view I am willing to sacrifice all ambition, and do it for the gospel's and Christ's sake.

Mar. 3. If I could only control my feelings—they, more than any other part of my nature, tyrannize over me. * * * Sometimes it seems modesty—then pride—then both. When I meet a superior, I cannot notice him for fear of being charged with a desire to gain favor. * * * I cannot say "good morning" to my scholars, lest I should be charged with assuming that they cared for my notice. I dare not preach to please men, for fear of condemnation. I am uneasy when I don't preach, for fear I should be charged with vanity, and a desire to get praise for what I am not.

Mar. 1. At Dea. G——'s. Felt as if I was preaching, so general was the attention. I wish somebody would tell me whether I seem arrogant or egotistic.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

Feb. 13. I am engaged, as I believe I told you, in translating Tholuck's "Bergpredigt." The engagement will occupy all my spare moments, aside from preaching, teaching, and trying to "get up" sermons—which last presumptuous thing I dared to undertake at the request of the West parish. I shall not again thus do evil that good may come from it. You will forgive me, will you not? (Tie this fast to the preceding clause). * * * My school continues very engaging and delightful. I have much to tell you of my history class, but cannot now arrange my ideas so as to give you my notions of it; the future may have a recess in one

of its chambers in which we will sit and talk this matter over. In reading I have no one who is naturally like-minded, and hence I pick up but little that is really congenial to me. If I do not soon get time to read something more than I have for years past, I shall famish, for my stock is fast being "used up." Still I am grateful for even that small amount which I get by sufferance and begging. Sam. Lamson has been reading Layard's "Nineveh" to me. I like it much. It throws much light on our dear Bible, vindicating it from the suspicions which ungodly men have cast upon its venerable antiquity—for in these exhumations, the stone cryeth out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answereth it, and they both tell of the "city of three days' journey." I wish you could read it to me, for I become very full of thoughts and feelings—the spirit within constraineth me to speak, that I may be refreshed, but one cannot talk unless there be some one *to listen* and *to know how* to listen, which you do, and it requireth much patience to listen to me, for I speak at times "as a fool." Next I shall hear Oakley's "Saracens." Those old Arabs are so much like Abraham—such long beards, such grave countenances, such a natural eloquence, and such a spontaneous imagination, so Bible-like in all except their religion—and even in that clay image are veins of the gold of Ophir.

March 30. My twenty-seventh birthday. I am not *where* I expected to be, nor *what* I expected to be. My life still flows in a devious stream, with no really definite object save the tomb. I had hoped ere this providence would have opened a door—or rather *the* door of my appropriate station. I will launch forth once more, I will believe yet another year. I will not force my destiny—the fruit of my life will ripen in God's time. I shall yet eat and be satisfied.

May 25. A long talk with a slaveholder. There is

enough harmony of feeling between the sensible North and the sensible South to preserve us and our institutions.

June 30. Preached at Roxbury. Mr. Jenkins had the kindness to advert to some of my faults. I regret that he should have had occasion, but regret still more that he did not mention more.

July 23. Yesterday my school presented me with a gold watch as a testimonial of their regard and affection. I do not know how I felt when I first took it—I was grateful, and yet I was mute, not only so far as words were concerned, but my heart seemed clogged,—I did not even seem to feel. I hope that my apparent indifference was not considered amiss, for to grateful and affectionate hearts no pang can be more poignant than to suspect that their kindness is not appreciated. And then it was so appropriate; the wisdom of the serpent could not have devised a more expressive expression of regard than did this same gift of a time-piece,—a monitor of passing eternity as it drops from the ocean of the past into that of the future, a conscience to remind me of my mortality and the redemption of the time. I will make it a law to me.

July 23. School closed. Tried to say something to the school as an appropriate close, but could think of nothing. I and they seemed only to feel.

(From the History of Abbott Academy.)

In 1849 Mr. Farwell requested the Board to choose an associate principal who might act as his substitute while he should be absent for a year of foreign travel. Mr. J. B. Bittinger, who graduated that summer from the Theological Seminary, was appointed. In recommending him for the place, Rev. J. L. Taylor wrote: "Those who know, while they speak of him as evincing no want of solid judgment and common sense, refer with special strength to his excel-

lent scholarship, his fondness for teaching, his facility in communicating his knowledge, his clear and rapid discrimination of mind, his good taste, his pleasant and gentlemanly bearing, and his genial qualities as a friend."

How well this high promise was fulfilled may be inferred from the opinion of one of his pupils best qualified to judge. Miss Susanna C. Jackson has written: "Mr. Bittinger was a teacher of rare power. Methods and processes like those he employed are to the evolution of the pupils' own powers of thought, what the Spring sunshine and showers are to the seed sown in good soil. Twenty-five years afterward the subjects of his tutelage look back and say, 'Then my intellect was born again.' Those who were his scholars bear unvarying testimony that that year stands out as a marked epoch in their intellectual life. Expressions of gratitude always follow the mention of his name by the pupils in Abbott Academy in '49-'50."

And in an article in the Abbott *Courant* on "Mr. Bittinger as a teacher," Miss Jackson says:

There are teachers whom we adored in youth, the recollection of whom brings a smile at our youthful credulity; there are others whom we did not love, whose wisdom we now respect and praise; but Mr. Bittinger was one for whom our early enthusiasm has never abated, to whom our gratitude has augmented as life has revealed the real excellence of his teachings and of his character.

Sir William Hamilton, in his lectures on Metaphysics, delineates the "intellectual instructor" as he should be. All that Hamilton prescribes was our old teacher, and more, for he found no use for "emulation," so highly commended as a motive by Sir William. No jealousy was awakened, no heart-burning kindled, no selfish ambition fostered by his methods. We felt an enthusiasm for our studies, we wel-

comed the hour for our recitation, and not for our own only, but for every recitation conducted by our Principal, since he taught his classes chiefly in the schoolroom where the numerous "town scholars" of those days sat during the sessions.

What a sunlit picture memory conjures of a roomful of happy, expectant young faces; of the teacher,—not graceful in manner, plain in feature, brusque in address, devoid of the refinements of an artificial culture, but with a kindly, dignified, strong bearing,—standing behind the high, old-fashioned desk. No matter what was the science or the text book, the teacher, not the text book, was our inspiration; we could not afford to lose one word that fell from his lips. Youngest or oldest, we listened as for our lives, every soul of us. Now and then would come a bright flash of incisive wit, when our eager faces would break into smiles, and smiles ripple into side-shaking laughter. As it were but yesterday, I see the teacher raise his usually downcast eyes above his spectacles for a moment, in quiet surprise at the tumult he has evoked, then hide his blushing face, his broad frame swaying in sympathy with his merry auditors.

In those early days one does not analyze her feelings and convictions with great subtilty. She cannot say why her enthusiasm has been kindled, how she knows her teacher is a prince among men. Was it because he was himself such an ardent lover of knowledge? That was no doubt an element of his power. Was it because he had so strong a native impulse to import his intellectual treasures? True that was another trait, more efficient than the former; a trait remarkably developed in him. He could not address a few sentences to a young person, in school, in the parlor, even in the street, without communicating a new scrap of knowledge, a new thought, a suggestion of some moral problem to be wrought out. He kept our brains perpetually working on something

which would furnish exercise and discipline to our nascent faculties,—not in a way of toil, but as one solves a puzzle or plays a game. I have often wondered in these intervening days, how he excogitated all those odd conceits, whether those psychological riddles he used to delight in propounding were given to us to forestall girlish gossip, which he detested, or simply as a unique drill for our reflective powers.

We feared him while we loved him—not as a ruler, for we were unconscious of being governed. Not for worlds would we have become targets for those swift, sharp arrows of satire which we knew were always in ambush.

Of praise he was by no means lavish, yet his criticisms upon our crude productions were always tender and helpful. When we met socially he was neither the pedagogue nor the "esquire of damsels," but a friend, intolerant of frivolity, while benignant toward immaturity.

Often we say as we meet in these long after-years, "He first awakened my dormant powers; to him I owe, more any other, the development of my intellect, and whatever mental growth I have attained." Yet who can guage the force and scope of the stimulus imparted by one mind to another? Who can weigh and state the potency of an influence? Who can disentangle the threads which intertwine in the network of agencies which pull souls upward or drag them downward? We know we have been swayed, impelled, uplifted,—only the Creator of souls can tell all the debt we owe those who have wrought changes in character, who have uplifted other minds to heights which but for them had never been attained.

Many of Mr. Bittinger's pupils at Abbott Academy have preceded him to that shore where mortal "knowledge shall vanish away;" but of the sheaves which they have laid at the Lord's feet, surely not the least have been their disciplined

faculties—the "pounds" which have "gained ten pounds" —because a wise counsellor early directed their steps.

After the close of his school, Mr. Bittinger made a short tour among the White Mountains with Mr. Titcomb. Returning to Andover he was supplying pulpits in the neighboring towns, when he was suddenly called home to Hanover. The entry of Aug. 26 in his diary is of calls and conversations; in the corner with black lines around it, is the note, written subsequently: "Mother died, 10 P. M." Owing to the slow communication in those days, he did not hear of her illness until after her death, nor was he able to reach home in time for her funeral.

Aug. 27. Letter from Catherine of my mother's illness.

Aug. 30. William Young brought me home. His words,—"Joseph, it does not seem like home."

The disease from which Lydia Bittinger died was one epidemic in the neighborhood. Her husband was already affected, and after he returned from her funeral, took his bed, saying that he would never rise from it, as indeed he never did.

Sept. 13. Picked damsons at Aunt's. Gifted me with $100.

This entry refers to the loan which Mrs. Billmeyer had made to him for his education, and for which she took his note. Afterwards she was taken ill, and fearing that in case of her death, he might be pressed for the money, she destroyed the note. It must have been at this time that she told her beneficiary what she had done, a thing which he long gratefully remembered of her.

Sept. 14. Father more unwell than usual, also brother Henry with dysentery. Death seems to have encamped about us.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

Sept. 20. * * I should have written long before this date, but you, by this time, know the reasons. Grief is very exclusive of all external matters; it busies itself with the inner world. I designed to inform you of my condition, prospects, and of the circumstances of the rest of the family —but day after day passed, and still I found you unattended

to. After I reached home, on Friday, 30th ult., I saw the desolation of the homestead, with the traces of the destroyer's course visible on every remaining face. I felt that I had indeed *no home*. On that day, three weeks today, father was taken down with mother's disease, and is at this time lying at the door of the sepulchre. If he is raised, it will be a resurrection, but I am prepared for the worst; for ten days past the scale of life and death has been balanced; which way it will now incline Omniscience only knows. We all hope for life—but we all fear for death. Our sorrow is great, but there is an impregnable joy behind this dark cloud. My mind is joyous. I suffer more from sympathy than from the direct grief of the strokes laid on our family. My brother Henry is just recovering from the same sickness—but the inflammatory rheumatism keeps him on his bed, which is a rack. I too have a rheumatic affection at this time. I apprehend nothing serious, however. I write thus soon not to tell you all my sorrows—though there might be a balm in the confession—but lest I should have more woe shortly than will let me write at all. Of course you will forgive my apparent neglect even thus far; you have a large charity, I know. I attended a meeting of my college classmates, yesterday; it was a very pleasant meeting. Six years since we occupied the same forms together, and thenceforth were scattered, to be partially collected at this time; by appointment, ten years hence we propose again to meet; delightful exchanges these—pleasant occasions for recalling a pleasant past, and preparing for a pleasant and profitable future. My time was much curtailed by the illness of father —only a few hours, instead of days. I have preached a few times, since I came home, and you will be ready to believe good things were said of me. Yes, too many and too good to be true or profitable, I'm afraid. I am engaged to preach

twice, or rather at two villages on Sabbath. I preach the "spoken word" and though I have not much experience in that line, I feel that *it* is *the way* to preach to this people. When I again see you I will tell you what some of the things were; they would not read well, though they may bear telling. There is a great stir here about my returning to New England, but all these things move me not. I only look at the star of duty, and towards the place where that stands, I press my careful steps. May the Lord never say to me as to Elijah, "What doest thou *here?*" and I be unable to reply aught.

Sept. 21. This morning I was awakened by A., to come down to brother Henry's. I found him in the deepest religious exercise. To use his own words, "Joseph, the Lord has visited me in my chamber. Christ prayed with me and sang with me. Who can resist the Lord?" He spoke with an eloquence and felicity which astonished me. The Scriptures seemed at his perfect command; all which he knew he could apply then and there. Some men who were working for him tried to minister comfort by saying that all his matters would go on well, notwithstanding his sickness, but he felt no interest in such assurance; his soul was troubled and nothing but Christ could bring satisfaction. He wished to talk to me as his dear brother. He believed that I could comfort him by my instruction in spiritual things. I prayed with him, read the Bible to him, and conversed on the various topics of interest and importance to one in his situation.

Sept. 27. This morning at 6:30, died father, in the kitchen chamber.

Oct. 1. One should suppose that so great a change as the death of parents in a family should be followed by corresponding changes in the feelings of the members. Yet in

my own case, I feel that such is not the case. When father lay near death and his wild look and absentmindedness reminded one of dissolution, I felt the keenest pang. To ask questions over and over again, and get no reply—to sue for recognition but in vain—these were the things which opened the fountains of the soul. But when once the struggle of hope was over, I felt as calm as if nothing had befallen me. And so it is now. Perhaps I will realize it more after a few weeks or months. I now begin to feel how sad a thought it is to have no *home*.

Thus the family and the home were entirely broken up. Most of the elder children had already left home, and among them the four youngest, John, Ann Maria, Howard and Charles, were provided for. Joseph Bittinger, on his part, assumed the oversight of the education of John and Ann Maria. He took his sister with him to New England in November and placed her in Abbott Academy.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

Dec. 4. I have just done two great things and mean to put the climax to my exploits by filling *this* sheet (almost as large as Peter's) not with four-footed beasts and creeping things—but with *crawling* things. The two things referred to are dinner and undoing your package. I should have replied to the kind and timely messages, which came from Newburyport, before this late period, if I had not harbored some latent designs of visiting Lynn, Salem, and the region round about. I of course am very glad that you have sent the articles of apparel, not indeed that I was too shabby to venture the intermediate distance between this and Newburyport, but because I can conveniently use them. * * * I am simply living at Andover, in opposition to leading the life of a Bedouin—still, I must confess I am a nomad, for I pasture my flocks from town to town. * * * I have written one sermon since my arrival, and have preached one Sabbath. * * * My evenings are spent in listening, sometimes to

Sister, sometimes to Samuel, sometimes to Mr. R., sometimes to my own suggestions. I am obliged to meditate on my couch at night, but I enjoy it, and at times my cogitations are available for other dormitories—as churches and lecture rooms. I am appalled at the waste of time to which we are all subject. Time is squandered as if we held a carte blanche subscribed by the Almighty. I am becoming daily more anxious to have some pressing, outwardly pressing, duties, to prop up and give stability to my lax, wavering thoughts and endeavors. I do not design to rust into the grave, and yet I daily feel how unimpelling ordinary resolves are—I want a task and a taskmaster.

Dec. 28. Ann Maria here. I thought she wanted something. I am very happy that she feels and shows some dependence on me.

Jan. 1, 1851. I was more than pleased with the report which I heard of Sister.

Jan. 3. This day I had just matured plans which rendered it probable that I should sail for Germany, about the first of March, when in come Pres. Labaree and Prof. Robbins to see whether I would not go to Middlebury and fill the professorship of Rhetoric and Mental Philosophy, during the next term, commencing with the first Monday in March. Strange coincidence. What shall I do? I am afraid God will say to me, "What doest thou here?" and I shall have naught to reply. I pray the Lord to direct me in these difficult matters. I wish earnestly to do right and I must be in the right place to do it.

Jan. 8. Of late father has been so much present to my waking and sleeping thoughts that his spirit seems to hover about me.

Jan. 10. Prof. Phelps' levee—an experiment to see

whether men and women would come to talk without being paid in ice cream, cake, etc.

Mar. 2. Preached at Middlebury. A very bad cold, rendering my speech contemptible to myself and I fear to others also.

Mar. 4. Met my first recitation. In great anxiety of mind, but got along better than I expected.

Mar. 24. The responsibilities which I have assumed seem to have had a very salutary effect upon my spiritual life. There seems to have been a plentiful supply laid to my hand. Much freedom has been imparted in all my public devotional exercises. Then, too, the apparently kind interest exhibited toward me has very much softened my heart, and awakened an interest and sympathy in me toward others. I need to be on my guard against being unduly exalted. I pray God not to suffer me to be sinfully lifted up. I am sure I do not claim any merit for anything I have been allowed to do or feel. Unless I had received testimony from others of the acceptableness of my labors, *I* should have drawn the opposite conclusion.

April 27. Preached in a darkness-loving house, worked hard and to my detriment; obliged to dip down for every sentence like a man baling water and pouring it over the audience.

May 29. Mrs. Labaree, "I do not think you pedantic, nor haughty, but timid."

(To Miss Titcomb.)

June 19. I think I wrote you in my last about something which the church here had done. I then thought that before this date I should be determined on what course I should pursue, but the strong tide of fortune was running so high that I delayed deciding, until I could do justice to the two parties interested. The same week in which the church ex-

tended me their call, the students as a body, memorialized the corporation to appoint me as Professor of Rhetoric, etc. I was persuaded to consider this last matter, in connection with the former. I consented, so I am halting between two opinions. * * * Sister seems still delighted with New England. I suppose she will turn out a thorough Yankee girl. She has sufficient nerve to man a seventy-four if duty should make the way clear for her. Not that I think or wish her masculine, I only speak of her unconquerable will. Should I conclude to remain in Middlebury, I will probably bring her up here. She seems very much attached to me and I am sure I rejoice in it. Since you last heard from me, I have been preaching almost every Sabbath. I am a little afraid of these kindhearted Vermonters, they flatter me, I fear. I may say, though, that being a little more used to the pulpit I preach with more ease to myself and probably with more acceptance. I wish I could have you and your brother's friendly criticisms, but I should want to be ignorant of your presence, lest "human nature" should be too strong in me and lead me to preach as unto men and not as unto the Lord. Here as elsewhere I have found honorable women not a few. If I am to make up an estimate of my character from the attentions and regards of women, I am a "ladies' man," but I do not scorn such an appellation. I have found the salt of the earth among their numbers. I am still at the president's, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul. My audience is small but very select. Mrs. Labaree reads for me every night and a rare privilege it is to hear her read and converse. I am singularly fortunate in being an inmate of her house. My lonesome evenings are turned into joy. I pick up valuable hints on social life from her talk; you know how greatly I need the polish of society. * * * My eyes, I am glad to think, are strengthening. My general health

is checkered with colds, coughs, rheumatism and neuralgia,

Still if I am never laid up I will never call my lot a hard one, but the thought of being hors du combat is terrible to me,—yes, absolutely terrible. I would rather my body were stranded on the sea-beach than that it should be laid up to rust its powers and try other peoples' good will. I pray the Lord not to suffer me to be on the town. If I thought I should not be burdensome I would mind little about the pain, but to be a clog—the thought appalls. * * * The only lions in my path are the responsibilities which too propitious circumstances impose upon me. I think I have told you that I wish to live a useful life. I still hold fast the *words* of that sound doctrine. May mine be the saints' perseverance—but above all, the saints' rest.

June 29. My letter declining the call of the church in Middlebury read.

(Journal.) On the whole my health advises me to decline the church, my heart urges me to accept.

July 3. * * * If I had some confidential spirit nearer than Christ—a wife of the right kind, I should be a happier and a more courageous man. It is not good for me to be alone, and if it please God, I will not long live for myself.

Aug. 23. As I listened to-day to the depressed language of ———, because of the small class which entered this term, I made the reflection that the motives which give rise to such expressions were not as pure and elevated as they should be. And besides it is very trying to harbor such feelings. If we can feel that a small class needs as much care as a large one, and that it may yield as much advantage to the world, it will greatly relieve one's heart and greatly strengthen one's hands. In former times I too have felt badly. I am convinced it was mostly pride—the pride of numbers.

A Christian ought to be above such feelings, and I am determined to be above them. Lord, strengthen my memory and give grace for this vow.

Nov. 12. *Letter from H. Wirt informing me of Catharine's mother's death, on the 7th instant, evening.*

A few years before, Mrs. Forney had made a second marriage, but without changing her name. The affairs of the family were left in much confusion. Catharine Forney's brothers were all young and her grandmother, Mrs. Nace, quite aged. Under these circumstances the marriage, which was not to have taken place until spring, was hastened. Prof. Bittinger left for Hanover the next week after receiving the news of Mrs. Forney's death.

Dec. 5. Spent the afternoon at Catharine's. Grandmother Nace: "I feel so sorry to have Catharine go so far from home." I: "Oh, it is only two days." Grandmother: "Yes, but *my* days are few."

Dec. 7. Preached in the evening. My brother Henry catching me round the neck and saying, "Well, Joseph,"—could say no more.

Dec. 23. MARRIED TO CATHARINE. Present: Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Etzler, Aunt, Rebecca, Henry, Edward, H. Wirt, Emmert, Wm. Stine, John Barnitz and Millie Myers.

Feb. 23, 1852. Left Hanover.

This separation so soon after their marriage was determined upon, because when the time for him to return to his duties came it seemed as if his wife could not yet be spared by her brothers and sisters.

March. 20. The apprehension that I shall yield to indolence and do nothing for myself, or others, or Christ, is an ever-present thought with me.

March 30. My twenty-ninth birthday. I awoke this morning with thanks to God that I was born into the world; I only prayed that I might have means to be useful. I fear that I must again forego the coveted privilege to preach God's

word. To preach is my heart's desire, but the unstable health of myself and wife demands that I should set another year of probation before me. And yet such is the critical state of things in this place that sometimes it seems duty to accept even in the face of such hazards to my health and that of Catharine.

April 6. A senior spoke of the Doge of Venice as "a certain Mr. Dodge."

April 15. John G. Saxe of Burlington—his full, jocular face set with a piercing black eye, is quite attractive. Conversation modulated, racy, genial—with some slang. Quite self-conscious in speaking of his "poems," though *in words* he greatly deprecates commendation.

April 22. S. and M., two young men trying to get an education relying on their own resources. Boarding themselves, full of spirit and kindly regard for each other, real Yankees in their talk, respectively 21 and 18 years of age.

April 28. *Ordained at Cornwall, Vermont.*

May 6. Daily my life seems to grow more irksome in the absence of Catharine. I do not see how I can do without her any longer. I really wonder that I attempted it. If I could have gathered into one concentrated anticipation all the incommodities involved, I'm sure I would not have left her behind.

May 12. Wrote to Catharine—my last letter. Felt quite sad that I could not continue another letter, so many things during the day suggested themselves.

May 24. A day of unpacking, but otherwise very pleasantly spent. In the evening took a walk with Catharine to the college grounds.

Oct. 3. One might write an interesting and valuable story of Luke's tour of inquiry, when he was gathering the

materials for his gospel. It would present a strong proof of the authenticity of the Scripture narrative.

Oct. 5. I never feel my ignorance so much as when I begin writing a sermon; then I strike my head against at every turn.

Nov. 16. So long as I remain here I shall not prosper. I feel hedged in by the narrow policy of the place. I feel dissatisfied with the manner in which my labor is regarded; I want a larger arena, and a more imperative, or, at least, proximate class of motives. If I had on my mind the constant pressure of a sermon, and that, too, a sermon demanding much care in thought and style, I should grow. Perhaps my health and eyes would prove inadequate to such a constant draft upon their energies, but if so I could return again to the vocation of a teacher, or spend the interim of repose and recreation in Europe.

In Nov. Prof. and Mrs. Bittinger went to Hanover. After a short stay he returned alone to New England.

(To his wife.)

Andover, Jan. 28, 1853. * * * This evening I attended a levee at Mrs. Stowe's, in that large stone building; it is very conveniently and tastefully arranged—all her planning and adorning; she draws and paints very well, especially the former. I saw a very large number of acquaintances and friends there and was quite an attraction, in a small way of course.

(To the same.)

Middlebury, Feb. 10. It now occurs to me that in our severest trials, we are always *alone*; men may look upon us in our agony (striving) but they cannot help us—but God can help us; His almighty arm can place itself by our side or beneath us. When Milton travailed with his greatest thoughts he was all alone—the world's population was noth-

ing to him. When the soul makes its peace with God, no human allies can assist the treaty, and when our Saviour drinks His cup, it is in great loneliness. * * * In looking into Archbishop Leighton's letters, I found the following postscript which I enjoyed because it came from so noble a soul and which you will enjoy because it will serve to shield me from the charge of affectation. "If you write again, I pray you load not the back of your letters with any more than this: To *Mr. Robert Leighton* at *Edinburg*: for by that it will not fail to find me out and that answers the end, and you see I give you the example." Now that looks as if I had written it and ascribed it playfully to the pious and humble and modest Archbishop; but with me the feeling is not of late growth. I do yet recall with much pleasure the filial address of my good Aunt—it was always "Joseph"—it seemed very sweet from her. * * * I remember, too, how I once shrank from "Mr." as a piece of *imposition*, and how in late years I did earnestly, anxiously dissuade from "Rev." and even to this day "Prof." is distasteful to my ears—it seemed "big" and presumptuous. I shrank from its real import. To me *words* are *things*—I cannot use them otherwise. I cannot conscientiously use "Dear Sir" in my letters where I do not feel it. I cannot address a man as titled when I do not feel it. Such use may be merely conventional—but yet it seems to me it leads gradually to bad results. As excessive piety leads to profanity of God's name, so excessive politeness as the world calls it, may lead and has led to hypocrisy in words and thoughts and deeds.

On Feb. 26 he returned to Hanover. On the same day a son was born to them, which did not live.

(From a notebook.)

Sweet angel babe! we never saw
The light of life beneath thy lid;

For God had drawn the veil that hid,
And we that veil could not withdraw.

We never heard thee, cherub-boy!
We never felt thy passing breath;
It grieves us sore to think that death
Should envy us so kind a joy!

And yet we do not think thee dead,—
We know there's life within thine eye.
We feel that 'midst the spheres on high
A halo shines around thine head.

* * *

Since love of thee has made us love
Each other with a purer heart,
Below with thee we gladly part,
To greet our angel-babe above.

Hanover, March 12. Grandmother Nace died this evening at 8 : 15. Before her death she ceased groaning, and expired as gently as an infant,—beautiful.

Middlebury, March 30. My birthday. Last year I did foresee that I would be here. I do not think that I have made any progress except in independence.

March 31. Where there are strong asseverations of innocence in respect to a certain kind of conduct,—such point not being directly at issue,—you may be sure that the opposite is true.

(To his wife.)

April 23. Mrs. —— told me a very amusing, yet suggestive story of a little Burlington girl. At evening prayers she concluded as follows: "Good-bye, God, I'm going to New York, tomorrow." Just think what wonderful things these children are.

April 14. John W. Stewart at my room. Slade of Cleveland wrote to him about me.

(To his wife.)

April 26. You asked me to tell you all about the "how"

of my going to Cleveland. I go at the invitation of Wm. Slade, Jr. I judge from his letters he is an authorized man. One thing I know,—I will not be any man's man; I will be my own master; if they do not like such thoughts, I can't help it. I will at all events see the West somewhat, at their united expense.

Among Prof. Bittinger's friends at Middlebury, was Ex-Gov. Slade of Vermont. His son William was already settled in Cleveland, and a member of a recently formed church there. Hearing that on account of some disagreeable circumstances in his position at Middlebury, Prof. Bittinger was determined to leave the college, and that he was anxious to preach, Mr. Slade wrote him in reference to taking charge of the Cleveland church.

Cleveland, April 29. Rode about the city; its trees and shrubbery make it very vernal in appearance. It has a decidedly rustic air; trees, space, freedom,—the Forest City!

When Prof. Bittinger met his wife on his return to Middlebury, she inquired whether the Cleveland church was Congregational or Presbyterian, to which he replied, "Indeed, I never asked; it seems to me they did talk of *elders*, so it must be Presbyterian," as in fact it was. The little incident shows how lightly he regarded denominational differences in non-essentials.

May 23. Letter of acceptance to the Euclid Street Presbyterian Church, Cleveland.

May 24. Letter of resignation to Middlebury College trustees.

June 6. I hear reports of regrets, on all sides, at my leaving, and they make me feel very sad,—but "it is as it is."

June 8. I feel very strongly attached to the Senior class, and what makes the tie stronger is that it is mutual.

June 29. Delivered my lecture on reading. Attendance and attention good,—lecture indifferent.

July 21. F. here, has not changed the least,—not in

looks nor manner,—seems the same good, bustling Christian.

(To Miss Titcomb.

July 22. You have probably before this heard that I am going to Cleveland. It is even so. I am going to leave Middlebury "for a wider field of usefulness;" perhaps from some of my previous letters you divined as much. I design in this charge to accomplish some of the following things: I expect to find myself in an atmosphere of more life,—here all is stagnation and no students. The downward tendency of such an atmosphere is more than I can resist, at all events it is very uphill work, and I can see no good reason why I should waste the dew of my years here, when more helping circumstances offer elsewhere. Then, too, I did always want to preach. Cleveland is by universal consent among those who have visited it, the most beautiful city in our country; it is pleasant to have one's lines of duty fall in a pleasant place. My church is Presbyterian, and new,—not quite completed,—and when finished, a very handsome, commodious and somewhat costly house. It has the finest location in the city,—about a mile from the noise and dust of the business parts, on the corner of Euclid and Clinton [Brownell] streets,—the former the Broadway of the Forest City. All in all, without exaggeration, it is one of the most desirable of locations, and the city is a railroad focus—the place is growing rapidly. Better than all, it is the Boston of the New England of the West; in all this I praise not myself, I only tell you what seems to have been done for me. What tries me in anticipation is,—am I fitted to enter in and occupy so goodly a heritage? I preached a few sermons there in May, of which the kind people were pleased to express themselves in the most encouraging manner. * * * Yesterday I put down a few stakes in my Baccalaureate for the 7th prox.

I feel discouraged about it. My subject will be "Christ as a reformer." I do not mean that this view shall detract a particle from his absolute divinity, but it seemed to me that in this age of reformers, the picture of a true reformer might be drawn for a practical purpose. It seems to me that there is more agitation than reform, and yet it may be that the disturbed waters are keeping themselves pure until a channel or channels shall be hewn out by some choice spirit, thro' which the streams of life shall flow to the weary and murmuring. I expect we shall leave Middlebury about the 16th of August. We may take the Falls on our way. I spent a day there in May, but will willingly spend a few more, in company with Catharine. * * * I have always doted on a visit to my dear, good, old New England home and the region round about. A visit to Lynn, etc., was a triple joy. I enjoyed it in anticipation, feeding my glad soul on it for weeks before, I enjoyed it in transitu and when I had had my ecstacy the memory of it like a sweet fragrance exhaled for months after. Well, you must tell my very good friends there and yourself, too, that I expect to see all of your faces again. Remember me to all your family—par excellence *that* brother—and do send my love to Mr. Breed's family—especially Franky, to whom I should have written but for the pressure. Good bye, and God bless you all.

(To his brother John.)

July 23. * * * I wish you would make occasion to see Howard if you have not and conveniently can. I also ask of you to keep up a correspondence with him, so that he may feel that his interests are not altogether overlooked by his brothers, and then the satisfaction of having directed a mind to a noble and useful course of life is itself reward enough to compensate for all expenditure of time, money and patience. * * * I am glad that you have determined on

Dartmouth—but particularly that you have determined on New England. The larger number of students there will keep up a more animated state of mind. Emulation is a great incentive to study, and may be as pure as any other motive. I need not caution you against *bad* company, but be careful lest you fall into the intimacy of *indifferent;* try to be with those whose presence will gird you up in something—either study, manners, morals or religion; be particular to keep your heart open to the influences of duty—duty in time relieves all labor—and don't be indifferent to manners; educated men are too negligent on this point. Women have most need of refined manners—next, educated men. I have delivered a course of lectures on reading to the students. I urged most I had to say under the following three rules: 1. Always have an object in view in reading. 2. Cultivate the habit of classifying your knowledge as you read. 3. At the end of paragraphs, chapters, books and subjects, sum up with a short review such as we are all conscious we can make in an instant just after the finishing. I recommend these rules to you. The last I have found of more use to me than all I ever saw on the subject. Others may have given the same rules, but these are from my own experience, and if I had had them when *I* entered college I would be five years in advance of my present self. Be careful to read everything by topics. * * * I'm glad you joined the church. You better both of you [his brother, and sister Ann Maria] take letters of dismission to your respective churches in New England. May you have health and success and the favor of the Lord, both of you. Good bye.

Aug. 1. When I look at the work which is soon to be imposed on my shoulders, and think with what fear and trembling I assume the responsibilities of the new office, I cannot help but feel grateful to God for having brought me

to the top of so lofty a station by such easy preparatory steps. I desire in this preparation to see the considerate kindness of my Master, and humbly confess the great favors which I have received, and the large obligations under which they have placed me. There are times when all these mercies make me afraid; I think of their number and magnitude, and shrink from the idea of having greatly slighted them, and yet I find it so hard to do better.

(To his brother John.)

Aug. 12. My college life has ended for some time to come. The students, as a testimonial, have presented me with an elegant silver pitcher, worth $75 or so. I prize it, not for its intrinsic worth, but for what it signifies—it was contributed by all the students except two or three. I preached the Baccalaureate, and the students requested it for publication—if it is published I will send you a copy. The students of the graduating class asked me to sit for my photograph and I did. The above three things are all unprecedented here—so much have they seen fit to honor me for my labors. I need not tell you how gratifying such testimonials were to my heart, how encouraging to further and faithful efforts. * * * I shall be at Saratoga for some days and shall reach Cleveland about the first week in September.

Cleveland, Sept. 17. I feel too much cast down at the thought of being a pastor.

Sept. 18. Preached my first sermon to my church in our session room.

Sept. 25. Funeral, a child of Mr. Walworth's; *first* great anxiety, but should feel better next time.

Oct. 9. Extemporized for the first time in Cleveland, but within different success; I think I still gained by breaking the ice for myself and hearers.

Oct. 20. I doubt the propriety of my parishioners follow-

ing me in my exchanges. It wounds the feelings of my brother ministers, and my own.

Oct. 25. The proper province of prayer, (objective) is where you can do nothing else. Prayer is an appeal to God to do what we cannot, not what we can.

Oct. 28. I wonder no one in criticising "Uncle Tom" has even noticed that her negroes all use the *Yankee* dialect.

(To his brother John.)

Nov. 3. My advice is decidedly against joining a secret society; they hold out too strong temptations to set aside right in favor of the claims of the fraternity. * * * I am glad my letter to Prof. P. procured you so much kindness,—be sure not to be unworthy of it. It is a great responsibility to recommend one person to the favor of another, and I mean to be chary and conscientious of doing it, but I have much confidence in you. * * * I am glad you think so much of German; it is a vast repository of learning and power. * * * Let me caution you respecting your health; be conscientious about preserving your health and your eyesight. Thinking is better than reading, and if your eyes admonish you to read less, make up the deficiency by thinking more. The temporary weakness of my eyes,—now nine years,—has been a great blessing to me. The temptation to excessive thinking is weak, but the temptation which new books, neatly executed, offer for excessive reading is very strong to inquisitive minds. Especially let me urge upon you to write out your thoughts carefully; writing is the best gymnastics of the intellect, and for recreation let me receive many letters from you. Our correspondence, I feel, will be profitable for both of us; but above all cultivate your heart; there is as much wisdom as piety in Luther's maxim, "Bene orasse est bene studuisse."

Nov. 6. I felt the incongruity between a manuscript ser-

mon and a small room with your audience right at your feet.

Nov. 18. Who am I that the prospect of so much usefulness opens before me?

Nov. 19. I notice the elevating effect which writing has upon my conversation,—not in language or thoughts merely, but in sprightliness.

Nov. 20. Heard ——. I was pained by what I thought was a dissociation between his manner and his feelings. Too much mechanical, not enough spiritual fervor.

Dec. 9. Called on Dr. Delamater, Sen., about some advice,—fine specimen of a Christian gentleman.

Dec. 14. The denouements in "Uncle Tom" are improbable to a marvel. The answer is made to come, and that so violently that one sees where the telling figures are put in. The concluding solution is more abrupt than anything in the "Vicar of Wakefield," tho' *that* is abrupt to a great fault.

Jan. 8, 1854. Enjoyed myself very much in reading of our Saviour's doings among the Jews. There is a freshness and naturalness about the transactions above the reach of art, beyond the skill of artifice.

Jan. 9. Letter from John full of thoughts earnestly expressed, and giving great promise of eminent usefulness. I trace many points of similarity between his mental characteristics and mine.

Jan. 18. Wrote to John. It is pleasant to me to reflect how much I seem to have done for John, by keeping up a correspondence with him from the time he went to York.

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 18. I was taken with congestion of the lungs in the beginning of December and have not been able to do anything up to the present time, nor shall be for some weeks to come. * * * I will suggest a few things to yourself. Acquire the habit of writing a larger hand, for if you ever

expect to rely on a manuscript, you will find a large hand not only a relief to your eyes, but an element of power. I had dwarfed my hand to a mere ladies scrawl, but circumstances compelled me to enlarge it. Don't overtax your eyes; use them as if you expected to employ them for fifty years. * * * I am made very happy by the manner in which you take to German; if you ever become a theologian, as I hope you will, you will find the German a door admitting you into a mint of learning on all subjects—especially Theology and speculations on Philosophy. * * * As to myself and wife, neither of us are well or able to do anything, but hope to be up soon. Our situation thus far has been nothing but pleasant and encouraging. My people are considerate and liberal.

Jan. 22. I find in many diaries and records of religious experience, much said of the spiritual advantage derivable from sickness; I suppose the sickness of the speaker is generally meant. As for myself, I have just recovered from an attack of disease which confined me to my rooms six weeks, and yet I cannot say that it was for my spiritual advancement. I say, give me health to run the spiritual race. My mind is not in a mood to be one-half as much profited by my sickness as by my health.

Feb. 1. Euclid street church organized—Dr. Aiken elected moderator, Messrs. Taylor and Fitch, elders.

On March 5th he preached a sermon, afterwards published under the title of "Nebraska; a plea for Humanity." Of it he wrote:

It was in the midst of the excitement attending the repeal of the Missouri compromise. My mind was full of it. I resolved to preach on it. My church had in it prominent Democrats and fierce Freesoilers. The discourse attracted a good deal of notice, and excited much newspaper criticism

—the "Cleveland Plaindealer" devoting best part of a month, off and on, to me and kindred topics.

April 11. To-day when the Presbytery imposed hands on Mr. T., I felt like not doing it. It seemed unmeaning. I could not feel solemn, but when I extended my hand to him I did feel very much impressed by it. That had meaning, for it was a symbol of our welcome of him to our work; the other seemed an assumption of a power which I don't feel that I possess—nor others either. The shaking of hands with its long series of "Mr. T.'s" and nothing else was not only unmeaning but farcical—but Mr. D. thought it beautiful and appropriate.

April 17.—Engaged boarding at Mrs. Clark's, corner of Euclid and Clinton streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Bittinger remained here until the home which they built for themselves on Euclid avenue was completed.

(To his brother John.)

April 15. In respect to the subject of style, I suppose if our views were minutely detailed we might differ in some points, but in the general principles laid down, we agree axactly. The thought comes first in a good style, the expression afterwards. The former is the soul, the latter the body—the former informs the latter. Now, no style can be good unless sustained by thoughts, and no man who has thoughts can fail if he puts them forth in his own mode of conceiving them, to express himself in an interesting, attractive and instructive way. The quaint and (in a rhythmical point of view) the harsh style of Carlyle's "Latterday Pamphlets" is very captivating—because it is a living, moving style. As to students getting words first and then waiting for thoughts to stray along to fill them, they are like ready-made clothing establishment men who have made up a large stock of clothes and then lie in wait till some needy

passer-by comes in to be most shockingly misfitted. * * * Dr. Emmons, a thoughtful man, said in respect to writing—especially style—"First *have* something to say—Second, say it." In regard to the means of forming a style, I think I would rather recommend you to read logical than rhetorical writers—a man may write rhetoric without any logic, but cannot possibly be a logical writer without being more or less rhetorical. For the direct, candid writers of style I commend to you Dr. South—for ornate and subtle style, read by all means Burke—for the earnest and grand and organ-like, read Milton's prose works—for indirect and elegant style, learned and various, look into Jeremy Taylor. But read the one whom you most sympathize with; there are clans in mind as in families; generally stick to your clan. Choose your model in style from your model in spirit and thought. The great secret of style is individuality, but you can't be individual except as you express your thoughts in your way. * * * Honesty and candor and courage and consistency with principles are viewed as eccentricities, because tho' everybody ought to be all these, yet so few are—and that thoroughly—that it seems to the sham world eccentric, ultra, stubborn in man to insist on and practice such antiquated notions. * * * I spent some three weeks at home in March. I visited Washington and Baltimore. Catharine is still in Pennsylvania, but I expect her soon. My new church is finished and beautiful it is. P. S. Don't "Rev." my letters.

April 26. Reproof from Rev. Mr. Smith—an excellent oil. INSTALLED OVER THE EUCLID STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

May 31. My first marriage, at Mr. Payne's—very scared.

July 6. Mr. Clark taken with cholera—great violence of

the disease proved by its ravages in a few hours—changing the voice and countenance like death.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

July 25. The heat, the rheumatism, and some minor details of disease and incommodity have reduced me to a very passive state, tho' by a fortunate providence in the temperature on Sundays, and a little external or foreign "aid and comfort" I have been able to fill my pulpit every Sunday and write one sermon each week, besides extemporizing once a day—for I *speak* as well as *read* to the people out of the Scriptures. Preaching I dearly love—when my health is adequate to bring forth out of my mind and heart things new and old. My course of sermons on the parables have proved very interesting and instructive to me and I believe in the case of the assiduously attentive, to my hearers. Our congregation since we entered our new house—now three months—has been steadily increasing. In the city one must always guard, as a Christian minister, against what is termed in slang phrase—"fast preaching," a kind of Sunday histrionic performance, which shall commend the sanctuary on Sunday to the same class of persons to whom the theatre commends itself on week days. * * * Instead of allowing myself to float about at the indolent will of any passing thought, I have drawn out rigid, logical plans and have rigidly reasoned them thro'. And I am glad to report that my strong and good men bear me out in such "reasoning in their synagogue"—not that I seek the praise of men—but that I deem such men's praise right and covetable. I have felt myself much moved of late months—nay, perhaps years—to set forth the unchristian tendency of sectarianism and ecclesiasticism. I find on observation that the same petrifying influences which gradually hardened the Pharisees into the most insensible hearers and bitter opponents of Christ's

teachings, is at work now. I think there is discernible in our time, a kind of reformation—similar in kind to the reformation of the 16th century, not so violent, for the incrustation of formalism and the envelopment of superstition is neither so hard or so dark—but still of considerable activity. The Protestant traditions have increased in number and authority until many ardent and active minds have rebelled against an assumption of piety and salvation on the part of the church, when in truth such assumption had no other basis, save rigid, antiquated creeds, punctilious observances —but no charity for suffering or misery. * * * Well, this high talk must end. I must gossip a little. I am building—shall get into our house about the 1st of November. I expect to take a vacation, and I am sorry to say that I fear that I can't see my dear New England. My health seems to point out Saratoga as the place—so does my wife's health. * * * How is my good friend, your brother? "I mean I must" talk with him—so many things it is not enough to think of by oneself.

Oct. 18. The more experience of sickness I have the more am I convinced that God never meant men should put off their day of repentance to a sick or death-bed. The mind to be easy needs a sound body.

Oct. 25. Patience is very necessary for me, doubtless, but I doubt whether it is as necessary for me as for my people. When things are prosperous, everything is passed by—when not, nothing.

(To his brother John.)

Nov. 9. I've been tied to my room and bed for nearly five weeks, by sciatica, tho' I'm now almost recovered. * * * Theology is among the moral sciences what chemistry is among the physical—it pervades the whole moral universe. Its range of topics is the noblest that can engage

a soul,—and to be a preacher of the Cross the highest privilege of man.

Dec. 25. Occupied most of the day in writing elegiac lines on our dear boy, for Catharine.

A second year of sun and shower
Has fallen on thy lonely bed,
And o'er it thrown the solemn spread
Of withered grass and faded flower.

Sleep sweetly then, for in thy sleep
Our hearts more closely knit their love,
And we do think, e'er long, above
To join thee, never more to weep.

For God will wipe away our tears,
When at the gate of pearl we stand,
And then shalt thou with angel hand
Lead where our Saviour's throne appears.

Dec. 31. Our congregation is again steadily on the increase,—hopeful.

This record closes a year of sickness and of discouragement. Some members of his church felt disappointed that their new pastor was not able to do more for the financial success of the church, and the knowledge of their feelings was very depressing to him.

(Experiences in extemporizing.)

1. When I began to extemporize I was always troubled lest I should not have enough to say—and therefore I always went into the pulpit with a long plan, too long—for to get through I had to foreshorten too much to leave a deep impression. 2. I for the same reason felt always uneasy lest I should forget the succession of ideas, the relations, etc., and therefore noted all these in detail. The consequence was my mind was hampered—my reasoning powers balked like the memory when only half possessed of its subject. 3. Next I discovered that I erred in admitting too many illustrations, for as all crowded for notice like guests at a

levee, none was distinctly remembered by me or by my hearers. Then I chose not simply one, but *the* one—trusting that now and then one would suggest itself, and come like Minerva, full grown from the laboring brain. 4. It is better to take no notes at all into the pulpit. The little that you may forget is more than compensated for by what you do recollect. The mind grows easy by being trusted,—and the memory to become good must be trusted. There is a flexibility resulting from it which is invaluable. Think out clearly what is to be said, and you can say it. In extemporizing it is desirable not only to diminish the number of illustrations, so as not to overlay the subject illustrated, but to be sure that your illustration will not only suit in a general way but that it be specifically apposite, nay that it should, if one may so express it, have but one point on which the idea shall pass off, otherwise the logical electricity will be dispersed,—and the force all lost. With illustrations as with words—many words may be found which will convey the exact shade of meaning generally, but of that number there is really but one that conveys the exact meaning specifically.

Jan. 8, 1855. Walked down town—first time in three weeks; met "lots" of glad folks.

Feb. 6. Called on some German families—their cheerful penury is a rebuke to everybody who complains of hard times.

March 1. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller here "to talk faith into each other" about the church matters.

May 9. Moved up to my house and inaugurated housekeeping. It was as Catharine said: it seemed like childrens' tea-parties—for a make-believe. All was very nice.

May 10. Full of business matters about home—but en-

joyed myself very much, and had many pleasant thoughts of God.

May 18. I'll try and make my church a working church.

May 26. Tried to owe no man anything, and succeeded pretty well—if others had tried as well, I should have entirely succeeded.

May 28. Mrs. —— would spoil anybody that received untempered her adulation.

May 30. Mr. —— here with a reference or suggestion or advice or dissuasion or monition or admonition or something concerning my allusions to the Fugitive Slave Bill in one of my sermons.

(To his brother John.)

June 19. I am pretty well and am delighted with the office of a preacher. I don't think that I suit as a pastor, but like sermonizing. I occasionally write an article for the religious papers—sometimes a book notice for other papers; but nothing that looks towards permanent influence, beyond my sermons.

I do not read much of what is called theology. There is too much controversy, too much party-spirit, too much of the human element mingled in school divinity to please me. I prefer to study the Bible—the Bible explained by itself—by history, church history, and by consciousness. There is not much of the familiar phrases and stereotyped views in my sermons, they try to be earnest common-sense of religion—in language, doctrine, and spirit.

June 19. Mr. Perkins requested me to write for our papers on houses, parks and streets.

Mr. Bittinger wrote several articles urging the lighting, draining and planting of the streets of Cleveland, measures which have gone far to make it the beautiful city which it now is.

Oct. 4. Ann Maria came. Was gratified at her expressions of independence and character.

(To Mr. B. B. Titcomb.)

Oct. 26. I've long been minded to write to you—but one importunate circumstance after another has prevented me, until the second great event of your life reminded me of the duty as well as pleasure of congratulating you. When you anticipated me in the visit to Europe, I felt that you had somehow or other travelled in the journey of life beyond my fellowship and sympathies and as if we could never again be "concordis animæ;" but your marriage has reminded me that I had as far outstripped you in the journey, by my marrying before you had married, as you outstripped me in first seeing the Old World. Yet I believe I did not neglect you after I had some one to help me live and love—did I? Well, if I did, you are now in a fair way to revenge my neglects. * * * Every one undertakes a serious adventure in uniting himself for life with another, and knowing something of your temperament and ideal, it was, I know, a great venture for you, and to be candid, I am certain that the lineaments of your ideal will at times be seriously marred by realities. Not that the marriage relation is peculiar in the disparity which it discloses between the real and the ideal, but because its disparities are of a more practical kind. * * * The heart has already outwardly declared that two sovereigns henceforth shall rule—but tho' the regalia are twofold, it takes some time to learn to feel, and feel it easily and happily, that two persons can have and dare have, but one will. The domain of selfishness has very different limits in different persons—but it must be peculiarly liberal if marriage does not disclose it at times and sometimes very sharply defined. This is one of the peculiar advantages which the marriage state has over single life—it disciplines to a more

generous and human feeling. * * Now knowing you and knowing myself, I know you will at times experience an unexpressed disappointment in Mrs. Titcomb and so will she in you, but these things must be because you are what you are —not perfect, but very imperfect—too imperfect to fill even your imperfect ideals of what wedded persons should be; don't be discouraged—when you know more of yourself you will expect less of your fellowmen—less of your wife. If the halo of enchantment which a long study of your ideal of woman had woven about your expected wife should be dissipated by near approach, an approach which may disclose a mere mortal, do not renounce your love or her real worth because she is simply not an angel, but only a woman. An angel would be little to your purpose or profit. You will pardon me if instead of a letter you have had an homily. I felt the more freedom in addressing you thus seriously, because I have long known your expectations and was not unmindful that the long single life which you had led, in the companionship of a rare sister, had made you, or tended to make you, fastidious in your demands, beyond what nature, in this world, could supply. I have spoken. * * My sister is safe and happy with me. I feel grateful at the recollection of what your sister and yourself have done for her and for me. I stand committed to repay it.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

* * I confess *the* annihilation of time and space, which my nature demands, has not yet come. So long as we are fettered by a body, the soul will be a caged bird—despite of steam and lightning. I "should dearly love," as they say in Yankeedom, to come home and "see the folks," but a man in a nightmare was never more bothered and boggled in trying to run than is a minister with a parish about his heels. I think there is more exaction—I would say "extortion" if

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week after repeat my Medical College address at Massillon, Ohio.

July 1. How leniently Calvin's abrogation of the Sabbath is regarded—when if any minister were to preach the same doctrine now he would likely be harassed if not disciplined.

Sept. 21. "Father" Boardman preached "on the worth of the Christian"—what it cost to make him, keep him, his worth to the world, etc.,—most rich in Christian experience.

Oct. 5. Preached for the first time in my new glasses, and saw so much more than usual that I was much hindered.

(To his brother John.)

Oct. 6. Be very cautious with your eyes. I speak from a sad experience of now twelve years duration, on this subject. In my case, however, the privation was made to serve a good purpose—perhaps the best of purposes. My acquisitive powers were very great, I had a tenacious and ready memory, and a ready perception; I hoarded away, unknown to myself, vast stores of everything, but was perhaps in danger of neglecting the assimilative function. I ate, but digested too imperfectly. The impairment of my sight compelled me to ruminate—I became a ruminant; for years I could only draw on the miscellaneous stores which the avidity of former days had gathered; in this strait I learned to think—to compare, collate, systematize, construct—and now looking back, I don't know whether my eyes or the loss of them was the greatest blessing. Still a twilight of ten or twelve years is too long for a short life.

Mr. Bittinger and his wife had spent part of his vacation in making a visit to his New England friends.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

Oct. 29. I believe I sent you something from me—some address or other—for I seem always to be addressing some-

thing or somebody. We arrived home safe, weary, but much benefitted; and desire to say here that Newburyport rest had more to do with our refreshment than any other locality. May its shadow never be *more*. * * I am now meditating a few discourses on the "Supernaturalism of Christianity" on John 18:36, first clause. The very current humanitarianism of our day has dragged down Christianity from its divine heights and threatened to make it only the product and invention of man. The infidel theory of progress, of development and of the millenium all rest on the false assumption that Christianity is only a higher form of human wisdom and moral consciousness. In my view it is from God, by God, and to God. Its origin, instruments and results are divine. Hence the church is from God, is maintained by God, and will return to God. In such a view prophecy and miracles are natural appendages of the system—Christ's divinity and the Holy Spirits necessary consequences, and religion in the heart a divine principle, etc.

Dec. 3. Had a long talk with J. B. Cobb on printing a Bible in parts and without the trammel of verses—new to him.

Dec. 8. John Brown of Ossawotamie fame was at Mr. Perkins'.

This remarkable man made a deep and favorable impression on Mr. Bittinger; he often spoke of the wonderful brilliancy and keenness of Brown's blue eyes. He, with other friends of the cause in Cleveland knew of Brown's project of an invasion of Virginia, but regarded it as impracticable, and were far from anticipating its electric effect.

Memorandum. The rule of the Bible narrative—1. It is with reference to the end—Christ. 2. With reference to the children of Abraham. 3. With reference to the Jewish nation. This rule often leads the historian to pass by most prominent contemporary nations, to say less of the

other tribes of Jews, and to ignore the law of primogeniture entirely.

Jan. 17, 1857. (In his Journal.) I do not know why my entries are so few, but suppose it is owing to having too much to do to note my experiences or to record them. I do not now have those weeks of retreat when quiet meditations grow and suggest utterance. Religion for the present has come out from the closets of my life, into the practical world. I hope I have none the less because I find time and occasion to say so little of it.

Jan. 18. Wondered how many of our people prayed for us.

Jan. 25. Inconsistent Christians make me feel infidel.

March 14. Read the Gospel of John in Greek and felt more than ever the need of a revision of our Scriptures.

May 12. Attended the funeral of a "foundling" at the Asylum. Spoke to the children and had great pleasure in so doing.

May 15. At conference —— delivered himself of an old grudge against the church, the minister, and things in general. I hope it will do him good.

(To his brother John.)

June 9. (On receipt of a published address.) There was an entire absence of that "floral exhibition" which is so apt to disfigure the rhetoric of young collegians. * * The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church (New School) has just closed an important session here. Their action will result in the secession of the Southern branch. During the sessions of the Assembly there were some men here from Pittsburg to see whether I would accept a call to Dr. Riddle's church—but I negatived this inquiry. I see as yet no reason to change. If my people support me I am willing to stand by them. I believe in a stated ministry. A

man's influence is not very dependent on localities—it is always his character multiplied by the number of years which he has spent in a place.

June 14. Preached all day, but I feel that my second sermon always is beyond my strength.

June 23. Nailed up a piece of wood for a wren to build her nest upon.

June 29. Out at Dr. Kirtland's. There is an air of affection all about his house, showing his love for his flowers and their love for him.

July 4. Delivered the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the "Lake Erie Female Seminary"—under the shadow of a tree in the Painesville square.

(To his brother John.)

July 23. I am sorry that I cannot be at your graduation. I had, for some years past, cherished the thought. The intimate relations which I had sustained to you from the time you went to York, deepened my interest in you, and I fondly expected to be at your commencement. But it can't be. I hope to see you at Hanover, Pa. Bring your commencement oration with you.

(To the same.)

July 29. I will accompany Catharine to Pennsylvania. We are thrice welcome there, and nothing less than such a bond could usually make me willing to be a visitor. Poor as I am, my feelings are worth ten to twelve dollars a week, and I would at any time rather pay that than get my board for nothing and suspect I was not too welcome to it.

Cleveland, Sept. 29. Called on Mrs. Hoadley. She spoke as if she thought I had done some good here.

Nov. 2. Called to see Mrs. B. She desired to thank me before she died, for what I had done for her husband.

Nov. 18. About fifty at lecture; endeavored to tell them how much of a burden the weight of souls is on a minister.

Dec. 5. Took tea at Mrs. Clark's, all of us—had as I always have there, a pleasant time.

(To his brother John.)

Dec. 5. I have again, with the recovery of my eyesight, after twelve years of privation, commenced reading Hebrew, one chapter per week day. I like it. I have begun a series of morning sermons on the "Sermon on the Mount" and afternoons, I preach homiletic lectures on the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis.

Memoranda—It is an important inquiry—what analogy is there between the opinions and expectations of the present church concerning Christ's second coming, as in the opinions and expectations of the Jewish church in reference to His first coming. 1. They believed in the fact of a first advent. We believe in the fact of a second advent. 2. They vitiated the fact by the false notions of the manner. May not we be doing the same thing? 3. Pious men and women as opposed to the clergy held the truth then. May it be so now?

The words of the Last Supper. 1. It is noticeable that Christ's second coming is *the* event for whose commemoration it was instituted and enjoined. 2. There is a double parallel between the Passover and the Sacrament. They both look before and after, but especially after. 3. Matt. 26 : 29 implies not only this return but uses language which teaches that the *natural* wine was to be a beverage then—this is a restoration on earth and is it not the Millenium *after* Christ's coming? 4. So at the end of this [illegible] the *wicked* are to be gathered out.

In the next year, 1858, the wave of the great revival of 1857, the "prayer revival," as it was called on account of the great part which

prayer meetings took in it—reached the Euclid street church, in common with the other churches of Cleveland.

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 25, 1858. I am still delivering homilies in the afternoon. They have wonderfully increased my audience. There is at present a general religious interest in our city—considerable in my church. I will here suggest to you to guard, in your studies and meditations, against taking merely æsthetic or intellectual views of Christianity. Cultivate its spirit. To this end I would recommend to you to read a whole gospel or epistle in the original at a sitting. If even you should not become a preacher, which I hope you will, you will still needs be a Christian, and therefore don't neglect your spiritual character—that is most worth with God and of most potency in the world.

March 6. Attended Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting—150 present. A sublime spectacle. So many young men and so many professing to set out for Christ.

March 7. This revival: 1. It was not got up. 2. It is marked by lay labor. 3. It is chiefly in cities. 4. It takes mainly men. 5. It is a union of churches.

(To his brother John.)

March 13. I am very much fatigued, for there has been a most interesting state of inquiry in our churches for the past two months, and of course I am in labors more abundant. I have spent only one evening at home alone for the past six weeks. I have not written a sermon during the same time, and yet I have done considerable extra preaching. I rejoice in the work because it is so manifestly the work of the Spirit. * * * I used to revel in Sir William Hamilton, when I had time, but of late Hebrew has taken up all leisure. For recreation I have read Burton's pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina—a dashing book full of sharp observation and heavily

fringed with pregnant notes, all of which are helpful to the Biblical student, because the East changes not. Its stereotyped character is providential. The Bedouin of to-day is the Ishmael of Moses. But for this fixed quantity in Oriental life, the Scriptures would be unintelligible. I have lately treated myself to Lane's "Modern Egyptians," Layard's "Nineveh," his "Babylon," "Arabian Nights," Livingstone's "Africa," Stanley's "Palestine," Robinson's "Researches," "Polyglot der Orientalischen Poesie," etc., as Biblical helps, believing that the Bible is a popular book, given to the laity, for the laity. I believe that the best introduction to its spirit is a sympathetic knowledge of the manners and customs amid which it grew. I hope to see the East for myself. I covet the privilege for the sake of the Bible. How I do envy you the rich, the luxuriant supply of the Andover library. I know every alcove, shelf, and book of that room. I almost lived in its pleasant shade. In nothing do I miss Andover so much as in its books and elms.

March 29. Felt discouraged that I had lived so long and yet had done so little.

May 3. Judge Willson asked me what my salary was, and I was ashamed to confess it was so small.

(To his brother John.)

June 5. I regret that you could not come to see us, tho' I know from a rich personal experience of poverty, that your excuse is only too true. * * * At present, with the accumulation of pastoral duties, I find outside work impossible, altho' I write every week for two papers, for the *Central Christian Herald*, one of whose editors I am, and for the *Ohio Farmer*. The latter pays me $4 per week—the former 20 per cent. of a very small and uncertain amount. I have not quite as much preaching to do as I did at the date of my last. We still maintain an interesting morning meeting

for prayer, our union meetings during the week, our two weekly meetings—one a lecture and the other a conference, and on Sabbath I preach in the morning, have a Bible class at noon, and a homily in the afternoon. I have now got along as far as the history of Joseph. My own people are increasingly interested, and I find that large numbers of persons from other churches, hearing of the fame thereof—i. e. that the Bible, a popular book, could be understood by the people—have come in; even Baptists and Episcopalians, who, as you know, are rigid denominationalists. My Wednesday evening lectures on such topics as "How may we know that we are Christians?" "Religion in small things," "Religion in the family," "Religion in business," "The duties of a church member," "Popular amusements," "Moral Reforms," etc., tho' intended only for young converts in my church, have found much outside favor, and are well attended. I am glad, for the occasion gives me opportunity to "use great plainness of speech."

(To the same.)

June 26. * * * The truth is, men are not only selfish, but what is more trying, tho' not so sad, they are mean. The only solid comfort in passing thro' this world is to consider it a pilgrimage—and like all pilgrimages, crowded with incommodities—and to employ ourselves like our Saviour in doing men all the good we can. To shrink from this duty because it is not pleasant in itself, is only another form of the same selfishness and meanness which make our trials when others shirk duty.

July 21. Went to Warren and stopped at Mr. Perkins' mother's. The old office—unpainted, yet not to be pulled down—a memorial of the past.

July 22. Took dinner at Burton, passed thro' Chardon and stopped at Painesville.

July 23. Went to Little Mountain.

July 24. Reached home at two.

This is the outline of a very delightful carriage trip over a part of the Western Reserve, formerly largely owned by Mr. Perkins' family and it was a welcome and needed rest for Mr. Bittinger.

Hanover, Aug. 6. Took a morning ride in the cars to Oxford, with George. It seemed strange to find a railroad running thro' what formerly was our farm.

Cleveland, Sept. 21. Commenced preparing for a sermon, after eight months of preaching old ones.

(To his brother John.)

Oct. 21. Let me warn you against a vain desire to go to Europe. If you go, go from duty, because you can better yourself and prepare yourself to better others. * * * If I had my choice, I would spend a year in a Bedouin clan, rather than in a German university. I go to learn the life and spirit of Abraham's ancestors and land. * * * I am for the coming year sole editor, by appointment of Synod, of the Western Reserve department of the *Herald*. Next week I shall go to Cincinnati to address the American Reform Tract and Book Society on the occasion of their anniversary. I shrink from it, but it seems duty. I only fear I shall not do justice to the cause. I have not yet begun my homiletic course—this winter, "Exodus." I have had several inquiries and requests from my own as well as other people. It is hard work, but I love it. For Wednesday evening lectures, I am on the Psalms. My course of lectures on reading have been requested for re-delivery at the Female Seminary. Well, I have enough to do—as every man who is willing and can do something, may have. My morning sermons are in continuation of the "Sermon on the Mount."

Memorandum—Church. This is a word so full of contradictions in its associations, that it would be well if it were

allowed to fall into desuetude. 1. Church—house of worship. 2. Church—local congregation of Christians. 3. Church—denominational term. 4. Church—opposed to the world. 5. Church—the kingdom of God on earth. 6. Church—the kingdom of God on earth and in Heaven. The two last are scriptural and define a scriptural idea. 1, 3 and 4 are unscriptural in use and idea. 2 is a scriptural use but not a scriptural idea.

Jan. 2, 1859. Communion Sabbath. Felt so tender that it was with utmost difficulty I could speak; felt abashed because my feelings would not be appreciated.

Jan. 8. In the evening our people brought me a study gown and a silver tea set.

Jan. 22. I get too tired to enjoy myself. I am driven from morning till night.

Jan. 28. I seem of late to get a clearer view of the world to come. It has wonderful power in putting this life into its right place.

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 29. I never was so crowded for time as I am this winter—it does not seem as if my pen ever got out of my hand—and yet I write very few letters. I have resumed my homilies—now I am in the midst of the ten plagues, the narrative is becoming intensely interesting. I seek nothing, hardly, beyond the original text. You spoke of writing sermons—don't rub them too hard on the surface—hard finish is good if you have a good body to put it on, but don't veneer basswood with rosewood—put in good wood and polish it. * * * I wish Prof. ——— had more synthetic power and not less analytic—but I suppose that combination is not human since the fall.

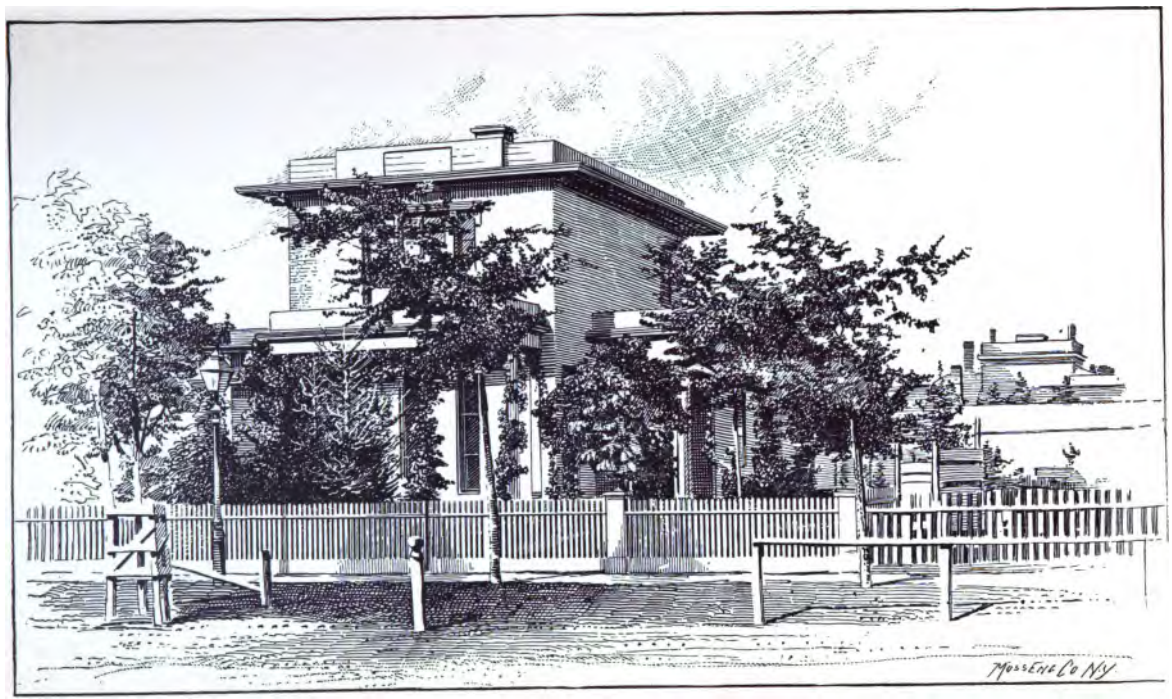
(To Miss Titcomb.)

April 19. I would have a thousand things to tell you if

I could take time and have circumstances. You know one's thoughts are in the seed, and it requires the warmth of personal interviews to germinate them and bring them forth in foliage, flower and fruit. If I could occupy that "spare chamber" for a fortnight or so, I would find my heart and mind sprouting all over. Well, what of Mr. Breed's family and "the church in their house?" I went east two years ago to look once more on his noble brow, whereon are stamped the genuine mint marks of pure human metal. Is he yet alive? I have, for the past four months, been delivering a course of afternoon homilies to my people, on Genesis, and have concluded that the expression "good old age," literally "a good gray-headedness," 15 :15 and 25 : 8, meant a life in which the head turned gray in the course of nature—gradually, gently—and not violently and in an instant, as did poor Orsini's; that turning of gray in which God, who counts the very hairs of his people's heads, paints hair after hair white and venerable with that radiance which comes from the world whither his people—and particularly his "friend" Abraham was journeying. Well, no matter as to the correctness of my exegesis. I wish to apply the moral to "friend Isaiah's" case. By the bye, I can't tell you how much the Old Testament, in Hebrew, interests me. You English readers look at it thro' a glass dimly—a glass which many years have soiled—and which it would seem by the action of the Bible Revision Committee is not even to be washed of its stains. How natural for some men to love dirt. Those poor men are as much afraid of letting the people read the best possible translation of God's word as the Papist is of having it read at all.

(To the same.)

May 2. We have been living in our new house four years and the shrubbery of our own setting has come forward



THE CLEVELAND HOME.

beautifully. I wish you could see it; it is a real suburban retreat. Now could you not come and visit us some time when you want a long rest? We should enjoy it ever so much, and hope you would. I wish I could talk over with you the whole subject of preaching. Your experience has been so large, and under such favorable circumstances that I should now, having myself experimented on the subject, like to compare notes. It would be better than a course of Homiletics at Andover or New Haven.

May 1. Six years ago to-day I preached my first sermon as a candidate in Cleveland. My views of what a sermon should be have changed very much since then.

(To Miss Titcomb.)

May 30. I was very glad to hear from you, tho' your letter made me very sad. Can it be I shall never see Mr. Breed again? He was my best of New England friends—indeed he was one of a few others that saved me from infidelity in man.

(To his brother John.)

May 29. I had sad news Saturday, from Lynn. My dear friend, Mr. Breed, had died a few days before. He was a true nobleman, and to me, in the days when clouds and thick darkness were about me, he was my best earthly friend. I know where he has gone, and I shall see him again. * * * The crowd of labor to which I referred was brought on by my engaging to lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on "Hebrew Servitude." It required a great deal of study and is really quite a complicated question. I may send it to the *Evangelical Review* if they dare to publish it. I finished my homilies in Exodus, a few weeks since. I shall go on with Leviticus as soon as I return—provided I feel that I can by that time give a satisfactory account of the sacrificial

system. It is very difficult; certainly it looks to me very repetitious and confused. Do you hear much about Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in the Seminary? I think there is an increasing bitterness showing itself in the West. It is all wrong—it is instigated by men who love the pre-eminence more than they love the Saviour. But with the low views of piety, and especially fraternal fellowship, the results can't be different. The sect problem must work itself out into the sharpest lines, till each shall indicate for itself the right of being considered the Church, and then as sovereign churches they may form a federal union—but perhaps the centrifugal power is the last one to operate, and the fragments—dark, cold, angular, and only discoverable by telescopic powers, shall wander thro' the heavens simply to show that once the coat of Christ was seamless—but Christians, unlike the Roman soldiers, preferred to divide it.

(To the same.)

Hanover, June 25. We shall leave for Cleveland on next Wednesday, (30th inst.) Yesterday, for the first time since my arrival here, I went to the country. I called at George's and took dinner with them. I helped myself to cherries as of old—going to the trees and eating them with all the dew on them, instead of buying them on market, stale and dirty, and I relished them very much. I took tea at Henry's. He has a gem of a family. Joseph promises very well as a scholar. I presented the children with a book apiece to stimulate their minds and hearts.

Cleveland, July 29. Lectured on the miracle of the five loaves, and was surprised for the hundredth time how much interest a little study gives to a subject.

Sept. 9 Found a beautiful hymn by Francis Xavier, giv-

ing his reasons for loving Christ—not the love of Heaven, nor fear of Hell, but for love's sake.

(To his brother John.)

Sept. 26. I do not know as I have told you that we received safely into our house a daughter, and are getting along prosperously with it. I have resumed my homilies, beginning with Leviticus yesterday. The congregation was large, and what is more encouraging—made up of members from many of the other churches.

Oct. 1. What I have feared has come to pass—I have been asked to go to Hudson.

Oct. 24. Wrote to Pres. Hitchcock, declining the chair of "Mental Philosophy."

A petition, asking Mr. Bittinger to remain, was presented to him, bearing the signatures of almost every man, woman and child in the Euclid street church.

Dec. 6. Dr. A. here from Hudson requesting me to deliver a funeral sermon on John Brown. But want of time and knowledge of him led me to decline.

Dec. 14. Spent the time from six to meeting-time at R. J. Fuller's, reading to Ella and Theodore "Songs for the Little Ones."

Dec. 24. Never saw Superior street so full of happy people, and all because everybody was meditating some good or generous thing in anticipation of tomorrow.

Jan. 11, 1860. Letter from W. H. Seward. I was glad he appreciated my welcome, for I certainly felt it.

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 12. As to my work, homiletically I am near the end of Leviticus, shall try and finish Numbers this winter. I still write for the *Farmer*, I am still the editor of the *Central Christian Herald*, I am meditating something more Scriptural and general in its interest, and shall

probably knock at the "Sublime porte" of the Bibliotheca Sacra for admission; whether I will be "known" there by the present janitors I know not. Hudson College has again urged me to accept of the Rhetorical, etc., chair. I can't quite get the consent of my wife or judgment, tho' in point of health—not wealth—it would be covetable.

Feb. 16. Wrote a somewhat careful notice of "Two Friends"—Piatt and Howells. The latter is quite a poet.

Feb. 17. Judge —— came in much excited because his adopted daughter had been advised to leave Mississippi simply because she was from the North. Men there went armed because of their slaves.

Feb. 18. Overheard Mr. —— and Dr. —— trying to converse in German; it went very awkwardly because each party was all the time conscious of being able to speak better in English.

March 7. Made a call on a French Catholic who has lately been converted. She is the happiest woman I have seen for years.

March 12. Went to the church, being renting day; had a long talk with Mr.——— about the prospects of the church —financially. Our spiritual state is good, but we are encumbered by an unfinished building, and people are afraid to come in, and take part in our prosperity or indebtedness.

(To his brother John.)

April 2. I leave to-day for New Orleans, to be absent four weeks. * * * Miss Titcomb of Newburyport has been with us for three weeks past.

This trip to New Orleans was made as a delegate to the convention of the Y. M. C. A.

April 5. A few young men have flowered out very brilliantly—too much so to last.

April 6. Made some remarks on the temptations to which

we as a Christian company are exposed—not as much on our guard as we would be if we were at home and surrounded by enemies.

April 7. "Shall we tie up on Sunday," discussed all day and resulted in paying the Captain $300 to lie over.

New Orleans, April 13. The meeting was very gassy.

Cleveland, May 2. Our neighbors were all in here after meeting and talked quite encouragingly about the church. I wish for their sake that a few families might be added.

May 16. Heard of a Dutch family who after wandering about, thought they had heard the true Dutch doctrine at our Church! ! !

May 17. The excitement growing out of the Chicago Convention seems unprecedented.

June 28. Mr. Atwater moved into their new house next door to us. It seems strange to have persons so near that one can overhear their ordinary conversation.

July 2. Called on Grandma Perkins. Speaking of the fire at Warren, she remarked, "But it gave us an opportunity to be liberal," and then expressed surprise that "needing so little, we should be so grasping."

July 28. Attended the synagogue services on Huron street. The house was full but with no solemnity at all. There was one reader with a silver hand-pointer, and several assistants. They turned their backs toward the audience and all remained covered. Some of the men had on the *talith*.

Sept. 16. Septennial sermon. The audience was not large, but it included all those who had suffered with us, and would now enter into those joys with which a stranger does not intermeddle.

Gettysburg, Sept. 19. Addressed the Alumni. It was well received and furnished for publication.

Hanover, Sept. 24. Mt. Olivet Cemetery is beginning to

look like a *home* for the dead, instead of a mere depository.

(To his brother John.)

Sept. 29. I am glad you have found a place to work. I should like to have preached your ordination sermon, but couldn't now; it's too far off in space, too near in time. * * * We will be more like-minded hereafter, because we will be like situated.

Oct. 4. Left Hanover for Cleveland. Henry came in to see me off. I never felt so sad at leaving. I did not want to leave him—I could not tell why—but I was so drawn towards him.

Oct. 23. The dahlias are in full bloom; the leaves of the trees are falling off from maturity, not frost, and have not the beauty of that affliction.

Nov. 22. Attended Fannie Ingersoll's funeral. She is the first of my baptized children that has died.

Nov. 23. I feel so much nearer heaven since little Fannie's death.

Dec. 27. The feeling is gaining ground that it would be good riddance if the South went out.

Dec. 29. I find very few persons among those opposed to slavery, who regard the relation itself as morally wrong.

Dec. 30. Judging from the tone of remarks made about secession by Christians, it seems as if the heart of God's people was in favor of secession rather than of any more political compromise with slavery.

Dec. 31. The secession movements of the South seem to produce more and more firmness in the North.

Jan. 19, 1861. A fugitive woman apprehended—intense excitement. It brings the golden rule right home.

Jan. 31. People talk more decidedly as if they expected war—South Carolina attacking Fort Sumter—but also more decidedly against compromise.

Feb. 15. Abraham Lincoln, president-elect, arrived from Pittsburg—4.10 p. m. Reception at the Weddell—awkward bowing—weary—large, lustrous, wild eye—large, strong nose.

Hanover, March 11. Rode on horseback out to brother Henry's. He is Justice of the Peace and I thought how much good such an officer can do if he is a seeker of peace.

March 13. The country around Hanover grows more beautiful to me every year.

March 22. Oil wells and derricks seem the only features of the landscape from Wellsville to Beaver—everybody talks "oil" and the trains run full of oil men.

Cleveland, April 6. Christian people begin to express themselves for war—if this is indicative, as I feel it is, there will be war and a terrible reckoning.

April 13. Yesterday 4 a. m., it is reported the war began at Charleston, S. C. People on the streets are calm—no excitement—no gathering in knots.

(To his brother John.)

April 13. I do not know if you need cautioning in money matters—but let me give you my experience—if you wish to have a good conscience and an easy working mind, incur no debts; do without what you cannot pay for. The world will not help you much, nor sympathize much with you in embarrassments; nor even, as a general thing, a congregation.

April 14. Went to church quite discouraged about my preaching. The feeling that injustice is done me by the niggardly provision seems to enervate me.

April 20. Mr.—— here—"I find no one knows how an old man feels till he becomes old." The war spirit is growing—religious, a feeling that we have a better cause than in 1776.

April 25. In the afternoon witnessed the arrival of the Toledo regiment—1200.

May 7. Letter from Miss Guilford from Gross Messin, Prussia; it recalled many things to my mind of my own childhood—customs are very persistent unless assailed from without.

May 12. Preached all day, "Our present dangers and duties." In the morning three military companies attended —the vestibule was draped with flags. I do not like to preach such sermons—but citizens must sometimes be taught.

May 13. Tho. Brown quite dissatisfied with my sermon because it was too repressive.

June 11. There seemed to be a dissatisfaction with me because I did not sooner preach on the state of the country.

June 21. Second Wisconsin regiment came up and were entertained by the ladies of Cleveland with lemonade, coffee, sandwiches, etc., on the Square.

June 30. Repeated by request my sermon on the duty of Christians in the present crisis.

July 1. Public opinion of the better sort is gradually drifting towards the feeling that slavery must be destroyed.

July 8. President's message—so cool, impersonal, candid and self-possessed.

July 16. Fourth Wisconsin regiment entertained on the Square.

July 17. Called in the afternoon with wife on——— and ——— enjoyed the calls—the people were glad to see us and found no fault.

July 22. The whole city cast into gloom by the defeat of the Federal troops at or near Manassas Junction.

Saratoga, Aug. 20. The *union* prayer meeting was a little fluttered by the praying for the slave and for the removal of the cause of the war—slavery. Rev. Mr.——— of Brooklyn, husband of a Kentucky woman, deprecated such prayers, etc.

Cleveland, Sept. 6. There seems to be a general despondency in the church—I see no results of my labor—Mr. Perkins is discouraged about the Sunday School, so, too, Mr. Luce—Miss Ingersoll and Mr. Luce about the choir—and Mrs. Lyman about people leaving us.

Sept. 11. I do not know why I have misgivings as to the army at Washington and yet do not fear for the final result.

(To his brother John.)

Sept. 11. Do you get any pay for your article, or is all glory? The latter is a very good thing—only it does not pay rent, nor buy potatoes, nor pass current with your tailor.

Sept. 19. Much troubled with rheumatism—have been exempt from it for six years.

This seems to have been the first premonition of the attack from which Mr. Bittinger suffered for twenty months, and by which he was disabled from work for nearly three years.

Oct. 8. In the house all day, tho' the weather was delightful. Did not get to the polls—the first time I've missed since I am a voter.

Oct. 11. Worked a little at a scheme of Sabbath School lessons for the year; trying to make a connected narrative out of parts of the Scriptures. The life of Abraham is the connecting thread.

This was an anticipation, reached independently, of the plan of the International Sunday School Lessons.

Nov. 3. Preached in the morning—omitted the concert in the evening. I did not preach with much bodily power—but no one can tell whether will prosper—the weak or the strong.

Nov. 16. The news from the naval expedition against Port Royal is growing better and better. I hope the news as to the negroes is true—they will grow into freedom.

Nov. 17. Preached in the morning; not quite as well as on the two preceeding Sabbaths.

Nov. 24. Rev. C. B. Stevens preached for me in the morning. I do not think I would have been able—but can't tell without the pressure of duty.

Dec. 10. Took tea at Mrs. Lyman's. She seems to feel that the slavery question is moving too slowly. I felt like defending the conservative conduct of the President. The public mind is not yet leavened.

Dec. 22. The shadow of our national trouble stretches across everything.

(To Mr. Edward L. Day.)

Jan. 9, 1862. You and your wife carried much that we prized from Cleveland. We know that we have been separated from real friends and in this world, where there are so few to whom one can safely commit oneself, every one counts a host. Laura's leaving does not shut up for us our down-town *inn*, but it does change it. I trust we are as welcome there as we are glad to stop there. * *. * Permit me to say for both of us that we are much interested in your welfare, and had for a long time looked forward to the time when you might constitute a household. I was glad to infer from some things in your letter, that you did not *wait* to begin right, but commenced at once—assuming your Christian responsibilities in private and in public, and putting yourselves right before others. It saves us from a world of trouble and temptations to profess Christ openly. The world may not practice honesty, but they do respect it and in religion, as much as any where else. * * * I should feel that I had not altogether labored in vain, if in you and Laura I could see a practical exhibition of what I have taught publicly and prayed for privately. These reflections naturally lead to the other motive which I had in writing to you at this time, and under the

present circumstances. When you went to Cuyahoga Falls you will remember I requested you to put on paper for my benefit your observation and reflection and suggestions on my preaching. I renew that request now and ask your good wife to help you in the work. I expect candor—I shall not be offended—I hope and ask for it because I expect to be a more faithful and successful minister of the Word. The points to which I direct your attention are the following. *First*, as the matter of my preaching—did you ever feel or hear others express the wish that I would treat my subjects less thoroughly, giving to each Sunday some new topic, instead of carrying a general one—as the parables or Sermon on the Mount—through the month or year? Then respecting the treatment of each sermon—have I been dull, have I given commonplace notions in a commonplace way? Some of my hearers have thought that I was dry and uninteresting. Was it the fault of the matter ,my manner—or was it because the hearer was dull? In respect to illustrations: have I used enough? What is your united judgment, and what the judgment of others whom you have heard speak. As to the kind of illustrations: has there been variety enough—or have you discovered an unpleasant recurrence of the same kind? Have I been successful in choosing illustrations which were so apt as to fix themselves on the memory—for some illustrations interest at the time, but answer no future purpose? Then as to manner; my manner has been complained of as feeble, and as leaving the impression of a want of earnestness. Now there is a difference between demonstrativeness and sincerity—the latter I *know* I have—of the former I fear I have too little for the popular taste, perhaps too little for the real demands of the pulpit. Have you sometimes felt that you would like me to "speak it out" louder, and to accompany it with more gesture? Is my elocution sufficiently

varied—or do the same tones and gestures recur so frequently as to give the impression of a pulpit tone and manner? Is my posture or gesture ungainly or awkward? Is it impressive though not graceful? Then, too, how about my extemporizing? What was your feeling, and what that of others as the relative merits of my extemporizing and written efforts? I never expect to succeed particularly in extemporizing—I cannot get possession of myself. My taste is too exacting both as to language and logic. Well, sir, these are questions enough for a catechism—and you are expected to answer them all and accurately! * * * Writing is still a tax, and makes me nervous as you see by these marks.

(In answer, Mr. Day wrote.)

Jan. 18. * * * As to your personal appearance in the pulpit, either in your own church or elsewhere, we have no criticism to offer. We have often taken pains to compare you with other ministers, when several occupied the pulpit together and have found few whose appearance was more dignified and impressive. Some have complained that you lacked energy of manner, "wants more fire!" It does not thus appear to us. We are apt to suspect the genuineness of those feelings which manifest themselves by a noisy demonstrativeness. The majority perhaps only recognize feeling when the external manifestation is vigorous and animated. We think you remarkably free from "pulpit tone and motion." The only motion at all like a habit, is that of passing your forefinger up and down the fold of your manuscript. (Laura says she hopes you won't stop doing it, for she *does* like to see it.) The "key" of your voice is uniformly pleasant to listen to. If it can be done with ease to yourself, a little louder *tone* would be desirable; your own comfort must be your guide. We think that single sermons are more generally *popular* than serial sermons; partly because they

do not require so long-continued tension of the mind, and partly because they admit of popular dissertations on current topics. We believe you know our feeling with reference to taking texts from the newspapers. Our own opinion is that it is more profitable to study the Bible by subjects, and that serial sermons admit of a much more thorough and connected exposition of truth. We do not think that any person would admit that he thought a subject too thoroughly treated, and yet we have heard sermons condemned as *dull*, when we felt that it was because of unwillingness or inability to follow the argument. Your sermons are eminently suggestive, and you well know that a large proportion of hearers demand that the whole subject should be "thought out" for them. This may account for some of your hearers thinking you were "dry and uninteresting." People who are lavish of all else, are not unfrequently economical of thought. We have never heard the term "commonplace" applied to any of your sermons. We cannot pretend to criticise your rhetoric. Our united judgment accords with the judgment of others, in admiration of the beauty and appropriateness of your illustrations, which are not readily forgotten. Whether their more frequent recurrence would weaken their effect, we are unable to decide. Your extemporaneous sermons have a strong likeness to your written discourses, although they are hardly so satisfactory. This does not apply so much to the *ideas* as to the completeness of their illustration. The difference however is continually less marked. They have borne a very important part in our education; especially in the evening meetings they are far preferable to written discourses, being more familiar, and in them you more closely approach the individual. We have read over what we have written and do not feel quite satisfied with it, although we have touched on the points to which you have called our attention. Per-

haps a criticism from one who was less fully pleased with you as a minister would be more valuable. But while we do not wish to be *blind* admirers, we are frank to say that there is very little, that for ourselves, we desire changed; we feel deeply in your debt for the valuable instruction we have received, and especially for the insight we have obtained into the Bible. There is one thing that does not belong to *preaching*, concerning which you made no inquiry—that I can but illustrate from my own experience. In my earliest interviews with you, your *apparent* indifference to me was such, that had I not been determined to profit by your *public* ministrations, I never should have enjoyed the privilege of your acquaintance.

Jan. 26. Preached the first time for nine Sundays.

Feb. 6. Rheumatism so bad that I could not, except with the greatest pain, walk or sit.

From this time the entries in the diary were made by his wife, and there are long and frequent blanks when he was too ill or she was too busy to make any record. His people showed their affection for him by sending delicacies, by offers of service, and by taking his little daughter nearly every day to their houses to relieve her mother of that care.

Feb. 9. Pain excruciating. First day Joseph was confined to bed.

Feb. 14. Messrs. Ball and Cleves called, spoke in the most feeling manner of Mr. B.—of his whole care of the church and his faithfulness as a minister.

March 1. Mr. Ingersoll here, brought a letter from the pastor of the city churches (Goodrich, Hawkes, Adams, Wolcut and Hoyt) offering to assist Mr. B. for the next six months.

March 4. Mr. Perkins stayed all night. Told of the proceedings at the society meeting. They voted to give Mr. B. one year's rest, and get a supply and give him half-pay.

March 30. Joseph's birthday. Sat at the open window for half an hour.

April 10. Went out riding first time.

April 16. Walked over to Mr. Atwaters' in the afternoon—felt uncommonly well.

May 1. [In Mr. Bittinger's handwriting.] The last day in our house.

May 2. After a ride with Flora Payne stopped at Mr. Williams to spend a few days to rest before starting for Pennsylvania.

May 24. Another attack, this time in my knees.

June 10. Moved to Mr. Baldwin's—had to be carried in a chair to the carriage.

June 19. Left for Avon. Mr. Ingersoll had procured from the depot manager a board for a seat—and so we got along very well.

July 21. Began to-day to keep my dairy regularly again. Read the reports on the contracts; corruption is rife; and the vast sums of money in circulation stimulate it.

(To his brother John.)

Avon, July 21. I need not advertise you that this is my own hand and that it indicates some improvement—but you must not infer too much. For ten days past my appetite has returned and with it more strength and less pain. My knees are still useless for walking and all my locomotion consists in riding and being carried in a chair. Still I hope with improved health will come sooner or later the use of my limbs. * * * We expect to be here till about the first of September. Even if I were not any more able to walk by that time we should go to Hanover to spend the winter there. So far only have we any definite plans. Wife wrote to Charles to-day. We have corresponded with him regularly since he is in the army; by his last we learned that he had been pro-

moted to first lieutenancy—this is quite creditable to Charles as he went into the ranks and rose, not through friends, but himself. I suppose you are full of the war—as for myself I think God is educating us for a glorious future.

Aug. 7. Letter from Dr. Aiken containing hinting questions about my probable return, etc. It was clearly inspired by some dissatisfied parishioner.

Sept. 11. Left for Yarmouth; we stopped at brother John's.

Sept. 13. Dea. Fuller of Cleveland here. Paid me some money and made his mission known—to get my resignation.

Sept. 14. John and Mr. Fuller carried me over to church —hadn't heard a sermon since last February, when I last preached.

Sept. 15. The ninth anniversary of our settling in Cleveland. Sent in my resignation by Mr. Fuller.

Sept. 21. Stayed at home because it seemed too much trouble to get me over to the church.

Oct. 4. Started for Lynn. Helped out of the cars by some soldiers of the 45th Mass., going home on a furlough previous to starting for Newbern.

(To his brother John.)

Brooklyn, Oct. 17. We left Lynn on Monday afternoon, and after spending the night at Springfield reached New York on Tuesday afternoon—none the worse for the journey. * * * You of course noticed by the papers how imminently our home friends were threatened by the raid into Pennsylvania. I feared it, and was made very uneasy by the foolish security of old Pennsylvania. If perchance it will put them on their future guard, it will be a cheap tuition. As to our plans, it is increasingly probable that I will remain a few weeks in Brooklyn; the air, etc., seems to agree so well with us.

Oct. 23. Reached Hanover at 12 :30. Weather delightful. We were favored every way in our journeying, help when and wherever we needed it.

The house of Mr. Henry Wirt in Hanover, was, more than any other place, a home in those homeless years. Mr. and Mrs. Bittinger often spoke afterwards of the great kindness which they met with, from the most unexpected sources, in their many journeys for health, while Mr. Bittinger was so helpless. At one time some soldiers going to the front, assisted to move him and when thanked said; "We don't know what people may have to do for *us*, before we come home again."

Hanover, Nov. 9. I felt quite hungry to go to church. * * * David thinks ministers specially wanting in common sense.

Nov. 15. Aunt here—confident that my knees would relax.

Dec. 5. The papers are all beginning to raise in price.

Dec. 11. Mr. Y——— brought over his father's wheelchair for me, but I shall defer using it as long as I can.

Jan. 8, 1863. Wrote to Mrs. Ball on the death of her husband from hydrophobia.

(To Mr. Edward L. Day.)

Jan. 12. How am I getting along? Slowly—but still I am moving. I am strong enough to have become quite skilful in the use of the crutches. I can help myself to almost everything and words cannot describe the amount of liberty that is included in such a statement. My knees still bend and give few if any signs of straightening. But I have nothing of which to complain—only a crooked-kneed man could not be an available candidate, and I would be obliged to change professions, and go to teaching or bookmaking or something else for a useful and honorable livelihood. * * I spend my time in reading the newspapers, and also considerable book reading and a good deal of letter writing. The house is quiet and I am much alone. Perhaps I ought

to say that I have added to my other accomplishments the art of sewing with the machine. * * Our plans are maturing to visit Gettysburg for a month's board or so, as a variety and to furnish me with books and company. It is the seat of the literary and theological schools of the Lutheran, my mother church. The time passes very rapidly and pleasantly with me; I have learned to be sick and disabled, and the burden is not heavy to bear. We had a letter from Cleveland the other day. I received on Friday the last installment of their indebtedness to me, some of it for 1860. So another tie is sundered. I had fondly—perhaps too much so—hoped to live, labor, and die among my people, but perhaps it was a selfish purpose, and God shattered the fond ambition. It seems to me sometimes, as if my first church would also be my last. But enough—these thoughts are individual. Much love to yourself and good wife. We cherish you in our hearts and think nothing too good for you which it may please God to bestow.

Gettysburg, March 8. Preached in the college church for Dr. Krauth. Sat on F———'s office chair—less embarrassed by the novel mode than I had feared.

(To his brother John.)

March 18. I cannot dispense with crutches yet and never may, but I am nearly well, have little pain, a good appetite and good spirits. At present of course all is dark; until I am well, or as well as I ever will be, I can hardly tell where duty calls. The Lord whom I serve, knows where I am, and what I am best fitted for.

June 3. Vicksburg takes slowly.

During the battle of Gettysburg, Mrs. Bittinger and her daughter were at Hanover, which is fourteen miles from Gettysburg. A company of Confederates, "White's guerillas," came thro' Hanover a week before the battle, passing over to the Susquehanna, destroyed the railroads and telegraphs, cut off all communication with Balti-

more and Philadelphia, and took all the horses in the town and surrounding country with them. Mr. Bittinger was then supplying a pulpit in Hartford. After hearing of the raid into Pennsylvania, he wrote his wife to meet him in Philadelphia, but her friends at Hanover did not think it prudent for her to attempt it. On the night of July 3rd she and her little daughter, procuring a pass thro' the Union lines, went with several others in an omnibus to Baltimore, and thence to New York where she met her husband. Until she reached Baltimore she did not know the result of the battle.

(To his wife.)

Hartford, June 19. I have thought so often of little Lucy's words that "only two Sundays and then we will have a home." It makes me very sad to think of the poor little thing feeling homeless. The homelessness of the last year has been harder than the rheumatism. * * I want little Lucy to love God, to grow up with this affection, never to know of the bitter enmity of which I was conscious towards Him and His reasonable requirements.

Saturday morning. I had all my anxiety removed by the letter. I was concerned lest you might be alarmed at the invasion. I had no fears for you and if I had been in Hanover, would have been easy. I see by the papers that immediate danger is past.

June 21. Preached all day. *Stood during the sermon.*

June 22. Dr. Emmon's, "don't neglect old folks—you will be old yourself."

(To his wife.)

June 24. I met Dr. Bushnell—at first he was indifferent and pugnacious, and the latter trait rather made me so; but we differed and disputed till as I was going away from the book store, the Doctor followed me and was both kind and courteous. I hope I shall see him again. * * The telegrams from Pennsylvania look as if the invasion might be of some continuance, so that it is desirable you should cross the

lines as soon as you can—not that I fear for your safety, but for your comfort and health. You are not fit to endure the state of things there existing—you need the tonic influence of the sea and I need you and Lucy for my comfort. * * I am concerned about Sister Lucy. I fear she will suffer too much for her, from the proximity of the Confederate army. But we are all in God's keeping—and that ought to satisfy and keep us in perfect peace.

June 26. Meet Dr. Bushnell every day and we get along very well. Gave me his sermon on "The Need of Reverses."

June 27. Telegram from wife to meet her at Philadelphia. Left at 7 p. m.

Philadelphia, June 28. War excitement great on Chestnut street.

June 29. Went into the Mayor's room with 100 clergy to offer their services to work on the entrenchments.

(To his wife.)

June 29. If ever you get this you will be surprised, I know. I may possibly have an opportunity to send it by some of the Hanoverians in the city. * * We reached Philadelphia yesterday morning. Of course the first thing I looked for at the Girard was you—but I found nothing but my telegram to you. I waited, still hoping but in vain, for you—after the 10 o'clock train came in I about gave you up —and then when in the afternoon I saw M———, etc., and heard when they had left Hanover, I knew you could not now come; the last hope vanished with the report that the road to Baltimore as well as to Harrisburg was broken off. * * As soon as I know how things are going I will move. If the Rebels cross the Susquehanna, I will cross the Delaware—for then I can't get to you or you to me. I will go back to New England. Should you by chance cross the

lines, a letter addressed to Hartford, Conn., will find me and I will know where to find you. I have no fears for you beyond the influence of the excitement. You need not fear for me. But how will we bear with the separation—a separation aggravated by non-intercourse—but God is above all and over all. * * If any of the Hanoverians cross the lines you might give them a letter to be mailed on this side. Watch for opportunities. I wish you were here or that I were there—if I were not lame, I would come—I would walk from Harrisburg or Westminster.

Hartford, July 1. Letter from Catharine written on 28th, sent by A. Shriver, from Union Mills, Md.

July 2. The news from Pennsylvania good.

(To his brother John.)

July 2. * * * Catharine and I spent about five weeks in Cleveland and vicinity—then I attended the General Assembly at Philadelphia from the middle to the end of May, wife being with me. Then, after a few days spent at Hanover, thinking Catharine and little Lucy would be ready to accompany me to Hartford (which they were not), I came here to fill the pulpit of the Pearl Street church for a few Sundays. Last Sunday I spent in Philadelphia, being telegraphed to meet Catharine at the Girard house. She was too late; the bridges were burnt and Hanover occupied by the rebel cavalry before she got out of town. From a letter which ran the pickets, I learn that private property was respected—except as it was found in telegraphs, railroads, stores and liquor shops. I found quite a number of Gettysburg, Hanover and York refugees in Philadelphia. * * * As soon as wife and baby get through we shall take up our seaboard line of march. The neighborhood of Portland since the "Caleb Cushing" is spoiled, would be safe and agreeable. * * * I am improving all the time, but very slowly.

I can walk a mile on crutches and several rods without crutches.

July 3. Heavy fighting at Gettysburg; the enemy seem worsted, but first reports untrustworthy.

July 4. Telegram from wife—she had got through to Baltimore. No war news.

July 6. Left Hartford to meet Catharine.

They spent the summer at Saratoga, New Haven, Lynn and Yarmouth.

Newburyport, Sept. 26. The war, which at first was all over and all along the line, has gathered itself about a few points, indicating the approaching crisis which will be fought at one place.

Oct. 3. Letter from Mr. Goodrich. Seems lonely—refers to the continual flow of a western church as not pleasant for a pastor.

(To his brother John.)

Oct. 14. I am surprised at my still being at Newburyport, as I suppose you are—but I have had preaching every Sunday in the city. I have enjoyed being here, too, because going away on Saturday and returning on Monday and boarding round and getting into spare rooms and warming beds occupied only once a quarter is not my taste, fate, or desire—not to mention the question of filthy lucre. I have as yet no engagement for next Sunday and am quite resigned to do nothing. The following two Sundays I am engaged to go to the Grand Street Reformed Dutch church, Jersey City, to candidate as a supply.

Oct. 16. Walked over to Miss Titcomb's without crutches, which is now my mode of locomotion.

Boston, Oct. 22. Met Albert Barnes, wife and daughter. Had a long and pleasant conversation with him.

(To his wife.)

Brooklyn, Oct. 26. The Associate Dutch Reformed church of Grand Street is Dr. Riddle's church. I think I now begin to see my mission—it is to play head and tail alternately to Dr. Riddle. You know the Euclid Street had *him* in mind before calling me—then Pittsburg had *me* in their eye after he left, and now I am half candidating in the church which he has just vacated for the presidency of a college. When he leaves Canonsburg I suppose, judging from the past, I will have to follow him there, or to some other literary institution! ! !

Mr. Bittinger subsequently *was* called to the presidency of Washington and Jefferson College, tho' not as the immediate successor of Dr. Riddle.

(To his wife.)

Nov. 4. Yesterday I returned "that sun umbrella." Mrs. —— was getting ready to go out and I saw her son. I explained the whole matter to him, telling him that where we were known we had a reputation to sustain, and were not given to riding in people's carriages and then taking their umbrellas as a proof of our good will and gratitude.

(To the same.)

Nov. 6. * * * I was surprised at all my pedestrian feats, and so would you could you see them. Well, learning to walk is better than having preaching, and I think I will get to both before many weeks.

(To the same.)

Nov. 10. My not earning anything will before long reduce me to pecuniary straits—so you will see the need of being saving. * * * Be sure to tell me what you want, as soon as you need it; what health and comfort demand, I will find a way to meet. * * * Even if I get nothing to do here, but improve so fast, I ought to stay, and then

my staying increases my chances. You know how grievous it is to my feelings. I long to be with you, I think more than ever; perhaps my long confinement to the house with your constant presence has produced the feeling—it matters not, however painful it makes our separation. But if Providence should open the way for my coming to Hanover, how I would jump at it.

Nov. 16. Bought muslin—42 cents a yard.

Hanover, Nov. 19. Went up to Gettysburg to the dedication of the National cemetery. I went on the platform with the Ohio Commissioner. President's speech short and very good,—written.

Nov. 30. Letter from Charles, prisoner of war, Columbia, S. C. Only half a sheet of letter paper is allowed, because it has to be read.

Dec. 9. Out on the commons with Lucy to see the trains and hay packing. Eighty pounds of second crop clover put into a bundle of timothy weighing 185 pounds, and this is sold to Government for good hay,—twenty pounds of wood to the bale.

Dec. 16. Left Hanover unwillingly at 9.

(To his wife.)

Harrisburg, Dec. 16. * * * There were twenty or thirty soldiers in our car, on furlough. They left the Rapidan last evening. They belonged to the 140th Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, some of the very men that fought at Gettysburg under Hancock and Crawford. They were very respectable and quiet. I did not hear an oath till we got near Harrisburg. At York they went largely into pies and custards about the size of a saucer, at ten cents apiece. Civilians remarked on the Washingtonian prices, but the soldiers good naturedly remarked, that "you ought to go to the Army of the Potomac, where you can get nothing for less

than twenty-five cents or a dollar." I heard one man say, "I wish Uncle Sam would issue such pies about four times a week." They seemed all in the best of humor. They were going home on a ten days' absence. 8 : 30 p. m. I have just come home from prayer meeting at Dr. Hay's church. It was on this wise. After finding myself obliged to remain here, I cast about to see how I could most pleasantly and profitably spend the time till it was time to retire, so I concluded to call on Mr. Hay, or rather started to do so, and fortunately,—you know I am always in luck,—I met a man not only willing to tell me where he lived, but also that it was his meeting evening. I went to find his church by the sound of the bell, which guidance no one would follow amid the echoes of a city but your husband. Well, I passed a gentleman who seemed locking his door to attend meeting. I enquired further from him—he turned out to be a Presbyterian clergyman, and found out by inquiry that I was a Presbyterian clergyman, (for he was a sort of a Yankee,) but he did not find out my name as I did not volunteer to tell him, which piece of reticence I afterwards regretted, because it seemed uncourteous—but it belongs to my perverse nature to do such things. Well, I finally reached Mr. Hay's leeture room, where I found about forty persons, thirty of whom were females. Mr. Hay lectured on the good shepherd. The pastor was happy in his remarks, and to me so suggestive that I filled up with scripture in my memory what he failed to fill up, so that between us the lecture was very full and pleasant. Then the singing, which was led by Mr. Hay, and was very devout, was very appropriate to my wants and our situation; it was on confidence on the divine Providence. The keynote was, "The Lord is *my* shepherd; I shall not want."

(To the same.)

Brooklyn, Dec. 22. * * I was turned from my purposes by meeting Cuyler, who impressed me into a meeting of the Brooklyn Presbytery for the purpose of dismissing Dr. ——, now sick from overwork outside because his salary was insufficient, and dismissed because he is no longer useful to them, and because they are not willing to furlough him. I felt all through the proceeding, how like my case—he was with them eighteen years. * * * Baxter said, he never got where he expected to go, and I can say the same thing thus far—and expect to say it when I come to record my next change. I shrink from doing many things which I know a man must do to get a place in this world, but I regard my character as of more account than my success.

(To the same.)

Jan. 7, 1864. Perhaps it is because I am not well enough to work that I have nothing to do; at all events I am satisfied it is for a good purpose. Our Heavenly Father knows best what is best for us, and I am so glad that he manages for us.

(To the same.)

Jan. 25. My letters, like my sermons, as you say, put too much in the beginning and then at the end, where the best things come, I must be abrupt and unsatisfactory. Well, it shows a consistency in me that I treat my wife as I do my auditors.

Jan. 13. Dr. Storrs' card and note inviting me to preach for him on Sunday. I want only one thing more—my wife and child.

Feb. 2. Went round to Mr. Robinson's to try and study but could not do anything. One must be quite at home to work to the best advantage; perhaps in my room after Catharine comes, I can work.

(To his brother John.)

Feb. 2. I have been in Brooklyn since October. I have not done much preaching of the paying kind, but I have enjoyed myself—resting and sight seeing, and above all, getting better and almost well. I left my crutches at Newburyport. But for my steady and assured progress in vigor and walking, I should not feel justified in the expense to which my stay here for the winter subjects me, but as getting well is my business, now that my other "occupation is gone," I am shut up to it by Providence. * * * I am so well that work would be a recreation rather than a task—but I cannot compel churches to hear me, and so I bide the Lord's time—he may choose my changes for me. * * * I had a letter from Charles, dated Dec. 11th; it is cheerful and hopeful, as all his letters are; he longs for change and exchange, and would like some books—if I can send him some I will, but I am in doubt whether I can.

Feb. 11. Catharine and Lucy *came to-day.*

Feb. 19. Christ's pre-millennial advent differs from Millerism in that it fixes no time—only the order of time.

Feb. 20. I was appointed to open the next discussion at the Clerical Union—on the pre-millennial advent of Christ.

March 18. Began a sermon for Dr. Storrs' church—the first one that I have attempted to write since I wrote my Fast sermon, September, 1860, in Cleveland.

April 18. Letter from T. H. Nevin, arranging for my preaching at Sewickley on the 24th inst.

At this time the church in Sewickley was without a pastor or any regular supply, and Mr. Theodore Nevin, one of the elders, on whom devolved the duty of procuring supplies for the pulpit, was often perplexed as to where to get a Sunday's preaching. One morning, walking across the Suspension bridge between Allegheny and Pittsburg, he fell in with Mr. J. A. Caughey, who was connected by marriage with the family of Mrs. Fitch, one of Mr. Bittinger's warmest

friends in Cleveland. In despair, Mr. Nevin asked Mr. Caughey, "Do you know any one whom we could get to supply our pulpit in Sewickley?" "Yes," said Mr. Caughey, "I know a very good man; his health is poor and he is without a church and I think you could get him." "What is his address?" asked Mr. Nevin with his usual promptness. Mr. Caughey did not know it, but offered to write to Mrs. Fitch and procure it. Mr. Nevin, on receiving the address, wrote to Brooklyn and Mr. Bittinger replied that he would be coming west (to attend to the sale of his house in Cleveland) in a few weeks, and would then stop over in Sewickley and preach if convenient.

(To Mr. Day.)

Hanover, April 18. Yesterday it was a year since we reached your hospitable roof. I marvel when I compare the then with the now Bittinger. A year seems a long stadium for a man to go through on crutches, but standing at the end and looking back, my progress appears quite rapid. In fact I grew as naturally out of crutches as I had grown into them, and it is well it is so; it is a great mercy that the grade to our misfortunes and mercies is so gentle that we reach the heights and depths almost imperceptibly. When you and your dear wife again see me you will find my old self come back—a little older, a little less erect and agile, a little nearer the grave and I hope, a little nearer the kingdom. Since I left you a year ago, my life might be expressed by the opening lines of the Odyssey: "I have seen many cities and peoples and have suffered and learned much too." We expect now to be in Cleveland on Saturday and Monday. Which means that I am expected to preach near Pittsburg on Sunday, and Mrs. Bittinger will go right on to Cleveland on Saturday.

April 19. Walked out to Henry's and down to the "Cove woods" and over to the "Turkey spring." The flash of the batteries at Gettysburg was seen from the hill.

April 21. Found great pleasure in walking over the

familiar places of my boyhood, but how small the territory seemed to my travelled mind.

Sewickley, April 24. Preached in the Sewickley Presbyterian church. Extemporized in the evening because of my sore eye. Text, "If God be for us," etc.—close attention.

April 25. The heart of the people seemed given to me and I inclined towards them.

May 2. Came away and felt more and more that God had given the heart of this people to me.

Cleveland, May 12. Mr. Nevin here from Sewickley.

Kent, May 20. Rode out—the trees seem full of the glory of the Lord.

Sewickley, May 21. The valley looks like the garden of the Lord. I pray it may be so in spiritual things.

May 22. FIRST PASTORAL sermon at Sewickley. Sermons—"The two kinds of hearers," and "the drag net." Congregation full and attentive.

(To his brother John.)

Sewickley, May 22. We have just commenced our second settlement in this little straggling hamlet, twelve miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh. It is a sort of Sunday home for Pittsburg's merchants, active and retired. The church is old school Presbyterian. How I got here I cannot tell unless I simply say that I was led in by the Lord. I knew nothing of them and they nothing of me till the 24th ult., when I preached my first sermon here, on my way to Cleveland to sell my house and pack my books and furniture. Strange enough—they took very strongly to me, and against my wishes and first determinations, I took to them. The parish is pretty large—in numbers upwards of 250, in extent four and a half miles by half a mile up and down the river. Its building is of stone, new and capable of holding 700. Of course I do not know how long I will remain.

It was necessary to our comfort, support and happiness that I should do something, and this was the first thing that offered after I was able and willing to work. God seemed to bring me here, and when he has something else, better or worse for me he will take me away.

June 1. *First prayer meeting.* Some thirty present. Subject, prayer and prayer meeting.

June 2. Attended the funeral of a rebel soldier—Georgian—killed on the railroad. The unexpected place, time and kind of death—but death certain.

(To Mr. Day.)

June 7. The Ohio hills are very beautiful in their foliage and variety of form. The whole line of hills is seamed by little mountain springs and creeks, so that the Ohio and these little tributaries, which may be called the daughters of the Ohio, make a most charming water family. My people are a pleasant folk, and so far as I have seen them, not exacting. I think my extemporary preaching is preferred, and my written sermons not disapproved, so far as I can learn. We have only one meeting during the week, and that a prayer and not a lecture, meeting—so of course, easier for me. What I will do, I cannot yet tell; when I get fixed I'll know;—as yet, I am resting—settled and settling.

June 10. Made parish calls forenoon and afternoon with Elder Starr. It is reported that I read my prayers, am a copperhead, and was connected with the *Plaindealer!*

June 13. Mr. Fleming gave us a ride to Economy—five or six thousand acres, many grape vines,—they speak German. Took our first tea at Travelli's, our new boarding place.

June 20. Spent the day at Mr. Jones' pitching quoits. The day was very warm but pleasantly passed.

This is the first notice of what afterwards grew into a regular institution, the Sewickley Quoit Club, with meetings every Saturday

afternoon in the little ravine or hollow back of Mr. Jones' house. Of quoits and ten pins, Mr. Bittinger was very fond, and excelled in both. These, with croquet, were his only recreations.

June 21. Went to meeting of Allegheny Presbytery at Beaver. All day occupied with the remonstrance against my call.

June 22. The remonstrance still under discussion. My examination at 2 p. m.

June 25. Some rumors of the lower valley people building a church for themselves.

July 6. Installed in the evening over the Presbyterian church. Dr. Elliott, Revs. Orr, Shields, McAboy.

July 22. Meeting of session to prepare a protest against the formation of a second church..

July 25. Pro re nata meeting of Presbytery to organize a second church in Sewickley.

July 27. The church has made a promising move to pay their debt.

July 30. The people of the lower valley coming for letters.

Avon, August 25. I was grieved to-day to have Mrs. —— say that I did not set a good example as a minister—frivolous! because I rolled ten pins, etc.

August 30. A stranger lady of Warren, Pa., commended me for encouraging a sick soldier who was compelled to hear anti-war, anti-soldier talk.

Oct. 9. Ordained Elders Wm. Jones and John Way, Jr.

Sewickley, Oct. 23. Mr. Jones, to my great surprise, spoke of my absence from the Wednesday evening lecture and Sunday school without implying the least censure or complaint.

Nov. 26. Worked at the church roll. This parish has been very fluctuating, as much so as a Western city.

Memoranda. Inspiration. 1. It is more *philosophical* to say that the *writers* of the Bible were inspired, than to say that *the Bible* is inspired; because then we find analogies everywhere when two vital forces co-operate; e. g., in the ordering of Providence, in regeneration, in the incarnation, etc. 2. It is more *scriptural* to say that the *writers* were inspired than to say that their writings were. Holy *men* of old *spake* as *they* moved by the *Holy Spirit*; the *men* spoke, the *Spirit* moved them to speak. 3. On this theory the phenomena are most easily accounted for. Paul inspired is still Paul, and hence all his acquisitions, his peculiar experiences, his idiosyncrasies of temper and language must enter into his communications. * * God can express himself better through a great and cultivated intellect and heart than through a soul of inferior powers; and such a superior soul under superior influences is then superior to itself, in thought and expression.

Jan. 6, 1865. Col. Fraser, 140th P. V., lectured to a crowded house on his prison life. One could only think of Dante's Inferno.

Jan. 19. The trees are all clothed in their ascension robes.

Jan. 24. Attended the first meeting of the "Freedmen's Aid Executive Committee."

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 27. Here I have been very well and improving in strength and straightness, because I have been able to do my work without effort. I am very well satisfied here—my parishioners very kind; they propose to build a parsonage next summer—have $6000 for it. They have made me a Christmas present of the New American Cyclopedia. Indeed their kindness embarrasses me—because I have under advisement the acceptance of a professorship in Pennsylvania Col-

lege, endowed by one of my friends ($20,000) and somewhat on condition of my taking it—"Belles Lettres," of which one may make anything. I'll see, I can't tell yet. I had a letter from Charles yesterday—written Nov. 10. He is well. I do hope he will soon be exchanged. I am reading a little German—Hegel's "Æsthetics"—with a German university scholar, and enjoy it.

Cleveland, March 4. Inauguration prayer meeting. I remarked that it was easier to pray for some people than for others; so of president Lincoln—he is a man easy to pray for.

(To his wife.)

March 18. This morning I went on the river bank to see the freshet; I was there most of yesterday; I wish you could have seen it—it was grand. I've been wishing to see a rise ever since I came here—now I've seen it. I regret your absence more on this account than any other, outside of my own feelings. Since '32 the Ohio has not been as high—for forty-eight hours there was an uninterrupted stream of drift-wood, lumber, cornshocks, hay, oil barrels and machinery, dead animals, and so forth. The bank is lined with people looking at the sights and "hawking," i. e., catching lumber, etc. This morning I rode down to the Big Sewickley. There are hundreds of barrels mixed up with tens of thousands of feet of lumber, and numberless cords of wood. The water is over the Beaver road at the Big Sewickley bridge, several feet.

March 21. Letter from Charles, from Annapolis. Laus Deo!

(To his brother John.)

March 21. I just had a letter from brother Charles, from Annapolis. He is alive, free, and so far as his brief note says anything, well. I had rather be Charles Bittinger to-day

than any other person in our family. * * * My dear brother, I have endeavored to commit all my ways to God and to trust Him to bring me where and when I am fitted, feeling assured that my personal comfort and value to the cause of Christ will both be best secured by this method. I never excelled in planning for myself. I am no strategist and I do not wish to be. I do not know whether I will go to Gettysburg or not. I am most delightfully placed here—a small parish, but just suited to a convalescent, a kind and unexacting people, especially towards Mrs. Bittinger—for they do not know anything here of that "Yankee notion," a "minister's wife." I have discouraged offers from larger parishes—have been, within two months, approached by four churches—well, that looks almost like a boast, yet so it is. Of course I don't know as I should have been called by any of them had I been willing to candidate—more than likely not. I never succeeded as a candidate. I have no "big sermons"—no candidate discourses, and can't say all my good, nor all my smart, nor all my sharp things in one or two Sabbaths. Indeed I do not feel as if I ever could preach as a candidate formally—I shrink from the exposure—even "exchanges" are very distasteful. I've committed my interests to the Lord; he has dealt very mercifully with me and I am not willing to change administrations.

Cleveland, April 3. The news of the taking of Richmond very exciting. The woman waving her hands, near Columbiana—very affecting.

April 14. Good Friday—our victories celebrated in many places.

April 15. Every one shocked by the telegram that last night President Lincoln and Secretary Seward and several attendants had been assassinated. The event is so astounding that it prevents thought or action—it stupefies. It is God's doing.

April 28. Rain set in, soft and refreshing, and as it rains only on new leaves.

May 6. How much injustice good men make others suffer through a want of promptness on their part; how great is the cry which the holding back of wages raises to God.

May 20. Broke ground for the parsonage. I threw out the first three spadefuls under the study south-west corner. It was rather a sad time.

June 10. The country seems to be settling back again into a permanent quiet, but we need to watch the drift of the aristocracy South and the democracy North.

Saratoga, July 28. I saw Lieut.-Gen. Grant at "Congress Hall." No one would regard him as the pivot on which the war turned. His face is decided, but pleasant in expression; a very quiet, piercing eye.

Hanover, Aug. 29. It is surprising how the soldier has disappeared from the lines of travel, and how much like a dream the war is. The mind forgets as the battlefield does —other and better crops follow.

Aug. 31. Drove out to see Dave. He seems very anxious I should go to Gettysburg. They wanted me to baptize their babe, but I felt that it would be intruding into another bishopric.

(To his brother John.)

Sept. 5. The question of my going to Gettysburg has been re-opened by a renewal of the invitation to accept the Belles Lettres chair, backed by a committee of conference, and so forth. I decided against the first call from a conviction of duty, but perhaps I shall yet decide for the second call from a sense of duty.

(To his wife.)

Sewickley, Sept. 17. * * No wonder that old married people come to resemble each other. Something of this kind

is at work in the Christian when he sits down before the likeness of his Saviour and gazes on it till he is changed from glory to glory, as he gazes on his Divine Master. The process is slow but sure, and only God can see now, though we may hereafter, how the process was going.

(To the same.)

Sept. 22. As to Gettysburg, it is a singularly perplexing question. The data are like this: Here I am respected, beloved, honored and deemed necessary to the welfare of the parish. The parsonage promises to give us a speedy and pleasant home. Our support is liberal and cheerful. Above all this I love preaching, I like this parish and I like the line of studies in which my duty lies. Ordinarily no one would dare to leave such certainties, for apparently more important but uncertain matters. Now, Gettysburg offers perhaps relatively as good a support, but there is no *home* before us just now there—neither in a house, nor in the affectionate feelings of a community. There I would have to turn aside from my present chief pursuit and delight, biblical studies, and make them secondary at least, if not less, to my professional work. To be sure, as far as preaching goes, I could do as much of that as I chose, and I should do it before a more important auditory. Dr. Arnold of Rugby is a striking illustration and encouragement for such efforts. Then I had the reputation of being a successful instructor whenever I have tried it, and particularly in drawing out the young. There is something, too, in the position of Gettysburg at this time of great significance. Pennsylvania College will always be *the* college of the Lutheran church, and now that so many new men are going there, there is a fair prospect of it starting on a career of great prosperity and usefulness. * * If one is self-seeking and arbitrary, the decision is easy enough, but I want simply to do right—to go after my Master. * *

I'm exceedingly tried, and yet it is not for myself. I'm all the time asking about others—how will they feel—not will they impugn my motives or conduct, for "with me it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment," but I feel that I may ally myself to the stronger party instead of the most needy one. * * I'll decide soon, anyhow, and know that I can be useful in either place and happy; where matters are so equally balanced there may be a mistake, but no criminality in taking either course. I trust both lead to heaven, which is the chief end.

Oct. 18. Moved to Mrs. Dr. Thomas Dickson's.

Dec. 16. A. B. appeared before the session, whom I did not expect, and others did not, whom I did expect.

Dec. 27. Wrote my declinature of the chair of English Literature in Pennsylvania College.

Memoranda. It is an indirect evidence of the vitality and genuineness of the Bible that it admits apparently of so many interpretations. It is only the first-class productions of the mind that admit of this phenomenon. Shakespeare and Dante, Plato and Calvin have had many and divergent commentators, but an inferior mind is never the subject of such divers opinions.

Lincoln's unimpassioned nature helped him to hold the scales as even as blind justice. Hopeful but not confident, his hope was founded on the vitality of right, but this led him still to fear that for reasons known only to God, success might be deferred or even defeated.

Jan. 9, 1866. I *said* it seemed as if Satan sat in the shadow of Trinity church and breathed his corrupting breath through Wall street sometimes, causing a moral epidemic; *reported* that I said he was in the Episcopal church!

Cleveland, Feb. 20. Dea. —— wondered how so small a place as Sewickley could hold me.

(To his brother John.)

Apr. 4. There was a good degree of religious interest here this winter, and the results have been favorable for us. I almost invariably extemporize in the evening; the people prefer it, and I think I begin to feel a preference. I always practised it somewhat from a sense of duty, but now for pleasure. I've not yet *written* a sermon since I am here. We started a Milton club here in October, with unexpected success; met once a week—Monday; attendance from fifteen to thirty, according to weather. I've also organized a book club, mainly for periodical literature. It is limited to twenty-one names, at five dollars each.

(To Miss Mary C. Williams.)

May 11. On Tuesday afternoon, at five o'clock, we took possession of the manse. We are getting fixed, and it is so nice to be once more "at home." Boarding is a profitless, unwholesome life—bad for men, worse for women and worst for children. I expect to be in Cleveland next week to attend a convention of committees in the interest of the freedmen. Unless advised to the contrary, I shall stop at the "Williams House." I do this the more courageously because the "Bittinger House," Sewickley, is also open for friends, and we hope, allowing for the difference between country and city, to give as good as we get.

July 12. Sewickley soldiers' monument inaugurated. I made the inauguratory prayer.

July 16. No wonder Locke has been a favorite, he is so simple and gossipy in his style, even metaphysics become social.

Aug. 1. Rode with Mr. Nevin in his buggy from Pittsburg to Canonsburg. The road is very hilly, but our conversation made the way seem short.

(To his wife.)

Avon, Aug. 20. John has a volume of Shakespeare here,

and since I've found a little time to look into it, I've begun to think I would make Shakespeare a text book for next winter's club meetings. What do you think of having them meet at our house? Then you could enjoy all of them without exposure or inconvenience.

Sewickley, Sept. 5. The meagreness of contributions to Foreign Missions. What a religion is that which does not even move its possessors to extend it!

Nov. 15. It is very plain that the bestowment of the charisms in the primitive church occasioned a great deal of jealousy, envy, covetousness. So it is also clear that the possession of these gifts was not gracious, neither implying nor imparting grace.

(To his brother John.)

Dec. 29. As to calls, etc., my old church at Cleveland are in correspondence with me in reference to my return; I don't think it will come to anything. Pres. Fairchild of Oberlin was here to sound me about accepting the chair of Sacred Rhetoric in their Theological Seminary. Last Spring we licensed one of ——'s sons. I was quite moved at hearing him tell his experience; he had been wild. I thought his old father would rejoice in heaven over his return. * * We made Lucy a Christmas tree, her first. She is very rich now. We are all well—I remarkably so. Sewickley has been a "cure" in a double sense.

Memoranda. When we say that Christianity is supernatural, we do not mean that it stands in a different category from Judaism; we mean that religion, including Judaism and the traditional elements of the patriarchal religion as still found in the various forms of heathenism, are supernatural —above human nature as a cause, but not as a capacity. Religion is not a development out of, but an engrafting into, human nature.

The spirit of the age. Nothing is more evident in science, art or religion than that great currents of thought and feeling and convictions sweep thro' society, affecting all, and these currents are not originated by a man or men, or books or lectures or arguments.

Conservatives and radicals. As all truth has not yet been discovered and arranged there must be discoverers, innovators, radicals. But as some truth has been found and arranged there must be conservers. Janus is the true god of peace, because he looks backward and forward.

Jan. 23, 1867. Dr. McCosh thinks our creeds too articulate, and is in favor of a shorter one; so is Dr. Hodge—why not?

Jan. 28. The synchronism of discoveries, inventions and ideas in politics and religion is a common fact and observation; a history of this phenomenon would be a very interesting contribution to philosophy.

April 5. Attended Pattie Irwin's funeral. Remarked on the ways in which God draws our thoughts and affections towards the other world—death in every family, death of children—these unfinished lives draw us over.

April 24. Spent the day with Dr. Hodge, at his request, to talk over our relations to Adam and Christ from the realistic point of view.

June 16. Came home much discouraged. Felt as if I had not said anything that could be profitable to my people.

(To his brother John.)

June 19. In the pulpit I am engaged on the historical books. I want to lodge a connected idea of that portion of Scripture in the minds of my people. The pews have been fed on crumbs long enough; an idea of the loaf is valuable, so that the people may know that it was in the latter shape that God gave it. This rubbing the bread of life to pieces

between the thumb and finger, and feeding Christians as old women feed chickens, I don't believe has helped the people much in forming a conception of the body of truth.

June 22. A constant stream of carriages on the road—a great change since when I came here, three years ago. The place was then very dead.

July 8. My duty seems to work, not to achieve anything.

May 31. The drought had kept back everything but the weeds—sad emblems of moral culture.

Sept. 18. So long as trouble does not drive us beyond human aid it is of no spiritual benefit. "Vain is the help of man." "Thou art my refuge."

Sept. 28. Dr. Hodge said to me of Reunion: "I know ours is the losing side, but I will rally the last Scotch-Irish blood and die hard."

Oct. 20. If for twenty-four hours we could remove care, sorrow, envy, mourning from a city like New York, what a city it would be—heaven negatively.

Nov. 2. Pres. Fairchild called to see me about Oberlin matters.

Nov. 3. People seem sad, Catharine says, and look at her so imploringly, as if she could do something.

(To his wife.)

Dec. 25. * * I didn't set the alarm clock, having tried that once, and finding myself knocked out of the middle of a deep nap at twenty minutes before five. My simple domestic arrangements don't require such unseasonable hours. I breakfast regularly at Mrs. Dickson's, and then "board round" the rest of the time. In this way I get a good variety, which is the only spice of that kind of life. Well, now, I must praise myself a little. In the following narrative behold the picture of the "devoted husband." 1. I brought in a pail of water, which I warmed with the red hot poker, and therein

(the water, not the poker) immersed all your flowers. 2. I washed off the oil-cloth, crocks and saucers of same and put them all on the table in my study, and to tell truth, a pretty sight they are.

Memoranda. *The miracle* is Christ, and the miracles are mere phenomena of that divine fact. He went about doing good—working miracles; it could not be otherwise unless he had denied himself, or held himself in abeyance. When he sent forth the apostles he bestowed his authority upon them, delegated them to perform miracles. That which was inherent in him was superadded in them. He was a perennial fountain sending out streams of living power; they were mere reservoirs. Hence they could not delegate the power of working miracles; with their lives miracles ceased to occur.

Christianity divine. The marvel is not that the world has not outgrown Christianity, but that a religion dating back among a comparatively uncivilized people not liberalized by commerce or art—a people isolated by their religion, restricted by their language—that among such a people should originate a religion which chooses the world for its habitat, is a marvel. It drives one almost necessarily to the conclusion that a hand from a higher region reached into our affairs, a voice from another order of intelligence spake to our race.

Feb. 24, 1868. Mr. Norcross thinks I have improved in extemporizing, and would be very sorry if I gave it up; only he regretted that such sermons were lost, that they could not be reproduced—Mrs. Payne's view of it.

(To his brother John.)

March 18. * * I've tried extemporary preaching now for a year, generally preaching twice a day. My people prefer extemporizing and say I've improved. I think I have. I know I have more self-possession, something that I never

had acquired during the ten previous years of occasional, even frequent, extemporizing. Now, no man can be said to succeed in extemporizing, if indeed he can be said to extemporize at all, unless he has acquired self-possession. So long as a speaker mingles in his speeches or sermons thoughts of himself, whether those thoughts refer to his mental processes, other persons' estimate of him, or his own feelings of fear or vanity or pride, he cannot be a successful speaker; he works with a divided mind, the divisions of which are antagonistic, and of course a very large percentage of his working force is neutralized—too much to do anything valuable.

April 2. Nothing since I've been in the ministry has surprised me more than the estimate of my last Sunday morning's sermon. I was myself so discouraged that nothing but embarrassment and a settled resolve never to apologize prevented me from saying at the second service that I felt like never preaching again.

(To his wife.)

Harrisburg, May 26. * * This morning the Reunion question came up. Finally by consent (telegraphic) the two Assemblies set apart the morning hour of prayer to this end. The meeting didn't open so very pleasantly, but before the hour closed it was heavenly in its spirit. * * * Judge Green's speech cannot be described or reported. After the formalities of his office* had been discharged and he spoke for himself, he was wonderful. The Assembly couldn't get done with him. His old heart overflowed both from his tongue and eyes. Tears and smiles chased each other over the Assembly, and yet he protested he was in deep earnest, as we all felt he was. * * Dr. Cox is unchanged; even added years hadn't changed him. Last evening he commenc-

*Delegate from the O. S. Assembly.

ed reciting from Cowper—line after line, word after word; it was a treat and a marvel to listen to him.

May 29. Arrived just in time to hear the taking of the vote on Reunion—unanimous, standing—singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

June 15. Meeting of the School Board. If it were not for the duty one owes to the public, I should utterly refuse to have anything further to do with school matters.

Aug. 30. At times was able to catch an impulse from what I noticed in some of my hearers. I must get this helping influence of my audience, so as to be carried away by them as well as by the thought. Mr. Robinson is a helping hearer, so is Kelly.

Sept. 20. A sermon is not a dissertation nor an essay, but an earnest discussion looking beyond itself to the hearer's good.

Sept. 29. Attended the final meeting of the Freedmens' Association; transferred to a committee to dispose of it—Shaw, Travelli and myself.

Oct. 4. Somehow I feel oppressed by the thought that I can't preach the gospel plain enough. Something intervenes between the hearer and the truth that I know ought to be removed, by me.

Oct. 22. In a few years our present boys and girls will be the young men and ladies of the parish, and it is very important to keep up one's acquaintance with and one's influence over them.

Nov. 23. Visited the Western Penitentiary with Mr. Nevin. The brilliant eye of 2787 (colored man) when I told him I'd bring my little girl to see him, his hearty "God bless you."

Memoranda. If God is the author of all things, yet not so as to the anthor of sin, is it not possible for him to be the

author of all things in the new creature (Christian), yet not so as to the author of holy acts?

Washington, May 24, 1869. Dined at Gen. Howard's. He is a very modest, amiable, transparent man, and I liked him.

June 6. Read an old sermon. My mind had grown beyond it on all sides.

Sept. 10. Every one with whom I speak about declining the presidency of Washington and Jefferson College seems to confirm the correctness of my decision.

Sept. 12. Extemporized all day in the interest of Christian Union. Strictly speaking, there are no denominations, for in each sect there are a great many of the more intelligent members who hold some if not all of the peculiarities with indifference.

Sept. 13. I'm utterly surprised at the sensation caused by yesterday's sermon. I felt in the dark all the time I was speaking. We propose, God disposes.

Oct. 8. G. (a colored man) heard I'd been "elected president over other parts of the country; he hoped I wouldn't go—he'd miss me."

Dec. 24. Carried Lucy's present to 2787. I wore the watch guard he had made for me; he sprang right at me when he saw it.

Jan. 14, 1870. I realize more and more how pleasant my parish is, the cordiality among the parishioners, and their affection towards me.

(To Mrs. Mary Williams Harvey.)

Jan. 21. Well, Mary, "you've gone and done it." I acknowledge beat, and, in fact don't wonder that, when Adam was to be overreached, the matter was intrusted to Eve. So my wife has been engaged in a clandestine correspondence with you, to bring about a certain event on the anniversary

of your wedding, and she did it. This morning, while I was much absorbed in my paper, Mrs. Bittinger coolly remarked that this was Mary Williams' wedding day, to which I replied by not looking off my paper. Presently a suspicious bundle came in, and Mrs. Bittinger, I thought, contrary to her usual nervousness when express packages come to the parsonage, said, "I wonder what that is?" I made no guess, but proceeded to find out. Now, a woman likes to entertain her fancy with pleasant and teasing guesses, but men "go" for things at once. I opened up several folds, my book eye caught the tissue paper, and I exclaimed, "*Froude* in half-calf!" Only one omission, and that you can supply when you come to Sewickley—your dear names in the first volume.

Feb. 5. Sent $100 to the American Education Society, the first installment towards repaying. As I now look back it seems to have been a great favor.

Feb. 17. Call from Westminster church, Cleveland.

March 5. It is wonderful that our Scriptures should be in the original tongues of Shem (Hebrew) and Japhet (Sanscrit). Nor should it be deemed strange if in further investigation of the literature and language of the sacred books of the Brahmans, Buddhists, etc., should show that a revelation had also been given in the tents of Japhet.

April 2. Dr. —— preaches generally to the impenitent. I think a gospel minister in a Christian community should assume that there were some Christians present.

(To his wife.)

Philadelphia, May 21. Assembly matters are going very well—so well that I believe some people are looking out for breakers. But the gospel ship has outridden too many storms to give me any anxiety about little Presbyterian squalls. May 24. To-day reconstruction is still before us, but the same tide of good feeling prevails and carries all before it.

Dr. —— asked me whether I wouldn't go to Boston as a candidate before a new Presbyterian church of great promise. I don't know that anything will come of it. Will see. My heart sinks when I think that I have to leave Sewickley. But we need not go till we're called. May 26. I hope to be able to write to you every day. I know you must be dreadfully lonely and a letter a day will be something at least to take off the tedium. May 27. With your letter came one from B—— requesting a recommendation. I was glad to do him the favor, for I fear they are very poor. My heart goes out towards those in such circumstances—men of culture and poor at that—it is a sad combination. I tremble yet when I recollect our stress in past years. Well, those days I trust are over for us—I should not wish to live over any of them.

Kent, July 6. Laura Grant recalled my saying, "No use to fret about things you can't help, nor about things you can."

Sewickley, Aug. 16. Called to condole with Mrs. ——. She was very bitter—charging me with neglecting her sick husband. I had been there often and would have gone oftener, but I was never welcomed by them—because of their opposition to my settling here. Nursing folks don't pay.

Sept. 3. Note from —— asking my prayers for his sick wife. How poor and barren my spiritual life appears when such a request is made.

Cincinnati, Oct. 17. (National prison reform congress.) My article was read this afternoon. It was very well received —so well that I was quite overwhelmed by the applause, congratulations and praises.

Oct. 23. We had a congregational reunion memorial meeting and resolved to put up a memorial lecture room. The spirit was good and the success assured.

Nov. 12. Arranged with McKenzie and Holmes about a union Thanksgiving service.

Memorandum—First thoughts—I've been perplexed with the fact that I invariably come back to my first draft of thought. When I write it it pleases me, then follows a period in which what I've written seems of no value, superficial, etc. Towards the end of the week after I have studied a good deal on the subject, when I again turn to my first draft, I am surprised at the suggestiveness of its ideas and expressions. I think that the reason is that my mind has filled up, and then a very small suggestion is enough to put all its contents in motion and thus the first suggestions get credit for the subsequent acquisitions.

Jan. 2, 1871. Called to see Dr. Holmes and McKenzie about starting a minister's meeting.

Feb. 12. Preached in the morning on "Some honest hindrances to professing religion." Weather bad, but the persons whom I had in mind were there.

Feb. 21. Visited the Academy. I never go to a school room but I ache to teach.

Feb. 22. Italian unity meeting in Library Hall. The papers, with few exceptions were indifferent or hostile to it. The audience was large. I was very much interested in Rabbi N——'s remarks.

Feb. 24. P—— here about my lectures on geography before the Teacher's Institute.

March 3. Wrote to Sen. R. in reference to the Ohio law of marriage licenses.

March 4. Catharine and I took tea at Mrs. Way's. I learned from Mr. Way that Risher and Van Cleve had both expressed themselves delighted with the ministers' meeting. I am repaid already for all it has cost me.

April 3. Circulated the petition to have the name of our post office changed.

April 12. I felt like giving up preaching. It seemed to me as if I had nothing to say that made it necessary for me to remain here and wondered whether my people thought they got their money's worth.

June 5. I always feel sad when I hear of a minister resigning without a place to go to. He is like a servant girl—with only his wages while he has a place, and then till he is called—in the wide, wide world.

June 22. Drew a pattern for the shield in the chapel porch.

(To his wife.)

Bedford, Aug. 1. The mountains looked beautiful, and the clouds—cumulus below and cirro-stratus above, a combination you never see but in the pure atmosphere of the hills —were a constant delight.

Aug. 5. Another long conference with Dr. Conrad touching the professorship of Homiletics in the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg. Sometimes it looks as if I could be of more use there than where I am, tho' I have not a single reason in my parish for leaving it. I have an abiding affection for my mother church.

Aug. 6. * * * Another person that enlisted my sympathy (in church) was an old lady, poorly clad, who took a seat next in front of me. I thought to myself, "Poor woman, will you hear anything that will help you to take life easier and look into the future more hopefully?" As the sermon proceeded I mentally preached it over to her, illustrating and applying it to her, and then I thought how I would try and preach so that there would be more gospel—glad tidings to the suffering, sorrowing ones.

Aug. 7. I had a long talk with B—— about preaching,

and learned some good things from him. I think we have too much teaching and not enough worship. We would do as well, if not better, by one sermon and a second service in which there was more singing, if that could be good. I am not speaking of this in the light of labor, for my mind naturally runs to teaching, but I speak of it in reference to the benefit conferred on the attendant on religious services. If one could attain to an interest in all one's hearers it would make preaching very much easier and more effective. I think some men have that gift—I possess it in a limited degree; but my faculty is to feel an interest rather in the truth, than in those who are called to hear it. I have tried to break away from this bondage and have in a measure succeeded, but my didactic taste is so decided that I believe teaching rather than preaching is my forte. I believe that my greater success at Sewickley has been owing largely to my being able to feel a deeper interest in my people—and this arose out of the cordial, kind way in which they received me and still continue to treat me.

Aug. 8. If people do not attend church how much worse we think them than if they are not honest.

Sewickley, Aug. 30. Drew several patterns for the cross on the west end of the chapel.

Sept. 3. I felt dissatisfied with my sermon. I don't know where the trouble is. Perhaps I had not studied enough—hadn't water enough under my keel.

(To his daughter.)

Oct. 30. Well, I almost forgot to tell you that I went to Chicago to see about uncle Charles, George, etc. Such a sight; 15,000 houses burned—square miles of cellars full of ashes and rubbish. I'll give you an account of my journey over the burned district some evening when you want "a story."

(To his brother John.)

Dec. 9. My people during the past year have been putting up a "Memorial Chapel" for Sunday school and other purposes. We expect to dedicate on Christmas. They have also painted the parsonage within and without, vastly improving it. One of my congregation gave me a *carte blanche* for a memorial bell for his deceased brother. I filled it with a bell of 3300 lbs., which is now our "church going bell." I preached my septennial last May. They have been seven blessed years to me. Health restored, courage, and I think power and usefulness increased—salary liberal and promptly and cheerfully paid—and my efforts appreciated and "succeeded" as the old divines were wont to say. I have had other fields offered, but "I dwell among mine own people." Gettysburg gave me the refusal of the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Church History in the Theological Seminary. The great work of the Lutheran church in this country did then and still draws hard on me. I have not had time to write anything for the public except a report on "A paragraph Bible." It is an outrage on the ignorance and inexperience of the unlearned to put into their hands the charter of their spiritual rights in a form that if adopted by any other book would stop its circulation.

Jan. 15, 1872. I am glad my remarks at Hetty Anderson's funeral were so well approved. It was the first time that I felt authorized to make the deceased the basis of a funeral discourse.

Jan. 24. Farewell prayer meeting and conference meeting in the "old church"—very full.

March 3. Lidie Nevin came to me and proposed to come here on Friday evening and form our history class. I had been thinking of it a good deal of late.

April 12. History class much smaller than usual, but

much easier and promises to be more profitable by becoming an intelligent conversazione.

April 16. Mr. Kelly said that the governor had appointed Mr. Nevin, Milligan and myself state commissioners to the International Prison Congress (in London.)

April 24. Mr. Kelly talks now as if he would sail with me.

April 28. Congregations very full in the morning and also in the evening. The day was delightful. I didn't realize that I should not again preach to my people for several months.

The summer of 1872 Dr. Bittinger spent abroad in travel and in attendance on the meetings of the Prison Congress in London to which he was sent as commissioner from the state of Pennsylvania, by Gov. Hartrauft. After his return he wrote a number of letters for the *Presbyterian Banner*, embodying his observations while away, which excited considerable interest.

July 11. Left London for Liverpool. Looked out anxiously for Rugby. The landscape was not particularly interesting—but to me it was all full of Dr. Arnold—one of England's greatest men.

July 30. Reached home at 11 a. m. Catharine had the whole house beautifully decorated. The welcome home reception at Mr. Kelly's.

(To his brother John.)

Aug. 10. I believe I wrote to you just before I left for London and its "International Prison Congress." After I made up my mind to go and my session having given me a *carte blanche* as to time—supplying my pulpit—I thought I would start early enough to attend the General Assembly of Scotland in May. I thought I would do that and see how our Scotch fathers manage Presbyterianism. I was in Edinburg ten days, and at the meetings daily. I saw and heard most of the great men of Scotland. Norman McLeod, the greatest man of Scotland, I heard make his last and

greatest speech—Rainy—Begg—Buchanan—Tulloch, etc. The Scotch are to a man good talkers—quite a contrast to Englishmen. I visited Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Prussia and Southern Germany—spending most of my time, and that most pleasantly, in Germany. The Congress lasted ten days, and was conducted as a scientific congress—not popular, national or American. I prepared a paper for it. The proceedings will be published some time this year. Continental Europe is far in advance of us in penology—they have made more of a study of the subject, and they have a better body of facts from which to study it.

(To the same.)

Sept. 27. I was very glad to hear from you again, but the report rather saddened me. I had rather hoped from the contents of the one which you wrote after first trying your New York doctor that you were perhaps on the road to better health. * * * I know from experience that one can become used to almost anything and find it endurable, if not agreeable. I still have hope for you—the greatest blessing remains to you, your mind. To be wounded in that is the last blow. I am glad you expressed an interest on my articles on Europe. I shall be careful to send you copies of all of them if I can obtain the extra copy. I do not propose to gossip in them but to give rather mature views, perhaps—this may make them duller but more valuable, if dullness is ever an element of value. I have heard from various sources of the interest which they are exciting.

Oct. 8. I voted a very scratched ticket. If we vote for thieves we shall have only thieves to vote for.

Oct. 22. Went out with Mr. Daniel Nevin on a squirrel hunt. I hadn't gone gunning for 25 years. I felt awkward at first with a gun, but old tricks soon come back.

Nov. 20. Called to see X. Asked me to explain Hab.

3 : 3. I showed him the nature of the parallelism in Hebrew. He is not a church member but an attendant and has family worship. I prayed with them. Are there not too many good people outside the church, and too many bad ones inside?

Memoranda. Works *vs.* Faith. 1. Honesty, justice, truth, mercy are good works always commended, never condemned by the prophets or Christ. 2. Never is it anywhere intimated that it is dangerous to trust to such things for salvation. 3. The righteousness which the Jews went about to establish was not these virtues.—Rom. x. 4. Isaiah reproves Sabbath-keeping, fasting, new moons, etc; so does Paul, so Christ, but no one of them reproves doing good, or hints that there is danger in relying on such works. 5. Good works were religious acts, ritualisms, ceremonies, etc. If salvation is of grace, irrespective of the use which the subject makes of grace, then it is logical to say that no life however vile is a barrier to it. The truth seems to be this. The scheme of salvation is of grace, irrespective of anything in men, save their wretchedness and capacity to be happy and good; but to say that the plan, being arranged and accepted by man, his use of it is not a factor in his salvation is to affirm that God is indifferent to virtue and vice, and only seeks to make men happy but not virtuous.

Religion supernatural. 1. What do converted men do that unconverted persons do not? Both are at times sorry for having done wrong. 2. Both make resolves to do better and both fail. If it does not enable men to do what those not professing to have it still do, then how can you prove the presence of such a power? It must be provable by facts, but the vast majority of lives of professing Christians offer no such facts.

Mar. 15, 1873. Called to see Mary Travelli. She spoke so quietly of dying that her repose strengthened me.

April 12. Went to the city with Catharine to get some flowers for Easter decorations.

Chattanooga, April 25. Mr. Baldwin and I rode to Lookout Mountain. It was one of the pleasantest days of all my life. The air, scenery, horseback exercise and company were just perfect. We were in the saddle for nine hours.

Sewickley, May 11. In the afternoon I spoke to the colored church about the colored people of the South.

May 21. People whom we can't profit when they are well, we can't profit in their sickness.

June 5. Catharine and Lucy went to the city, to be gone all day. So I thought I would visit in the hill country. I went up the face of Fleming hill, dined at John Anderson's (heard his story of the Cumberland river expedition in 1864). over to Mrs. Baird's, and so home.

June 9. Talk with Will Jones, on people in our church who have grown since I came here.

July 6. The congregation was quite full and solemn in the evening, but what can I do for them? They and God alone can do it.

Sept. 15. At Economy Mr. Lenz showed us around and asked me to come and preach to them some Sunday morning.

Nov. 4. Went to A. to organize a Presbyterian church. It is a pity that church extension comes of quarrelling.

Nov. 23. I sometimes feel as if in my hands the gospel had lost all power over the young people of my parish, and as if I had better give the work over to some one else.

Dec. 22. Mr. Way thinks I've had a great deal to do with the progress of things in Sewickley.

(To the Rev. S. S. Gilson.)

Dec. 26. Your letter would have been answered immediately, but I had hardly time to breathe, much less to write.

My class in History, numbering upwards of fifty and meeting every Monday evening, a lecture for the Young Mens' Library Association of our town, my Banner articles, my preaching, and some rheumatism, seemed to take up all my spare time.

Memorandum. Satisfaction. It is said the law must be satisfied—full obedience or suffering for disobedience. But, I ask, what is this law that must be satisfied? Is it something outside of and above God? Is this the God above God? When God came into creative relations did he make his government as his own, or did he find it forced upon him by this superior law? When man sinned did he sin against God, or against this law as a separate sovereign? Clearly enough, there is no sense in speaking of man violating law, except as that law is the expression of the law-giver. As an object of thought you may abstract the statute from the lawmaker, but in a world of concrete subjects, ruled by not an abstraction but a personal sovereign, the sovereign is the only one to whom satisfaction can be rendered; his bosom is the seat of the violated law, and if he wills to forgive a penitent subject, who or what is to hinder? Is any law but God's law broken? is satisfaction to be rendered to any one but God? The sanctity of the law as the expression of the divine sense of justice is satisfied by repentance, if God wills it. God has willed it, as the sending of his Son abundantly shows; if he had not willed it, the Son would not have come. His coming is the expression of his love, not the cause of it. He needed to secure our confidence, not to make our repentance a duty, but to make it easier, and then to win us to love and a thankful, obedient, holy life. The law is satisfied when God is, and God was satisfied before Christ came, therefore he sent Jesus Christ.

Jan. 6, 1874. (Week of Prayer.) Rained hard all day;

had no meeting in the evening; felt very sorry, for the people appeared to be interested. However, they lose less by being absent than by being indifferent.

(To his wife.)

Feb. 24. Well, I know in the bottom of your heart lies the question: "I wonder if Joseph attends to the flowers?" He do, mum, I assure you. He is devoted to them. Yesterday morning I gave three solid hours to potting and boxing, watering, tying up, etc., etc., and the window looks splendid, if that is the proper word. Just now, as I looked up at a passing wagon, I saw that the driver was regarding your flowers. I think you are a public benefactor, and the town ought to vote you a medal of honor for public spirit and benevolence, as the French do.

Mar. 2. To-day is mild and sunny, and "the family wash" is out in bright array all around the horizon. As I look over at the ——'s and see their clothes, I recall that he came stealing into meeting last evening, and looking—I don't know—miserable or sinister; but in either case, I pity him. * * I wish I could have been with you on the 26th ult. It seems incredible that twenty-one years have passed since then and that he would be a grown young man, and we miss him so much, and more and more.

Mar. 21. Simplicity, sincerity and truthfulness are the three graces of a funeral discourse.

(To Mr. Edward L. Day.)

Mar. 23. I was loth to condemn it [the "Women's Crusade], though from the papers I get mainly unpleasant impressions. I cannot bring myself to approve of their praying *at* saloons, or blocking sidewalks, or provoking those of the baser sort; but believing that their hearts have been wrought upon from above I would say naught against it. * * I think that the present movement, in its present form,

will not last long, and that the evil spirit with seven other spirits will come back to his swept and garnished rooms in some of the places—and because of his great thirst from wandering in desert places, will be more thirsty than ever; but on the whole there will be gain. I hope it will be in this direction: *first*, that drinking is right, but drunkenness is wrong; making the drunkard a criminal, and, of course, the drunkard-maker *particeps criminis*. Then, *second*, carry out the idea in the Adair law, that every business is responsible for its legitimate results. If the dramseller is not willing to incur the risks he need not enter into the business. This founds legislation on justice, the foundation on which it can permanently rest. Then, *third*, to put under penalties the making or vending of adulterated liquors, such liquors found being the evidence for their conviction wherever and whenever found; and, *fourth*, to admit that there is a difference between malt and vinous beverages and distilled liquors; and, *lastly*, to hope that the exegesis which tries to prove that the wine made by Christ and drank by Timothy was not wine but some sugar water, will not be preached from any so-called Christian pulpit. * * My preaching has been steady and well attended. I've given Sunday evening sermons on "old fashioned subjects," which I call "Plain Talks." They have touched on Success, Business, Honesty, Tastes, Company, Habits, Public Spirit, Amusements, Temperance, Choosing a Profession. "History class" (Reformation) has numbered upwards of fifty, and goes bravely on.

June 6. The valley is so full of leaves it looks as when the tide is at its height.

(To his wife.)

Atlantic City, Aug. 18. The surroundings are so quiet, so clean looking and so honest feeling that I feel constrained to stop and try them. You know Quakers don't take dirt,

and that's why the Lord put so many of them into dusty New Jersey.

Sewickley, Nov. 2. I opened the ministers' meeting with some remarks on the need of revision of our Scripture version; it elicited a great deal of discussion, generally in favor of a new version.

Nov. 27. What a different world X. lives in from mine —low deceit, cunning, lying, slander fill the air.

Dec. 3. It is as pleasant to see what a bond of union and interest the History Class is—it forms a sort of guild.

Memoranda. Homer and David. 1. It seems incredible, even on the supposition of inspiration, that in so remote and rude an age as that of David such exalted spiritual ideas should be of mere human origin. But does not the same argument hold in favor of Homer's poetical inspiration? In fact, the present age is farther removed from Homer in poetry than it is from David in religion. 2. The exceptional elevation of certain men in the earlier ages of nations as compared with their successors cannot be accounted for by the law of development and progression. Were they not all inspired?

Atheists grow up to pure and useful lives in Christian countries, and say a God is neither necessary nor does he exist; as well may Egypt and Persia deny that there is any use of, or any sea; they forget that the clouds and dews and rains that water the earth and make it fruitful are borne up by the winds from that great sea. So the Spirit carries over the rainless districts of unbelief and worldliness the blessed influence of the Christian religion.

(To his brother John.)

Jan. 13, 1875. I returned from the National Prison Congress at St. Louis not very well, and my generally depressed health and a severe surgical operation laid me up in ordinary

for a good part of the summer. I resumed regular work in September and have kept on till now, but as my session have offered me a recess at my option, I think I will slip off for at least two Sabbaths. I expect to go to Hanover; there the atmosphere is quiet and "restful," as the moderns say. If I go, I will run down to Washington for a few days to see and feel the pulse of our national politics. It grieves and discourages me when I see how easily the people of the South resort to violence to maintain their rights. Like the South and Central American republics and Latin races on the continent of Europe, they don't understand that violence is barbarism, and the vote civilization. As soon as they are outvoted they relapse into barbarism, and use its instruments. Civilization means that a man, or party, can control themselves; barbarism that they must be controlled by outside force. * * This winter the History Class has taken up Thucydides; fifty-five have enrolled themselves, a decided interest has already developed itself in the study of the age of Pericles. I send you also a copy of the *Banner*; for some months past I have been doing nothing in that line. I have a few topics more to treat, but the editors still cry "Give, give." I believe if I could get a publisher I would prepare them for the press, I have been so often solicited and from so many sides. I believe since I wrote you last I have been invited to Danville Theological Seminary chair of History. If there had been any show of students there, and if the South were an atmosphere for free thought, I would have gone, for History is a favorite study with me, and I think also I could teach it with success.

(To his wife.)

Washington, Feb. 3. The more I hear of the ways and means of church management the worse I feel. It seems to be rings, rings, everywhere, and "management" all round.

Sewickley, Feb. 16. Lectured on "Hard Times." The audience was large, considering the good sleighing, and the attention close and serious. The Catholic priest wished all our laborers could have heard it.

Mar. 28. I missed Mr. Nevin, Irwin and Harbaugh. Appreciative and attentive hearers are a great help to the preacher.

June 23. Went to Gettysburg. Spoke before the Literary Society on "Responsibilities of Educated Men." House pretty full, temperature fearfully high. Satisfaction given so far as I heard.

June 30. Spoke at Hudson on "Greece as seen in the pages of Thucydides." "A model speech." "Not a word of it committed or written?" Prof. Seymour was delighted —thanks all round.

Atlantic City, Aug. 1. At Quaker meeting, in the seat of the elders—Elisha Roberts beckoning me to his side.

Sewickley, Sept. 22. "The Weaver" has appeared in the October *Atlantic*.

(To his brother John.)

Dec. 17. Last year I attempted rather too much outside work; this winter I shall undertake less. I'll have no History Class—much as I and the class should enjoy it. There is a musical club to take its place in the public interest. I've marked out nothing for the quarterlies—unless I fulfill my engagement to the *Princeton Review* for an article on "Extemporaneous Preaching."

Memoranda. Sewickley, 1864. The long grass in the back part of the lot, the Virginia worm fence on the west, the tall pickets in front with a fine clump of alders on the inside, the line of hitching-posts that the poor horses might have an eye out for the wind and weather. How I used to come the back way—cross-lots—under the locust in White and

Harbaugh's field. The high, bald, back gable of the church, shaded by a lightming-rod and a sweet brier. I gave notice the first Sunday (April 29, 1864,) I preached here, that the congregation would meet on Monday for tree planting; the yard was stocked with evergreens—most of which died and were dug up with my own hands. The survivors are still here in their beauty, but of those who helped at their planting—how many? Mr. T. H. Nevin gave me a ride down to the large elm in what is now Mr. Coffin's lot—my admiration ever since. Mrs. Anderson's thin and frail form—but her warm welcome and hope I would like them; Mother Way's too; Mr. Way's stop under the noble oak that then overhung and shaded the hot, sandy road in front of the "old church," and kind words. The growth of the parish—the building of the parsonage, (Mr. Nevin taking the responsibility) the first house on all this flat south of the church—the maple tree seen on summer days from the back church door.

Jan. 3, 1876. Attended A. Robinson's funeral. It was an easy funeral—there was something to say without doubt or gainsaying.

Jan. 7. Paid the last of my indebtedness for my education.

Jan. 8. My idea of catechetical instruction for the baptized children of the church was again discussed in session. I think I'll try it next fall—committing the questions and answers and comparing the texts, and then explanations and questioning the class.

Jan. 9. In the evening had a prayer meeting; as I had preached and lectured eleven times in eight days, I felt that we had had instruction enough; we needed something to make it germinate—and that must come from above.

Jan. 13. It is as creditable as it is noticeable—the time

and attention given to the Scriptures by the Westminster Assembly and the Parliament in the drawing up of the Confession of Faith and the Catechisms. The same zeal now and a relative knowledge of the Scriptures, under our increased advantages, would do us much good, and purify the margin of our standards of many useless and inept quotations.

The following account of the "Sewickley case" was kindly written for me by a member of the session.

The most serious trouble which arose during Dr. Bittinger's pastorate, arose "from without." Two or three prominent members of Presbytery, who had originally opposed his installation as pastor of Sewickley church, took occasion a few years later to make useless trouble for him and for his church. It happened that one of his parishioners was one of the proprietors of a Pittsburg daily paper which in course of time began the publication of a Sunday edition. One of the opponents above referred to was then chairman of the Presbytery's standing committee on the Narrative of the state of religion, and of course he made his report at each quarterly meeting of Presbytery. At one of these meetings he referred at some length to the prevalence of Sabbath breaking, and especially in the running of Sunday trains and the publication of Sunday newspapers. At the next meeting he resumed the subject, and, going a step further, deplored the fact that professing Christians should be guilty of such sinful practices. At a subsequent meeting he lamented over the religious indifference which tolerated such sins in one of the churches of our Presbytery. He declined to prefer charges, and insisted that Presbytery should take up and prosecute the case as a matter of "*common fame*," though whatever there was in it of "common fame," was of his own making. Finally somebody made a motion to refer the matter to a committee, and the result was that after the question had been tossed back

and forth between the Presbytery and the church session for a couple or more years, with the usual stirring up of "angry passions" and hard words, it was sent to Synod, and from Synod to the General Assembly. Then it came back, accompanied by a resolution in substance that "a responsible connection with the publication of a Sunday newspaper was inconsistent with membership in the Presbyterian church."

This resolution was communicated to the "erring member," and he replied in substance that he was not "responsible" for the publication in question. This answer seemed satisfactory to Presbytery, and the case ended there. But perhaps it should be noted that the parties who had originally stirred up the matter in Presbytery, had in the meantime been relieved by the Master from further service in His earthly vineyard. Hence their ability to make further trouble was at an end.

The case, during the four or five years while it lasted, was the source of much grief and annoyance both to Dr. Bittinger and to his session. Neither he nor they justified or defended the publication of a Sunday newspaper. In fact, he and they unanimously disapproved of and deprecated it. He made no effort to control the action of the session in the matter, but as his views were understood, he united with the members of his session in the position which they took at the start and adhered to till the end, and in substance this:— That whether or not the member referred to should be dealt with judicially, was a question which belonged to the Session, and with which Presbytery had no right to interfere, until it reached Presbytery by appeal or by complaint, or by a "common fame" other than that created specially for the purpose on the floor of Presbytery by a dissatisfied minority of Presbytery itself.

During all this time, Dr. Bittinger labored with voice and

pen, as occasion offered, in maintaining the rights of the Session, as against what was believed to be the improper, if not unjust action of the Presbytery. It was on this issue that the case was taken to Synod and to the General Assembly, but the question thus in dispute was ignored by both tribunals. The question whether a Presbytery could by a voluntary series of acts by one of its committees, *create* an alleged "common fame," and on the strength of a "common fame" so voluntarily and studiously *created*, command a church session to issue judicially a case so made, whether the Session deemed it wise or not,—that question remained undecided. Synod and General Assembly passed on and decided another question which was not before them, except indirectly. They passed on a question of church fellowship, when they were only asked to decide a question of orderly proceedings.

(To Mrs. Mary C. Harvey.)

Feb. 10. I started to read something this winter, having no history class, but the Sunday question and the Presbytery have given no room for anything but wrong and trouble, though I don't fear anything very serious, any longer.

Feb. 14. Mr. Way brought our library report. It is the day of small things—and only hereafter people will praise the men who now do the work. It is always a life of faith, this beginning good things.

(To his brother John.)

Mar. 13. I had started the winter without a *class*, and planned to give myself to Jewish History, but our Sabbath troubles threw me out, and so I found myself studying the Confession, and have about completed an article for the *Princeton Review*, on "Our Standards,"—it is not controversial, but mainly historical; sketchy, gossippy, but tending to enlightenment. I don't know that I regret the diver-

sion—I accept it as providential. It has lent an interest to Lucy's special study for the winter—the Civil War in England, under Charles I. I am glad that my quarrels have thus become useful to her. She has had a thousand questions to ask, and I have been fresh enough to answer them.

April 19. Read the proof of "Westminster Assembly of Divines," for Appleton's new edition of the Cyclopædia—it was full of errors.

May 19. In sermonizing a good narrative introduction is half the sermon if one extemporizes.

June 14. Mr. —— just back from the Centennial—he prayed differently and larger.

Hanover, July 3. Found Aunt sitting in her chair, helpless—but as joyous and radiant as if nothing ailed.

(To his daughter.)

July 4. As for myself, the notes of the martins are more musical for me than all the patriotic noises, especially so far as we are indebted to the "Heathen Chinee" for these latter. I do not believe any other people could have compounded an explosive more absolutely destitute of melody, than a Chinese fire-cracker—all of sound save noise of the most distracting kind has been carefully extracted, and noise, pure and simple remains—and as far as a young American boy approaches a barbarian, just so far he seems to enjoy this heathen invention.

Sewickley, Aug. 4. At Mrs. ——'s. Life has gone so hard with them that they are inclined to the accusative case. It is sad to see the hardening influence of a hard lot in life on men, and especially women.

Sept. 18. I don't know anything that matures a woman so much as having a baby. It brings her right out—it is her majority.

Nov. 10. The election still undecided; each party claiming the victory but neither sufficiently sure to hurrah. Fraud is freely charged by both parties, and because the party politicians on either side would perhaps not hesitate to practise it if they could thereby win.

Dec. 2. Read Blyden's article on Missions in Africa. It is suggestive. It is wonderful how slow men are to learn another thing. The European can't believe that he can't Europeanize the African. He is not satisfied that the African should be an African in his language and spirit and religion — but first would make a European of him, and then a Christian, and then a Baptist, Episcopalian or Presbyterian.

Dec. 7. Lectured before our Library Association. "Sewickley as it is, and Sewickley as it should be." Our felicities: (a.) As to location—sunny side of the valley, clean side of Pittsburg, and the healthy side. (b.) As to surface —a fair plain, but broken enough for drainage, sewerage and beauty. (c.) Soil—warm, sandy—good for percolation, cellars, gardens, flowers, fruits, vegetables and so forth. (d.) Approaches—the river, the railroad, and the exits back through the glens, hollows, and valleys. These are the actualities of Sewickley. The first condition of realizing our ideal is roads, pavements, crossings, houses set back—for quiet, privacy, safety from fire, parterres, etc.; drives up all our glens, a park—a fountain—Town Hall—Public Library—Academy. A picture of the Sewickley of the future with population 10,000, and our aristocratic knobs crowned with fit dwellings.

Dec. 23. "Our Silver Wedding day." The reception went off so pleasantly, there was real pleasure manifested by the guests—as if they enjoyed the occasion. Wife's decorations were the admiration of all. I felt as if all the glory

of the occasion was paid to wife, that I was a happy spectator of it.

Dec. 24. It is a very important thing to put one's audience on a common-sense footing—one that commits them to a serious interest in, and consideration of the subject. Generally church-going is perfunctory—the services are a routine and the attention is given to an outside matter—it is something looked at, but not appropriated by each individual.

Jan. 15, 1877. Went to see Prof. ——, to rejoice with him in reference to his children joining the church.

(To his daughter.)

Jan. 26. You are right in your idea about prayer, it is a very important distinction which you made—namely, that if we cannot have what we ask—because it may not be best for us—that He would give us peace of mind, contentment, resignation,—which is a great deal more than to get our desires. To get our desires may please us; but to have resignation is to get our wish and God's wish too. I want to tell you about "other girls"—and about all other folks generally. They look out for themselves, and if one has oneself always in mind and uppermost, one can secure a great many apparent advantages, but at a great real loss. The more they succeed outwardly, the more they fail inwardly. Their selfishness is strengthened more and more—and selfishness is sin. You know, child, that in going into a car some persons always rush for the best seats—rudely, meanly, selfishly; so in going to a concert, and such persons generally succeed. Well, you know how we regard them. That is one rule of life and most persons follow it—we all are tempted to follow it. It is taking care of No. 1—of our set, etc.

After an illness in February, he went to Washington, being there during the session of the Electoral Commission, which greatly interested him.

Feb. 2. Mr. T. H. Nevin called, and in his own good way had arranged for my pulpit on next Sunday—and as I had nothing to do but to accept, I did so, feeling how true it is that a friend is born for the day of adversity.

Washington, Feb. 7. Visited the Corcoran Gallery. I spent most of the time in studying the Venus of Milo. It is so matronly, so self-possessed, so poised in attitude of mind and body as to give it infinite grace.

Feb. 10. Mr. Hewitt spoke of his wife being here to attend "our funeral"—the defeat of Tilden, I understood him to mean. There is talk on the streets of the Democrats not standing by the Commission's decision.

Feb. 13. There is an air of gravity about the Court room which augurs well for the integrity of the persons engaged in the work of the Electoral Commission.

(To his daughter.)

Sewickley, Feb. 26. My people were very glad to see me —they not only said it but they looked it. I was well enough to preach twice. In the evening I gave them a mild political sermon on "Some things suggested by my visit to the National Capital." It was well received, and I think was "calculated," certainly intended, to do good. Miss Logan was pleased to say that she knew I'd bring home something, I always did. John Nevin remarked that I had told them everything except that I had not told them whether I was a Republican or a Democrat. That may be a compliment to my impartiality. * * * Mrs. Gazzam will move back to the city. I am real sorry, for this move is final. She is one of those people that it is pleasant to live in the same neighborhood with.

March 16. I picked up the chief points of my Easter Sermon. I wish the churches—one ought to be able to say church—would adopt the Gospel year, Christmas, Good Fri-

day, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, and let these suffice, because they are historical.

April 3. Lectured on Kindergarten before Teachers' Association of Alleghany County.

April 10. Went to Presbytery. Swift nominated Prof. Lowrie and Laurence as commissioners to General Assembly, giving as a reason their acquaintance with the Sewickley case. I told Presbytery that the Sunday question would not come up, and that if Synod needed defending this Presbytery had no more interest in it than any other Presbytery in the Synod—but if the Sewickley case should be discussed I was as much interested in my church as they were, and I too should be sent to Chicago. I was put in nomination, and to my utter surprise was elected a commissioner to Assembly.

April 16. Has any church of Jesus Christ the right to make other terms of fellowship than those which Christ made? Faith in Christ is a saving grace—and an incorporate grace. *Baptism* is the orderly—not essential—sign and seal of incorporation. *Communion* is the orderly—not essential—sign and seal of Christian fellowship. *Faith* is the essential living bond between Christ and the believer. *Love* is the essential grace of a Christian spirit. The *fruits of love* are the evidences furnished to others of our spiritual life, and of our right to be regarded as members of Christ's visible body —the church. All terms of membership inconsistent with this are unchristian.

April 24. I was sick at heart to listen to the doings of Presbytery—such men and such motives apparently—if it were not that everything is so imperfect and mixed one would be tempted and justified in being angry and speaking uncharitably.

May 3. —— came to give us a ride—but really to get some names of suitable persons—available ones—for modera-

tor of the coming Assembly. I didn't ask him but I somehow suspect he is trying to get the right kind of a moderator for the Sewickley case. I am willing to trust to the merits of the case, and it grieves me to think that he and others rely on management. Well, they may manage—I'll have none of it.

Chicago, May 18.—Found myself "Chairman of the Committee on Freedmen." I don't think I owe this to Pittsburgh—for although I advocated the rights of these poor, forsaken and oppressed ones for many years, and worked for them in Steubenville, Wheeling and Youngstown before the Presbyterian church had a Committee, in all the thirteen years since I have never been asked by the church's committee to take any part or interest in their work. I presume Ells knowing my abolition antecedents thought I was a *safe* man for the place—so I am.

May 19. Declined to preach for the Reformed Episcopal church—because I am not well enough. I was real sorry. In the interest of that larger Christianity which certainly will come—and I wish would come before I die. The committee from the vestry were so thoughtful as to notify me by card, and then to come and see when they should send a carriage for me—that was true Christian courtesy, and I must say, Episcopalians have more of the minor graces of our religion than any other of our churches.

(To his daughter.)

Chicago, May 23. Our church case worries me a good deal because I feel that the opponents are using improper means. I may be disappointed, but I believe that the truth will prevail, even in this case and in my time.

(To his wife.)

May 23. It is now four o'clock. I have been driven from pillar to post—now I must look after the Freedmen because I am chairman of that committee—then when I

am ready to call the committee and consult, I am notified that the case of Sewickley will be up—so I do nothing but lie in wait. Now at last we are notified to be on hand to-morrow morning. Your letters, three in all, came to cheer me. I answered Lucy's—and now, as I am too tired to think, I will write to you, by way of resting. I made my Historical Society speech. I had compliments from all sides. * * * I have rendered much of this thankless work—serving as a minute man for nothing. Well, I don't work for money—but I do like to have credit in thanks if nothing else. I had no chance to do my best—but I did not deserve to be marked my worst, and that is what the reporters did with my remarks. Dr. McKinney is on the committee of our case, and shows interest. I believe I'll be satisfied if I can get a hearing before the Assembly. I am much more interested in the cause of liberty than in the case of Sewickley. Well, dear wife, I send you this now hoping it will meet you at home—be cheered by it—and as soon as I know more and better I'll write it.

May 25. The Sewickley session case the first this morning. It created intense excitement. I spoke against the report of the committee, because it divided a case *in these*, it did in the matter of Sunday papers what it never did in the matter of intemperance, slavery, etc.,—that is take such cases out of the hands of the session by a theoretical judgment, or an overture. The house became stormy and unmanageable, and then by a mob rule, passed the overture, but the ground was furrowed deep and the seed of a larger liberty is sure to drop in somewhere.

May 26. The excitement in our case intense. All the morning papers, Tribune included, against the Assembly decision, and the Assembly in some individual instances feeling that they had gone too far.

May 29. So it is all set up against us from the beginning —but I suppose for the best—we'll see what that best is.

Sewickley, May 31. My ovation at the station—where everybody seemed so glad to see me home. Is it worth while to contend for the liberty of the individual or the autonomy of the session? Or is it not better to be prudent and let the old dogma slaughter others and not me? No, a thousand times, no.

June 13. Called at Mrs. G.'s—a cheerful, thankful, poor old body.

June 14. God inspires man all along the line of his being. Thus far it has been held that God inspires only morally, and this species of inspiration has been restricted to the Scriptures—but why limit it to the moral nature? The intellect is as necessary to fill out the destiny of man as his moral nature, and why may not God have his prophets and apostles here as well as in the moral domain? He has, and history shows it. *He* has raised up men—in art, science, literature—as He raised up Moses.

July 2. Mr. Atwell's report of church matters very favorable—a spirit of unity—satisfaction with the minister and a better financial condition than any time since I came.

July 21. [The "Railroad Riots" of 1877.] The news from the "strikers" exciting and alarming, but newspapers and newsmongers instinctively take to exaggeration, because thereby they have their living. We shall probably get better legislation and a better public sentiment, but as usual, we shall pay a proportionate price.

July 23. Went to the city. Business mostly suspended. Talk of martial law in Pittsburg. Uncertainty about trains running. Came down on the steamboat "Ida Lewis."

July 24. Up to town. Walk among the ruins. Wheat, oats, and crockery cars, horse shoes and nails to suit, little

tin lamps, all the solder loosened. The two round houses full of disabled locomotives, the boys ringing the locomotive bells. Fouquier de Tinville (Ammon) dispatching the trains for the employes. The coke cars had melted their wheels. The greatest warping took place on the side track of the oil cars —sometimes towards the fire, sometimes away from it. Where the curve couldn't be lateral it was vertical, the fished joints being the apex—an iron sea.

July 25. The city is outwardly quiet but men feel as if they were sitting on a volcano. Mr. Atwell takes a very serious view of the situation in view of the limited supply of meat and flour.

July 26. Prof. —— here. He is so prejudiced against the monopoly of the railroad and their despotism that he fails to see, certainly to feel, that "the strikers" have ceased to claim our sympathies, and have themselves become "tyrants," and armed at that, and have put themselves at war with this community and with all society. They must go under or society must.

July 28. Gov. Hartranft has arrived at Pittsburg with several thousand troops. "The strikers" have withdrawn from the company's property and will let them run if they can get crews.

July 29. Preached on "The Railroad Insurrection," from Isa. 26 : 9—the educating power of great calamities. James Adair, with much feeling, "Doctor, these are solid views." Mr. Jones "felt he must shake hands with me—thought the sermon ought to be published." Prof. Patterson "would be my body guard if I went to the round house," etc.

July 31. I was asked to repeat my sermon on "the strike" before a Sewickley or perhaps some larger community. I expressed the fear that now that the civil authority is restored, the Company will take no steps to bring "the strikers"

to justice—thus sow the seeds for a future harvest of insurrection. The sentiment of loyalty is so feeble among us that where our gains are not affected, we are indifferent.

Aug. 8. The railroad strike and riot has started anew the question, how are "the masses" to be reached by the gospel —reached and brought under gospel influences. The Romish church reaches them—in her sphere, and in her way—but her way don't seem to do them any good. The Baptist and Methodist churches in a certain sense reach them, but how far do they affect them? Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalian, and the more intelligent and wealthy churches don't even reach them, much less affect them as churches. Numerically the masses outnumber all other classes—outbreed all other. Are there not individual Christians detailed in business among the masses; does their light *so* shine, etc.?

Aug. 9. The recent strike, by the wide-spread movements which it has caused, shows that we are on the eve of important industrial changes.

Aug. 13. The strike has brought out more and more extended thinking on the relations of capital and labor than was ever called forth before in this country. It is providential. God's spirit will direct the mind to a nearer solution of the problem.

Oct. 5. Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying." Persecution sharpened his wits but softened his heart—a very unusual result.

Oct. 7. I believe if I could introduce a little more repose into my delivery, the impression would be stronger—the hearer is kept too much on the mental strain; pulpit pemmican is too compact for digestion.

Oct. 21. A sermon may be evolved and so become a law unto itself, taking on its own body, according to the seed thought. I find most of my sermons are of this sort.

Oct. 31. Mr. —— (reformed drunkard) didn't give up drinking sooner beecause he was afraid of his boon companions. How true—"the fear of man," etc. Temperance is not maintained by attending temperance meetings—the same may be said of religion.

Nov. 5. History Class met in rather small numbers, but it was a good meeting. There was an air of quiet self-possession, and the consciousness that they knew at least *something*, that made it very pleasant to me. It seemed a sort of prepared soil into which one could hopefully cast seed; a harvest would follow.

(From his "Notes of the clubs and classes formed 1865–1878.")

The Milton Club was organized at Mr. W. P. Jones's, October 20, 1865. There were twenty persons present. The first regular meeting was held at Mr. R. H. Davis's. At first refreshments were served, but discouraged as tending to become burdensome, and so discontinued. We began with the first book of "Paradise Lost." In the beginning the questions were mainly grammatical and rhetorical, then they grew to embrace geography, mythology, theology, and whatever else the learning of Milton might suggest. There were some eighteen meetings held from house to house, the closing one being April 16, 1866. There were thirty-nine members. The second term of the Milton Club was revived May 18, 1867, under the name of the "Shakespeare Club." We took up "Macbeth." Met as usual on Monday evening, but at the parsonage instead of moving from house to house. There were only seven or eight meetings held, the closing one July 1, 1867. There were twenty-two members. The "Shakespeare Club" resumed its second session September 9, 1867. Monday evening was still the time and the parsonage the place. The Club finished "Macbeth" October 14, 1867. Attendance very small, but no names recorded.

The Club went on to "Henry VIII." and began quite full, October 21, 1867. We finished "Henry VIII." February 3, 1868, and being unwilling to give up the meetings despite the many bad Mondays, we began "Hamlet" February 10, 1868. Some of the old members came back. "Hamlet" was concluded April 27, 1868.

Matrimony seemed to take off so many of the old Club that there was no meeting formed again till in the spring of 1872. Miss Lidie Nevin proposed forming our History Class. I had been speaking of such a class. On the following Friday, March 8, appeared at the parsonage to organize a class, some twenty-seven or twenty-eight persons. We selected the reign of Queen Elizabeth, using Hume as a text book. The class met on Friday instead of Monday, and in the church building—Mr. Way's Bible class room. The lesson was carried on mainly by assigning topics and hearing them with such questions as might be suggested. In May I left for Europe, and Mr. Travelli carried the class through the reign of Elizabeth. It closed its career in June.

The historical spirit seemed wide awake, and on October 22, 1872, I was surprised by a visit from quite a number of young folks desiring to reorganize a class in history. We selected the French revolution, but owing to the difficulty of selecting a suitable text book (we finally adopted Gould's abridgement of Alison) we did not meet till Monday, November 11, in Mr. Christy's Bible class room, but afterwards on account of the intense cold, in Mr. Way's room. The weather was quite unfavorable, being extremely cold, but no weather seemed to deter. As apples were quite plenty, the good example set by Mr. John Nevin was more than once followed, and after the lesson, which tho' set for an hour, was oftener nearer two, came apples. There were thirty-eight members. The next class had its first meeting No-

vember 3, 1873, in Mr. Way's Bible class room, but they outgrew their quarters after a few meetings and then occupied Mr. Christy's room. The subject was "The Reformation," the text book, Prof. Fisher's. There were sixty-two members. The History Class of 1874 took as a text book, Thucydides. This class held its last meeting June 7, 1875, and wound up with strawberries and ice cream; a very full meeting. There were fifty-nine members. The class of 1877 had its preliminary meeting in the ladies' parlor, Presbyterian chapel, October 21, 1877. The text book was the "Age of Anne," by Morris, in the series of "Epochs of History." Its last meeting was held April 22, 1878. There were seventy-three members.

DEAR MISS LUCY:

In response to your request for an outline of Dr. Bittinger's work in his History Classes, let me give you the following recollections: I was a member of several of his classes, and I may say at the outset that I have known but few teachers who equaled Dr. Bittinger in their ability to interest and instruct. The classes were quite large, embracing I should say from memory, fifty or sixty persons of all ages, and of all degrees of mental equipment. To provide for a number of persons brought thus together without any attempt at assortment, an intellectual diet which would satisfy all, and be a surfeit to none; to keep order among the inattentive; to follow out the ramifications presented by some interesting set of topics, and yet keep the discussion from drawing too far away from the main line of class work, were the tasks which confronted the teacher at the threshold of his duties. In addition he must be most thoroughly acquainted with the events of the period covered by the text book, with the literature, the politics, the development of religious or

philosophical thought, the social questions, the popular manners and morals, so that as these various subjects were developed under the topical workings of the class he might keep abreast of each student in his specially assigned department. This method of topical working was peculiar to Dr. Bittinger, and perhaps could not be successfully attempted by any one who had not his class equally in his sympathy, and the subject equally prepared. It had this decided advantage. The class work was extended over a very much larger field, and the student reporting on a topic had a very much clearer perception of the subject, the chances are, than he would ever have had otherwise. When one prepared a topic assigned him by Dr. Bittinger, and I speak from experience, he had not only to read up fully, but he had to make the matter so thoroughly his own that he could approach it from the beginning, end or middle. If he attempted to simply read a carefully prepared thesis, no matter how much study it showed, he came speedily to grief. Questions from the Doctor, and from others interested, soon took away all hope of sticking to a merely verbal preparation. On the other hand, the timid and self-distrustful, and these were in the majority, who having read up carefully in their libraries found the sound of their own voices destroy all logical coherence in their thoughts, were kindly led and encouraged by simple leading questions, or appreciative remarks, until before they were aware of it they were launched on the full tide of the subject, and finished with credit what had seemed impossible at the outset. There were some able discussions in those old history classes. As I write the scene comes back to me. The Doctor seated at the table by the drop-light, his book open before him, his glasses pushed back, watching with a smile of interest some well fought battle, perhaps over the quantity of a syllable, perhaps over the

character of a king, and from the shadows there come back the keen faces of John I. Nevin, Mr. Travelli, Mr. Parker, Mr. Koethen, and many others, able lieutenants of an able leader, who made the Sewickley History Class a green spot upon which memory loves to dwell.

Very truly yours,

THOS. PATTERSON.

Dec. 20. I delivered the opening lecture, "Money," before the Young Men's Library Association of Sewickley, at Choral hall; audience fair. I succeeded in holding their attention for an hour and a half.

Memorandum. The three Gods. Once on a time there were three Gods, and there were only these three. They dwelt in the solitude of an eternal night; vast deserts of darkness and desolation lay around them and at the core of the eternal night was the triple palace. Then one God said to himself, "I will remain in my eternal seclusion. I will feed on the possible achievements of my omnipotence, knowledge and omnipresence. I will consume alone and in silence the seeds of all possible knowledge, ages of intellectual development, and generations of intelligent creatures; a world of intelligent creations shall fill my fancy and feed my consciousness of power to create them, but they shall never bloom save as possible flowers in the garden of my imagination. I will be happy in dreaming of what I could do. I will be a castle builder, a day-dreamer. I will live on my barren fancies. The web, as I weave it, shall be rolled up for myself, a web only woven in fiction, not in fact." This is the imprisoned God, the God that feeds on himself, and whose food is dreams and the contemplation and administration of such dreams. Whose God is this, and who would want such a God—a God unmanifested, unrevealed? One

shudders to think of such divine selfishness. The *second* God said to himself, "I will evolve myself; I will pour out my attributes. I am almighty; I will build the everlasting hills. I possess all knowledge; I will fill the world with intelligent creatures. I am glorious in beauty; I will weave a garment of such magnificence that it shall be worthy of my skill, dignity and position as the maker and upholder of all things. I will sit in state and make all creatures to do homage to me, and to celebrate my magnificence. The daughters of music shall sing only and eternally to me, because I made them and am worthy of their praises. Along all the streams that flow out of the fountains of my excellence, the reflections shall be of my attributes and for my enjoyment; mine they were before they were created, mine they are after they are created, for of me and through me and to me all was and is and shall be world without end, amen. The universe is my apparel—I made it for myself. The universe is my mirror —made by me to reflect myself, and for my delight I made it. Let all creatures praise me for I am worthy, the alone worthy." This is Edwards' God—but who can worship such a God? One shudders to think of such divine vanity. The *third* God said, "I too will pour myself forth. I am full of power, and wisdom, and beauty, and holiness; I will send forth in every direction streams of my fullness. The solitude shall be full of life. The desert shall blossom as the rose. The waste places of space shall be glad with intelligent, rational, happy beings. My garment shall be woven of light and life. I will adorn myself with the obedience, joy and love of the universe. I will empty myself for the joy of the creatures that are capable of joy. I have most to give; I will give most; I have the best to give; I will give the best. It is more blessed to give, and I will always give." This is the God of the Bible, the God whom Christ

revealed; this is the true God; this is my God forever and ever.

Jan. 11, 1878. Attended the Chamber of Commerce tariff meeting, and being requested to say something, did so, and so raised quite a lively discussion. I hope good will come of it.

Feb. 8. Pio Nono's death yesterday led me to look into Mazade's life of Cavour, who found time for everything, because he was interested in everything, and because he found good in everything. "A free church in a free state" is one of the few sayings not born to die.

Feb. 23. Thinking without words. Don't children think till they talk? Prof. Lowrie's "pet Marjorie" spent last summer at Spring Lake; couldn't talk then, now she talks about Spring Lake. She was then making nameless mental deposits, and now she is labeling them. Did she think then? Thoughts are phenomena—words are their nomenclature.

July 1. Left home for Europe.

On board S. S. Russia, July 10. Dorsheimer impresses me more and more. I find that these men are more of specialists than I am, and are well content to ignore many things.

July 12. Strange joy in seeing through the fog and gloom old mother earth once again, and strange to eat your breakfast by four o'clock home time and all your folks fast asleep.

This second European trip took him by way of Hamburg and Copenhagen to Christiania and the North Cape, returning partly by carriole, then to Stockholm, where the International Prison Congress met. After its adjournment he went into Russia, going as far east as Nijni Novgorod, and thence by Moscow, Warsaw and Vienna to Paris, England, and so home.

Sewickley, Oct. 4. Got home at seven. I don't know how I feel, quite.

Oct. 22. Rev. Van Cleve came in on me as I was sorting old letters, some for the fire and a few for keeping. How

many things time has settled which were once matters of questioning.

Nov. 16. At my upholsterer's where I had much comfort in seeing contented, industrious fellows. I never gave a contribution more joyfully than I paid these workmen.

Dec. 2. Letter from Anna, telling us that Aunt died on Sunday evening.

Feb. 2, 1879. Preached all day—"Christ's premillenial advent." The house was full and attentive. To my surprise a number of persons came to me in the evening with unmistakable satisfaction in their manner.

Feb. 8. (In sickness). Dr. McKinney had consented to preach, and called to enquire about me in the afternoon. It was as good as medicine to hear his cheery, honest voice in the hall below.

Feb. 28. Walked up to the post office, and without weariness. I am very much mistaken if we do not have, within the coming twenty years, a very exciting time over the Standards. The age demands something different and something much shorter and plainer. Old Scotland is far in advance of us on this question.

Feb. 25. I find that two years ago I had run down just as I have this year. I doubt not at the bottom of it lies the doing too much. I have more intellectual than physical force. Then at my age one don't recuperate as rapidly, or rather the waste is not made good from day to day as regularly as in younger years, and so one falls behind each day a little, till at last one falls out and has to lie by for recruiting. I never had larger desires to work, and never seemed to have more to say in the pulpit and with my pen, if only I had more strength and knew more.

From the time he here notes (after the week of prayer, 1877), he failed in health, tho' the decline was slow, and for several years no

definite disease showed itself. His mind retained all its former power and activity, but as he notes, his body was too feeble to support it. His letters become noticeably shorter and more infrequent, as if he had only sufficient strength to complete his daily task and none for any outside effort.

April 22. A telegram announcing Brother Henry's death.

Hanover, April 25. I think it would be a good point to hold out an honorable life in every kind of business as success.

Sewickley, May 15. If one didn't see it, it would be incredible that rain should make such a change in the landscape. This morning we are in a new world. Paradise is regained since last night's rain.

Haverhill, N. H., June 17. Charlie marvelled as to how we should get by "that house" (a barn that shut off the road) so we are puzzled and dashed by apparent obstacles in the way of life because of our ignorance.

July 5. Went out to Englewood, N. J., got there at two P. M. Just as we got out of the carriage a runaway horse dashed in at the gate and running between me and the porch, struck me above the right temple—fracturing the skull—so we were laid up at Mr. Lyman's over three weeks.

Sewickley, July 30. Large numbers of callers—"interested inquirers" rather. Dr. Dickson called with a face radiant with kindness and concern.

Aug. 16. While it is true that the mind may be unchanged under changed skies—it is also true that a new atmosphere and a change of place promote new thoughts and new views.

Atlantic City, Aug. 31. Attended Quaker meeting—heard Mrs. G—— on Absalom burning Joab's barley field in order to interview him, and applied this in a spiritual way, showing how afflictions are sent to compel us to an interview with God.

Sept. 7. Preached in the morning. The pulpit was decorated. Congregation large and attentive. I stood it pretty well.

Sept. 16. Mr. Stanton's illustration of the war, his Quaker mother cutting bullet patches, first in her bed room, then in the sitting room.

Sept. 25. [The German community of] Economy is an eddy where the current of life slowly turns on itself.

Sept. 30. Met P——. In answer to my inquiry as to his health, he said, "Very good, thank God," which made me think of it that I never did say such a thing, nor could say it. It would be both profane and hypocritical in me to do it; and yet I believe I feel thankful to God for what he has done for me—and it is a great sum.

Oct. 4. The leaves of the liriodendron ripen and color from the lower limbs upwards, and from the inner branches outward. Its livery is green, trimmed with gold.

Oct. 16. I read some of Grote's biography. It is surprising how much of the world's great work is done by outsiders. Grote was a banker, but his life work was that of the historian.

Dec. 27. Read Ruskin's letters on the Lord's prayer—and so many thoughts crowded into my mind that I made out my schedule for the whole week of prayer and communion (ten themes). These happy moments come to me so often that I am seldom in search of a topic.

Dec. 28. Mr. Way's history of the Sunday school in these parts was admirable in its selection of facts, and in their arrangement, and though it was so long that it shut out my Review I was glad.

Dec. 31. Read Grätz and concluded that Comparative Sectarianism would be an interesting department in pathological religion. It would be amusing and instructive.

Memorandum. Communism is enforced uniformity. It can only lead downwards,—never upwards. It levels but does not leaven. It is despotic and produces its results by force. It assumes superior men—to found an empire of equals.

Jan. 24, 1880. Much annoyed by the thought that I had been cheated by my hayman; to live in an atmosphere of deceit and fraud is horrible.

Feb. 3. Attended a preliminary meeting at Dr. Strong's of the "Adelphi" society for discussing Eschatalogical questions. Dr. Cooper, Prof. Kellogg, Bakewell, Joseph Albree, and McConnell.

Feb. 21. Shortened my ride so as to get to town to lecture before the Allegheny County Teachers' Institute. "Water," as a worker and artist; the audience was so stirred up that they even asked questions; and I was requested to continue my lectures on physical geography.

Feb. 23. Attended George Albree's funeral. It seemed very fitting that it should be so largely attended—when character, not custom, draws such a crowd it becomes a crown.

(To his brother John.)

March 22. Narrowness of thinking leads to bigotry of feeling. I have found among my parishioners that whatever enlarged and liberalized their thinking and feeling was a prepared soil for my teaching and influence. I did not deem it prudent to assume any outside work this winter—but as the result of my work in previous winters, there have been two history classes, one studying the French Revolution and the Empire; and the other working on the "Puritan Revolution in England"; and both classes enthusiastic, besides some half-dozen members furnished to the Chautauqua Circle. I have delivered two lectures on "The Kindergarten," one in Pittsburg and one in our village library course. I have also

delivered three lectures on physical geography. Next week will be our communion, after which I think of closing out my European letters—half a dozen on Sweden and Russia, etc. I have had no course of sermons this winter. In fact I did my pulpit work in the most hap-hazard way imaginable —in six months I haven't spent six days at my desk. My manner of life has been to ride out every day after breakfast— and owing to the late fall and mild winter I've hardly missed a day. I get home at ten, then I do my paper, then lunch, and then, P. M., some visiting. I always had one or more topics in hand, and just planted them and let them grow till the following Sunday, and then shook down the fruit—such as it was. I have rested and succeeded beyond measure. I am very well. For the last few evenings past and the half-dozen to follow, I have talked to full houses on the question, "Why men fail in life?" Thus far I have given answer thusly: (1.) Because they are too lazy. (2.) Because they are too extravagant. (3.) Because they are too stingy—selfishness. (4.) Because they are too bad-tempered.

May 6. Call from Drs. Scovel and Thompson anent my accepting the professorship of English Literature, etc., in the reorganized faculty of the Western University.

Cleveland, June 8. Catharine and I left Cleveland for Kent. The excitement at Euclid station; thirty-sixth ballot just going on and Garfield nominated before I left the station. One could hardly get one's tickets or checks.

July 3. The *Independent* complains that Bushnell's biography does not let one into the secret of his moral and mental changes—but did he let any one into them—did he himself fully know the causes of them? It is perhaps impossible for us to know how we grow.

Pigeon Cove, Mass., July 27. "I belonged to one reading

class once—I don't ever mean to belong to another." Samuel Lamson, referring to his reading for me when I was at Andover Theological Seminary.

Aug. 2. Have had many profitable talks with Revs. Robbins, Frost of Michigan, and Williamson of Ohio, touching pre-millenialism.

Sewickley, Aug. 15. It is very hard to preach to people, some of whom are your enemies without a cause.

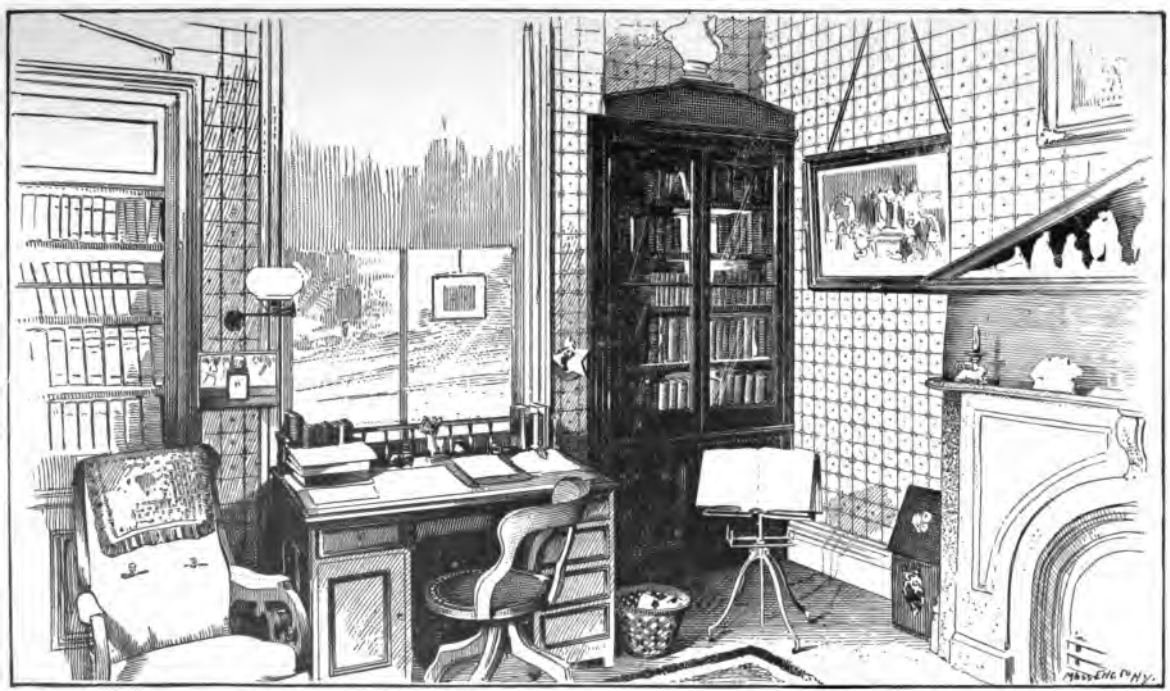
Aug. 26. Rev. Van Cleve and I drove up the Big Sewickley to call on Rev. Sayres of the Van Cleve chapel. It was worth something to see what intelligence has to do with the inside of a house. Here was a road-side shanty with a clean soul in it, and it looked positively inviting—the illuminated cabin.

Aug. 30. Ralston referred to my remarks before Presbytery on keeping abreast of the times, as being in his mind ever since. I had forgotten all about them—so we do our work unconsciously.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28. Dr. Smith of Baltimore paid me the highest compliment I ever received—that my face shone with the sunshine of joy. I wish my heart was full of the sunshine of righteousness.

Sewickley, Oct. 23. Gilson spoke of the distrust which is felt and expressed through the community of my views, not of me. "They don't like my views" but they never say what the views are which they dislike. The atmosphere about me has been poisoned by whisperers and backbiters, but I can't help it.

Nov. 4. What ideas and ideal possessed and lifted up the Hittites, Canaanites, Egyptians, in civil and religious matters, centuries before the Jews were a people? Had they a revelation, traditional or other, to guide them to their high attainments?



DR. BITTINGER'S STUDY, SEWICKLEY.

Nov. 8. Lectured on "Froebelism." It was crowded with mothers; quite a number of men had to stand. * * * Dr. Willard complimented me on my prudence in reference to sick people—ministers not all so.

Nov. 9. At the Kindergarten Miss M. reported two scholars as the result of my lecture.

(To his brother John.)

Nov. 10. I feel as if the Christian church had quite withdrawn from the domain of the second great commandment—except as Temperance Societies, Societies for the Improvement of the Poor, Odd Fellows, etc., Social Science Congresses, and Boards of Charity—all which organizations are mainly outside the Christian church, and often in antagonism to it. The Kingdom of Heaven seems to be mainly occupied with religion Godward, and not much with it manward; individuals are saved, but society is not lifted up, except incidentally. There is a large field of work for our ministers outside of the pulpit, and extending far beyond pastoral work. The parish minister should be the village prophet, forecasting the Kingdom of God among men. The people should be taught to feel that everything which concerns the education and elevation of men and society belongs to the Gospel. It is more than an election, it is a leaven. The first thing is to realize that the church is one—the first thing in order to that other first thing is for the churches of the present to feel that they are all schismatical—because every one of them disfellowships those whom it admits to be Christians.

This undated letter from John I. Nevin, found among Dr. Bittinger's papers, may be introduced here.

The evident discouragement to which you gave expression on Sunday evening last, impels me to believe that a word of appreciation, from what I suppose may be considered an out-

side point of view would not be altogether out of place. By those who adopt the accident insurance views of Christianity, to use your simile, as also to that equally numerous class which takes what might be called the recruiting sergeant view, the work of a minister will naturally be judged by the number of policies he negotiates, the number of recruits he enlists. Estimated by this standard the results of your labors in Sewickley may seem meagre, in comparison with those of other men, less highly endowed. But those who measure a man's results by the influence for good which he exerts upon the community in which and upon which he works, know that few men have lived in Sewickley whose labor has been rewarded by better fruits than yours. You may not have induced so many persons to "join the church" as some other Sewickley preachers, but you have induced more, I think, to entertain healthy and practical views of religious life than any of them. Any Methodist revivalist or Presbyterian emotionist, with one quarter of your culture and brains might succeed in exciting and terrorizing more young people to seek the mourners' bench than you. But what can, what do. such men do toward elevating the moral tone of the community, giving them high views of duty, teaching them the nobility of work, the beauty of honest effort as you do? By faithful application of brimstone, and too often by dramatic artifice which you would disdain to use, such men can increase the church muster rolls as you cannot. But then their work is done; in a short time half the raw levy will have deserted its colors, and many of the other half will have become mere regular army "malingerers," thinking of little more than their rations and probable pensions, thorough grumblers, without zeal or ambition left. If you enlist fewer recruits they will be far better men and women, already well instructed in the school of the soldier.

But in addition, you have done a work of infinitely greater importance than this drumming up of church recruits. You have helped to teach the people that the main thing was not to enlist in this or that ecclesiastical army, or in any army, but to be better men. In liberalizing the sentiments of the Presbyterians of Sewickley, in teaching them to lay aside their pet bigotries and cultivate that charity for other people's opinions which is as truly Christlike as charity for their sinful acts, in making them realize that conduct and not dogma is the main part of Christian life: you have done a good work which will out-last you, and for which many who have neither outward connection nor perhaps much inward sympathy with any form of dogmatic theology thank you in their hearts. If in this communication I have intruded my thoughts upon you I trust the obvious motive will secure me pardon.

Dec. 7. The Adelphi met at Albree's. I do so enjoy this fellowship of kindred minds.

Dec. 16. If the spread and progress of Christianity results in softening the views of the church respecting future punishment, then such amelioration must be accepted as the interpretation of the Divine Word, unless God was with His Word once but is not with His Church now.

Jan. 25, 1881. The Adelphi met at Prof. Kellogg's. Missionary Tracy on Christ's words, "Lo, I am with you to the end of the world." I remarked on the present and perpetuated presence to the end of the gospelling age—a presence with them, not as believers but as apostles. It is therefore not a promise to the Church but rather to the clergy—but this not as pastors but as heralds. If the apostles would extend the frontier or picket line of the Gospel, the church in its local organizations would hold the ground already evangelized. The apostles would enclose new territory, the laity would cultivate it.

Jan. 29. Judge Collier on the train referred to the attack of the papers on me—but encouraged me by the remark that it was the penalty of being in the advance.

Feb. 6. Mr. Atwell and others greeted my return from Butler as if in visiting there I ran the risk of falling over the outer rim of things, and so revisiting the glimpses of the moon no more.

Feb. 14. Old Mrs. S. sent for me; she is very sick, but in a most delightful state of mind. Her old wrinkled face shone as she spoke of God's goodness to her. She, I fear, did me more good than I did her.

March 16. I agree more and more with Dr. Young of Butler that so called pastoral visiting is a great waste of time. In its present form it is the wedding of old practices to new ideas.

April 23. I don't know that very much of moral motive lies in the doctrine of immortality, or a future world, or the judgment. To most men it is too remote, its threatened pains too attenuated and its promised joys too faint; then too the unseen is the unknown, and so the uncertain—the doubtful; but the real [illegible] is in the power of the present world. It is in us and about us, we are part of it—we are in the stream of this life.

April 25. Rev. Woodburn seemed much interested in my views as to the Bible not being a religious book, but first and foremost a historical record.

May 10. Went up to the Second church to hear Rev. George Muller, though one never thinks of him as a Reverend, and when you listen to him you never think of his belonging to any church, he seems merely to be a Christian.

May 21. Mr. Way sent me a copy of the revised New Testament. It is impressive in its simplicity and inornateness. The word of God is allowed to stand alone on the

broad surface of the page; neither obscured nor disfigured by human accessories. For devotion one wants only the word of God; for purposes of study, maps, tables, references, etc., are useful, but for spiritual uses are not edifying.

May 24. "The revision" takes precedence of all other matters in the public mind. The street vender of thermometers, etc., fills the quiet intervals of business reading his New Testament. The shop girl is glad of your sympathy with her—she, too, is reading "the revision." Everybody who entered the bookstores inquired for "the new revision"—but the market was absolutely bare.

June 14. I suggested a visit on the part of the Presbytery to the Riverside penitentiary. The Presbytery seemed interested, and I doubt not instructed in several particulars.

June 18. I was fain to lie down because of weakness. Funeral of Miss Tuttle. There were only a few friends there, but it was all the pleasanter for the absence of numbers and the consequent tumult and dissipation of feeling. I almost envied her the quiet of the grave.

At this time the unnatural paleness which was the first definite symptom of his fatal disease, began to appear. He also thought that he was too old to serve his people acceptably, and that they were tired of him. This belief made him very miserable for some years, until the affection showed him by his people in his last year of illness dissipated it.

June 19. Preached all day. I was so sick and weak I had to nerve myself to stand up.

Columbus, June 22. At the University. I spoke to a room full of pink ribbons and white dresses on "Evolution in Finance." It was time and effort thrown away—not fifty men in the room.

June 25. I drive out but I don't enjoy it any more. Physical exertion is a great burden, and so in part is intellectual, but especially is this true of all will effort—to be let

alone though it brings discomfort is more endurable, certainly less worrying than to be called on for any effort. I feel as if I had entered on the repose of old age, and could sit still and be a looker-on.

Cleveland, July 2. Saturday was spent in painful uncertainty about the President, from the time when the first intelligence reached us up-town till 7 : 15 P. M., when his death was telegraphed—as it proved, falsely. The air was full of rumors, springing up like mushrooms, to be followed by others equally unsubstantial.

July 4. The gunpowder and firecracker Fourth of July gave way to fears and anxieties, solemn meetings of men, and prayer, because of the President's condition.

Sewickley, July 6. M. N. was delighted with Andover, and wants to go back. I know nothing that has made me feel more glad.

July 7. It seems strange to me, but is true, that I have come in my feeling to the end of my ministerial life in this church. When I think of going away, the thought troubles me. When I look at the people I often wonder whether they care for me, and whether if I left them, they would miss me. It is a very sad state of mind.

(To his brother John.)

Aug. 22. Lucy and I have just returned from a month's trip to Colorado. As it was our good fortune to see Howard, George and Charles, I feel the more prompted to tell you about the journey. We left on July 18th. As Lucy had never seen Chicago, we stayed twenty-six hours there and happened on the pleasantest of weather. Thus rested and refreshed we started on our westward trip for Omaha, which we reached next day. There we rested another twenty-four hours. On Monday we started for Leadville. Of the particulars of this and other parts I will send you my ac-

count in the *Banner*. We spent a week with George. and I never enjoyed a place or visit more. The city is *sui generis*. After finishing Leadville we came down to Manitou and Colorado Springs, spending a week in those parts. It was pleasant enough, but so far as scenery went, after seeing Leadville, there is nothing in the mountain line anywhere else in Colorado worth seeing. We ascended Pike's Peak, and the ascent is an adventure. Returning, we stopped over a day in St. Louis. * * * Home items as follows: The church has raised the back building of the parsonage, thus giving us two rooms more, and also a bath room complete in all its arrangements, all of which is agreeable to all of us. * * * I am again taking up a little outside work, resuming my European letters, beside doing a little for a club to which I belong. It is for theological discussions, especially the field of Eschatology. I've prepared three papers, "The meaning of Christ's last commission," "The perspective of prophecy" and the "Eschatology of the Psalms" (First and Fifth books). I preached a series of sermons on "The Ideals of Religion," which I sometimes think I will put into a book.

Sept. 2. It is interesting to note how improvements creep in. Society is a growth. Our streets have entirely changed. The cows and pigs are banished from them. Sidewalks have grown from a gravel path to boards, brick, stone and asphalt; trees, too, have come up everywhere. A better class of houses are being built, and better looking vehicles and more of them—so we advance.

Sept. 9. Harrison's article on "Cosmic Emotions," is a good reply to those scientists who feel the need of religion, but don't want any God in it. The elusive is their highest conception of the supernatural. Religion somehow has always allied itself to the best things conceivable; the best being, the best life, but such conceptions are not satisfied

with abstractions or generalizations. "Gravitation" don't meet the human heart, nor space, nor eternity. We cry out for the Living God.

Sept. 19. [Death of President Garfield]. A few minutes after midnight I was awakened by the first stroke of the bell. No one seemed to know who rang it, but all guessed the meaning. I never listened to a sadder sound.

Sept. 20. It seemed to-day as if there was nothing more to live for. Our minds have been engrossed by the President's sickness so long and so completely that now that death has removed that object, there seems no other one in sight.

Sept. 22. I can't explain the large amount of individual loss felt except on the ground of the protracted sufferings, the domestic element, and the strange, monstrous way in which the sickness and death of an admired and loved President was brought about.

Sept. 25. Preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, II. Sam. 3 :38. "The uses of great men." I believe I never preached any sermon to larger experience. Had the fullest house that I ever saw.

Oct. 12. If we want to be happy we must spend as little time as possible in thinking over people's neglect of us. We are so sensitive as to *our* rights that hardly any attention is too much, and observation of ourselves only tends to make us morbidly alive to our claims.

Oct. 15. God is in history, and if so then what shall be said of subscription to a creed, and binding men to the past out of and away from which God has moved. It is wonderful how human nature takes to the worship of Nehushtan.

Oct. 26. If one just knew what people needed, possibly one might be of service to them. Whether it is their poverty, ill-health, or their pride and vanity that gives them most trouble you don't know, and therefore can't minister to them.

Nov. 11. Elder —— called and made a grievous report of the state of things among the young people; that they didn't know me, that I was so reserved, and that X. was so dissatisfied that if he had any other place to go to, he wouldn't put his foot inside of our church; that I was no pastor to him. All of which, and much more of the same sort, was not encouraging.

Nov. 14. Attended the funeral of "Aggie" C. She was to me the expression of "the good and faithful servant."

Nov. 18. I had some very clear views of the "helpfulness" of God. The word itself has its advantages. It is in the best repute, and then it is so human; it is so intelligible and suggestive in its associations and applications. The right word, how good is it. It is like a revelation. When you hit just the word, it is like a seed, having a germinating power. It is a mirror, reflecting the subject distinctly every time you hold the mirror up to it.

Nov. 23. I have derived a great deal of knowledge and comfort from my study of Eschatology.

Nov. 25. Women like to serve men. One may say that they like to be slaves, or you may put it on the ground of their sympathetic and affectional nature. They like to be personal servants. They crave notice and praise, and for this paltry pay will put up with abuse, wrong, imposition. A flattering brute will be better liked than a just man who is silent.

Dec. 3. Wrought at my address for the anniversary of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor.

Dec. 8. Lectured before the school board in the interest of the Public Library on "Taxes." The audience was small but very attentive.

Dec. 17. When I see how little I have learned about religion and God, till of late, I have more patience and

charity for the slowness of heart that afflicts others. We do not wait enough on the Lord, are too impatient, not teachable enough; one drop of divine wisdom is more medicinal than all the waters of Damascus.

Dec. 23. Our wedding day. It has just occurred to me that my life has been objectless, at least unconsciously. But I have tried to do right and have stood for the right always as I saw it. Does one need any other object?

Dec. 24. I've been too tired to think. Ideas don't spring. I can pour words on my mind, but like the daughters of Danäe, it is a bootless, fruitless task—all runs through.

Dec. 30. Is it a duty to be civilized, to grow states and empires, to build up the units human into the body politic? Then if so, as the world's population by means of steam and electricity are made to feel themselves one people, is it conceivable that there should be but one government, and that under Christ. The King of kings—one family—then why not *one* kingdom?

Memorandum. *Mistakes of my life.* 1. In not accepting the situations offered me, making them the stepping stones of my progress. 2. In not cultivating more largely personal friendships. 3. In not learning sooner, and practicing more fully the doctrine of "waiting on the Lord." We worry too much, take too much care, plan too much for our own good and peace and don't trust enough, accept enough of that fore-ordination which God practices for us. 4. In not being more communicative. 5. In looking too exclusively on the duty side of life. My sense of justice and correct reasoning have made me impatient of careless living and thinking.

Washington, Jan. 12, 1882. A day with Guiteau. A motley assembly, fully one-half women. Guiteau's sister and brother resemble him, but he is smaller, scraggy and haggard

looking, worn out with excitement, and having a weak voice.

(To his daughter.)

Jan. 17. On Sunday we went to the Unitarian church to hear something new. Mr. Savage of Boston was the attraction. He led off without a text on "the evanescent and permanent in religion." It was long enough to have been orthodox—(57 minutes). It was well said and suggestive, and I enjoyed it, and was profited by it. It was not exactly such a sermon as is suited to our daily uses, but doubtless might find some one to profit.

Jan. 17. Marriage deserves to be much made of—it always excites the whole neighborhood, and the ceremony can't be too impressive.

Jan. 18. Rode home in a bob-tail car filled with Supreme Court, and Senator Hoar retailing legal anecdotes, and all as frolicsome as dismissed schoolboys.

Jan. 21. We took the Hanover car but I didn't see a person that I knew. I have become a stranger in my own country. There is nothing better than to do good as you have opportunity, and make way for those who come behind.

Hanover, Jan. 24. If gossip could be kept sweet it would be a form of the daily press far beyond the newspaper —both in the minuteness of its details as well as in the freshness of its colors.

Jan. 26. Read Book III. of Plato's Republic. We have not after twenty-two centuries got beyond the political ideas and speculations of Greece—any more than we have transcended the age of Pericles. Their masters are still our masters, and until the "accidental variation" shall appear, "environment" and "heredity" labor but in vain.

Sewickley, Jan. 28. Looking at a child trying to walk on the edge of the sidewalk, I see the germs of adventure and

progress implanted in every boy and girl. It is in the impulse to do such things that we get our training.

Jan. 31. The more I think of it the more I am convinced that I should not stay here any longer. I love this people and I love my preaching work—I seem never to have had so many thoughts pressing for utterance, but a veil seems hung between me and them, or the truth and them, and I accomplish nothing.

Feb. 6. Everywhere I met greetings touching my sermon of yesterday. The air was full of it. So God directed me through W.'s request. It was sown in much weakness of body and soul, but in what strength it was raised. Ministers' meeting. Dr. Pick (Lutheran) on "German ecclesiastical life in America"; he not being present at the opening, I opened by the urgent vote of the meeting. It was the kindest Providence—I had liberty to say many things for the German Christians and had the closest attention, and then Dr. Pick clenched the nail which I had driven in a sure place.

Feb. 10. Mr. X., a Methodist once, but now inclining toward Unitarianism, can't believe that God will punish a man eternally for not believing in eternal punishment. It is a hard delusion among many sensitive people that salvation is based on believing a tenet or system of tenets.

March 6. Ministerial Association—read my "Eschatology of St. Paul." It led to a great many questions and excited a great deal of discussion—but all in the best spirit. Personally I couldn't have been treated with more consideration —the large attendance and the close attention and the earnest discussion all evinced this. I hope some good soil will have been found for the good word.

March 8. A. in the city, and it did her a world of good; she got a shaking up and shaking out, a sort of airing, a

ventilation of her social nature. One grows musty in feeling by being shut in.

March 9. Lectured in the city on "The Bible as a book of history." My object was to remove certain prejudices against the Bible so as to open it to the reading public, to get it a fair reading, and to prove that, viewed as a historic product, a book growing out of history, a part of history and source of history, it was worthy of respect and consideration. The lecture closed with the privilege of questions, many of which were quibbles rather than questions.

March 15. I dislike the idea of going away from here, but it seems to be a question between my taking rest now, and then working again, or keeping on here a little longer till I can't do any more and my people tire of me. Then, too, the work outside, all planning that has to do with anything but thinking and composing is becoming more irksome and burdensome every day.

March 18. Carried up magazines to the penitentiary. Warden Wright said the "19th Century" was a great favorite among the prisoners.

March 20. Called to see Father ——; glad and cheerful; we talked profitably about books. He is a kindly, simple-hearted, Irish priest.

March 25. Forgetting is not forgiving, but after one has forgotten a good deal one can forgive more easily.

April 11. Meeting of Presbytery. I drew the resolutions on the veto of the Chinese immigration bill. They were adopted rapturously.

May 2. I find myself taking a strange interest in young people. Their ardor and hopefulness are almost romantic to me. I do not recall that I ever looked on life in this way. To me it seems as if I had done nothing thus far, and that what remained of life was too brief to do anything in, while

to them the future is without a horizon, gives scope and verge for doing everything.

May 7. Mrs. ——'s funeral. The little house was full of people, and a deadly east wind blowing into the front door, preparing for other funerals.

May 11. Up in the city to introduce Dorman B. Eaton on Civil Service Reform. Took supper with him. The evening was as bad as it well could be, yet the audience numbered 800. It was the most hopeful public meeting that I ever attended in Pittsburg. I hope it argues a better day coming.

May 13. It is hard to hold one's faith against the chicanery which succeeds and the honest merit that does not.

May 19. I begin to get a glimpse of what is meant by the grasshopper being a burden—worried by small things. It is a pity that if one is able to think noble things, one should be worn and worried by trifles; and yet from habit—the absence of an object—most persons drift along in the current of trifles.

May 20. Looked over Stanley's Westminster Sermons —to me it seems as if such men were after all the real salt of the earth, the true apostolic succession of light-bearers; the scattered rays of such lives as Herschel's, Grote's, Livingstone's, Lyell's, Thirlwall's, Gilbert Scott's, gathered together, to guide the feet of God's people through the wilderness to the better country.

May 25. When I look at my work and the years already passed I seem to have done very little that seems to have been to any purpose. "The *world* is out of joint" and what can one of the dislocated members do for the reduction of the luxation?

May 30. Made the address at the opening of the Athletic Club grounds.

June 1. I feel a singular relief when I think how near I am to being through. Or rather when I look at young ministers and think of all that is before them, I am glad I don't have to go thro' with it. It seems to me I couldn't do it, and I simply wonder how I succeeded in blundering thro' this world. I certainly don't feel as if I had ever done anything. Whatever good I may have done seems to have been accidental—a casual fibre in the great web of life.

Gettysburg, June 29. Walked out to college to look into my old room and the college chapel—seats differently arranged, Phrenakosmian Society library very much enlarged. The Hall deserted. I said my say on the work of the Alumni in the Department of Theology. "Our class" dined at Henry Buehler's—Dr. O'Neal, Morris, Anstädt, Fahnestock. Morris read the minutes of the class-meeting of 1850. Collation. I responded for Alma Mater.

July 11. Owen on Hebrews is full enough, but much is lumber—a great deal dogmatic tradition; here and there he shines out splendidly. Reading John Owen is something like placer mining—a great deal of sand and some grains of pure gold; if you should flume the *whole* of him, you would find a good deal of gold; but one doesn't live here forever, and hereafter you won't need Owen's lucubrations.

July 15. The desire of human praise is a germ on which may be engrafted the desire of the praise of God.

July 27. I always learn something from Dr. Woodburn. He is so earnest, honest, thoughtful.

Saratoga, Aug. 10. One of the Christian's franchises is the right to forego a right.

Aug. 12. Attended the Union prayer meeting. I felt as if it was urged too much. I should rather have seen a little more "waiting on the Lord."

(To his daughter.)

Block Island, Aug. 27. I am glad to think that a week from to-day I shall be at home. I think I am rested some, tho' I don't feel just right, and haven't come to as clear a consciousness of wanting to go back as I generally do on such occasions.

Sewickley, Sept. 3. When things go right people are generally silent; when they are not right you hear of it soon enough.

Sept. 20. Heard of Mrs. I. Breed's death. She had been pressed upon my mind for some weeks past; it was this coming event which cast its shadow before.

Sept. 23. The poplar tree is now lighted from within, where the golden leaves shine like tapers. The outside leaves are still a deep green.

Oct. 12. The "new criticism" is only a relatively new criticism. Our present criticism was once very new, and much suspect, and after a while this newer criticism will be old enough and too old.

Oct. 20. Meeting of the Magazine Club. Voted to hold a "conversazione" of the club, the first Friday evening of the month at each other's houses, I to have the direction of it.

Oct. 31. I sometimes think I get nearer to God than I once did. It seems rational and obligatory that the Christian should grow more and more into this feeling of intimacy with his Master, but how few attain to it, and of those few how intermittent their fellowship seems.

Nov. 11. Had just enough mental energy to read Keunen's "Universal and National Religions," but not enough to do any thinking on my own account. Owing to the incertitude surrounding the authorship and transmission of written records, and the further fact that the Universal Religions, tho' book-religious now, did not originate with books, and

that Christ neither wrote nor ordered his doctrines to be written, it is doubtful whether instead of putting historic records on an inspired level, we do not weaken rather than strengthen the doctrine of inspiration. Inspiration is a present spirit, not a past phenomenon.

Dec. 5. Mr. Waters seemed gratified that I called attention to Canon Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity." I suppose one might do much good by occasionally dropping a word of praise for a good book.

Dec. 12. Finished my "Adelphi" article and read it at the meeting this evening. Dr. Woodburn's remark, "That which strikes me in Dr. Bittinger's paper, is that I know he has not read a single book that I have, yet brings out the same ideas that I find in those books. I was struck with this in his paper on Paul's Eschatology," was the most encouraging of all.

Dec. 14. Went down to Mr. Irwin's. "Aunt Libby" so kindly asked me if I would like to see Alice. She lays as in a trance, not corpse-like, for there was no coffin, but as taking rest on a sofa, like a reclining angel.

Dec. 19. The simplicity of X's business ways—in which it is taken for granted that there is still remaining among men some honesty—is really refreshing. One feels as if one could afford to lose money rather than to lose such a generous moral assumption.

Memoranda. *Election* is of various kinds. God chose Abraham as an individual, leaving many other individuals outside of his favor. Then he chose the Jewish nation, among many larger and smaller, but in carrying out this election he proceeded by exclusion as he had in preferring Isaac to Ishmael and Jacob to Esau, Benjamin, the smallest tribe, to begin the monarchy, and then Judah, ignoring the first-born of Leah and Rachel. But in all these cases of

deposition, the deposed of the election had certain prerogatives, e. g., Joseph vs. the other sons of Jacob, and tho' Ishmael and Esau were both deposed from the rights of primogeniture, still were they not sent out empty. They enjoyed a *secondary* election. Now after this analogy of individual election and tribal election, may it not be true that God in giving the primary election to the Jews who were not the first-born, did still remember other nations older and larger, and did bestow on them a secondary election? To the Jews, as the chosen people, belonged the prerogatives of the fathers, the oracles of God, the covenants, etc. Yet to the Chinese, Persians and the older races of the Orient were given other inheritances, and among them religious dowries. The elect people of the centuries since Charlemagne, are the Germanic race, a branch of the older Aryan stock, and to-day Judaism deformed as Islam, reformed as Christianity, has its habitat among the Anglo-Saxons—where they spread Christianity spreads, and nowhere else.

The exuberant frankness of children, coupled with their inordinate veracity as narrators, has always made them the terror of a prudent world which has very much to hide.

Jan. 27, 1883. After all there is no better test of a good man than his unwillingness to be burdensome to others. This is "the daily sacrifice" of a godly mind.

Feb. 5. Evangelical Ministers' Meeting. Read my "Primacy of the Jews." I seemed to meet friends, and only friends; all hearts were given me and their abundant praises were enough to make me vain if I did not care much more for the truth of my paper than for myself.

Feb. 6. Mr. Samuel Semple, whose mother was from York, Pa., mentioned that they were in the harvest field July 6, 1776, when they heard the cannon in Lancaster fired in honor of the signing of the Declaration of Independence; and

of how two men had only one blanket between them at Valley Forge, with two feet of snow on the ground.

Feb. 11. On account of the bad roads, I had no evening service, for which I was commended. Being released from the task of an evening service, I was seized with an appetite for work, a very common experience with me. This spontaneous work is the best I do. It is the least exhaustive too.

Feb. 14. All out of sorts, tho' I can't tell why. It was pressed upon my mind how easily and unexpectedly one may be taken sick and die.

March 8. Just overrun with callers. First a book agent, and from him at 9 a. m. to an evening call from several parishioners till 9 p. m.,—and so one makes one's pulpit preparations.

March 22. I seemed to be writing without convictions, and feeling rather that I should believe than that I did believe. I sometimes wonder whether we are not all of us drifting into the chilly shadow of the final scepticism.

March 23. W. thinks it is because of the want of a sense of humor that persons believe in pre-millenarianism—they are prevented from seeing its absurdity. I felt that W. didn't probably believe anything supernatural; not that he is insincere, but he is an unbeliever without yet realizing it. His faith is traditional and acts only from its momentum; when that is spent, he—and there are many such—will find that their faith has ceased long ago.

March 24. A telegram announcing the death of Mrs. Lyman at Englewood, and asking when I could join them. The sleeping car was full of drummers, one of them was a Reformed Jew from Texas. I found them quite a fruitful field. We had serious and profitable talk—my Jew friend not the least occasion. He quite took to me.

Englewood, March 27. Breaking up of the home. As

if a string which tied together were suddenly broken and everything fell apart; so Mrs. Lyman's death seemed to dissolve the house bond and all the house fell apart, furniture as well as the family. The thousand and one things, bundles of patches and receipts for cooking, little odds and ends kept for exigencies, such as a prudent housewife prepares, were all in readiness for Mrs. Lyman, but Mrs. Lyman being gone they had no place or fitness or use any longer.

April 5. Magazine Club meeting. I enjoyed the spectacle of eight or nine families meeting once a month and spending an evening in a formal and earnest discussion of current questions in politics, literature, travels, etc. Oh, if I had had such opportunities in my boyhood days, what I might have been and done!

April 12. Elder —— told me of the discontent in respect to my expositions of Isaiah, especially of ——'s state of mind, that he had thought of leaving the church, and that there was a wide-spread dissatisfaction among the young people, and that they talked of starting a new church. I realized my defects and my failures and my mistaking my calling, but seemed shut up to it. I was however not troubled; I felt nearer my release.

(To his brother John.)

April 16. Our communion comes the second Sunday in April, and the extra labors connected with it and the spring meeting of Presbytery, besides other work, quite filled my hands and time and rather overtaxed my strength. I am now sixty, and at that age speed in recovering from weariness and sickness is less rapid. I see W. has left M. I hope he has not fallen upon troublous times in his old age. "Now that I am old and gray-headed, forsake me not," is a good petition for the old pastors to put up to the Lord, for vain is the help of man in this era of "the young people." I need rest, and

indeed it has become a serious question whether entire cessation of work for a year would not be a source of renewal of my strength and usefulness. It has become a family secret that pulling up stakes and taking a year's furlough might be a duty as well as a privilege. I want Lucy to see Europe at least, and if it can be brought about, to spend a year there. I look at it as an investment whose value is in its being put at the beginning of one's maturity instead of at the end of it; to feed it into the loom as the web of life is woven, rather than to put it to it just before the fabric is cut from the beam.

April 21. "Pottering round"—which as an occupation may be well enough for a superannuated person, but if it is a necessity because you can't do something better which is your occupation, then nothing could be more wretched.

April 24. Dr. Wallace spoke of the grief which he felt because of the sect spirit, as putting denominations above Christ; he can't help thinking about how Christ must feel as he looks down upon his people indulging such feelings.

May 4. The Club had their conversazione at Mr. Chapman's. It was pleasant to see the stream of conversation deepen and widen till it touched religion and kept there.

May 18. Drove Mrs. and Fanny Payne down to Economy. We walked thro' the old fashioned formal garden, full of the remains of the old-fashioned flowers hedged in by formal box. Stately, nay, stiff but gorgeous tulips making a ground illumination that beat Warsaw when it burned thousands of cressets along its curbstone to celebrate the Czar's birthday.

May 26. Read in Mrs. Prentiss' "Life and Letters." It is unsatisfactory; it speaks of her great cheerfulness and spirituality, but her letters only reveal very clearly her affection and her demand that the love of others for her should

be peculiarly hers. Husbands can't write their wives' lives.

May 28. Wrote a letter to Gov. Pattison in reference to the threatened legislation on prison management. Mr. Nevin urged it, and when I read it to him his remark was, "That would do for a veto."

June 6. Inasmuch as we cannot transmit our best selves and each generation must enlist for itself, our efforts at well-doing seem like pouring water into a sieve. The generation following can hardly see that the sieve is wet—it is certainly empty. It would seem as if the world were turned hind-foremost. Still no sound conscience would allow men to rest. We got our training, we do a little for others, and then go to the Land of Hope.

June 13. I had expressed the wish on Sunday morning that the young married people of my church would attend prayer meeting, and to my surprise they responded. I hope there is a blessing in this matter for our young married people, for they have been very heavy on my mind.

June 19. Up at the old court house site. It seems incredible that the hill and the court house should once have been there. So with other things that once were; how one accommodates oneself to a fact! Then it is always to be borne in mind that the interested ones are comparatively few and the time of their interest brief, and that to the incoming crowd, there is no loss or sorrow from our loss or sorrow—they will have their own things to love and lose.

July 7. Mr. P. spoke very encouragingly of the character of my preaching, especially of the importance which I attached to public spirit. He had learned much from my talks to young men and credited me for the high moral and intellectual tone of Sewickley society. If it is so in any measure then I haven't labored all in vain.

Haverhill, N. H., July 15. Preached for John in the

morning, but couldn't put anything together, nor get a clear idea of anything. I heard afterwards that my sermon proved so timely in the afflictions of the people that they thought John had told me of their circumstances, and that I had adapted my remarks to their wants, but he had told me nothing about it. I was directed in the right way by Him who regards the hearer and the speaker.

Harpswell, Me., July 27. One large boulder was covered with barnacles, each in his solitary cell. How full of life everything is, and God finds them all! I never was more impressed with the goodness of God. He opens his hand and supplies the wants of every living creature.

Mount Desert, Aug. 5. Walked home with Mr. Hardy and spent a couple of pleasant hours with him and his wife.

Aug. 7. Yacht ride round the harbor with Senator Hale, Pres. McCosh, etc.

Newburyport, Aug. 8. A touch of sadness allied to homesickness stole over me as I drove to the hotel.

Sewickley, Sept. 4. I am surprised at the suddenness of the revelation that I am, if not old, not long for this world as compared with my past years in it.

Sept. 23. I went to my evening work tired, but great freedom was given me and plentiful was laid to my hand—now if God will establish the work. I am so full of thought that I wish for a dozen mouths for utterance.

Oct. 8. Went to the city to see the bi-centennial procession of the German settlement in this country. The Germania wagon was very fine; it brought tears to my eyes and my heart into my throat. I was proud to be a quiet German Puritan.

Nov. 1. Read Luther on "Ablass" and some of his ninety-five theses and his comments. He is thoroughly in earnest, and it is interesting to see his progress. In his search after

the truth, with the Scriptures for his guide, he rises higher and higher, and descends deeper and deeper, not knowing where he will come out, but serene in his confidence that the word of the Lord is sure, and pure, and safe to the end.

Nov. 2. There are disadvantages to a minister in being long in his parish. He excites no enthusiasm. He is accounted as a fixture and his best work accepted as a matter of course. He is forgotten thro' familiarity.

Nov. 8. Spent the evening at Mr. Way's. The atmosphere of their house is very pleasant. Its repose is its charm. They seem to have *time* to live.

Nov. 9. Delivered the Presbyterial memorial address on Martin Luther. I believe Presbytery resolved to have it published. It was a satisfaction to me that the audience listened steadily for "a hundred minutes" to the simple story of Luther's life and character.

Nov. 11. In the evening I went to Allegheny to deliver the memorial address on Luther before Trinity church (English Lutheran) at the invitation of their Session.

Nov. 21. * * * They are those uncertain kind of people, you know nothing against them, but they are under suspicion; they belong to the shifting and shifty part of society.

Nov. 26. In the city to see about having my address on Luther printed. Swift and Hays both drummed on what I said about Calvinism and also thought I ought to apologize for Luther's practices in wine and beer drinking. At the *Banner* office looked over the Lutheran papers; they are full of Luther. He is served up in every shape, and I don't know any one that warms up better and oftener, and may be chopped into pretty good hash at last.

Dec. 18. Wrought over my notes on John. The uncultured and illiterate character of the synoptics, (perhaps Luke

must be excepted,) insulated them from the past and held them unaffected by the Talmud and other quasi-literary influences and prejudices of opinion, etc. They were simple fishermen and told a simple story of what they *saw* and *heard*—and nothing of what they thought. The gospels are a historical, rather a biographical, record, as simple and serene as a Doric column. Luke's preface shows the scholar a little. John's gospel and his revelation are works of art, consummate.

Dec. 24. I cannot account for my timidity in contemplating public duties. I shudder to think of what I have gone thro', and would not again undertake them for the world. Looking back at them I feel as if I had escaped great dangers. What remains for me to undertake, after rest, I don't know. Teaching one or two things possibly, preaching, including pastoral work, never. How I have got thro' these forty years is a marvel to me.

Jan. 4, 1884. Letter from Mr. Hays anent Luther; don't like it and brings ugly charges. So here too is trouble. It has been raining troubles of this sort of late—pouring. I suppose it means something if one knew just what it is.

Jan. 11. Prayer meeting. I was in the greatest agony —glad Session meeting was short. Came home and went right to bed, but not to sleep; tossed about with pain all thro' the night.

Jan. 12. Down sick, with nervous prostration; utterly used up.

This attack was the beginning of his final illness.

Jan. 19. *Some mental states.* Spontaneous thinking, even when close, doesn't weary me. Listening to conversation, giving attention doesn't produce any special weariness. I have been able to listen to Lucy reading pastor Harms' German sermons, and enjoy them, and even Müller's "History of the German People," (in German) I've enjoyed.

It is only when volitive exercise is made that I am wearied, distressed. The distress is nausea and pressure seemingly of the brain against the top of the cranium. The fancy and imagination are as free, perhaps freer than ever, the power of expression or language is unimpaired. The whole difficulty seems to center about those functions of the brain that have to do with the will. For example, the effort to focalize the vision or to fix the mind as in casting up accounts, or in writing, if the attention is drawn to the formation of the letters, results in a distressing weariness.

Feb. 18. Took my first out-door drive.

Feb. 24. Walked by the church during morning service, and felt almost ashamed to be doing nothing when in many respects I seemed to myself well—and so I am until I undertake to think. Concentration, will force of any kind, debilitates me.

Dreams. During all these weeks of brain trouble I have dreamed very little, and none of my dreams have been unpleasant. I have been involved in no catastrophes, missed no trains, not trodden upon serpents, or been surrounded by flames. In my rheumatic troubles, bad dreams—horrid nightmares were common and of most elaborate workmanship.

How shall I represent to myself the present state of my mental operations? If there had been a lesion, a breaking of a link, death might have ensued. If it were mere overstraining it would result in paralysis instead of apoplexy. There was a feeling of strength still remaining after several days; that was gone after several days more, as if the intellectual machinery like any other body in motion, were carried forward by momentum, and only after this momentum was spent, did the consciousness of enervation appear.

Washington, Feb. 28. Sunshine so clear and so full, as

if there was enough and to spare, with us it can hardly be squeezed out.

March 9. It has seemed to me of late as if my faculties of imagination and fancy had been put to sleep or paralyzed. When first taken sick my fancy seemed particularly active; I composed a good deal and was only too weak to write it down; but my imagination has ceased to produce anything of late. I am averse to originating any mental processes. Anything that calls for volitive exercise or concentration is wearisome, but I can entertain all kinds of intellectual exercises that are started from without. I am not aware of any inability to entertain long and even difficult logical processes, e. g., Cook's Monday Lectures or the New Congregational Creed. I rather enjoy the entertainment furnished by the daily press, it rests me; and as a general thing I can listen to conversation unfatigued. I don't enjoy entertaining persons; perhaps it is the sense of obligation, which is a concentrated effort, and any exercise, mental or physical, that makes such a demand, wearies me. I am not aware that this inertia of the will is allied to instability of will. I come to conclusions as readily as ever, and am able to abide by them as steadily as ever I was.

March 10. It would be a good thing to ask the members of a Bible class to extemporize a life of Christ. It would get them to join dislocated facts and ideas, and light and life would result from such an exercise.

Hanover, March 30. Rev. Mr. S. called and gave me very interesting details of Prof. Diehl. "I want to speak to you of the love of Jesus" were his last audible words, and they epitomized his life.

April 2. I think there is a constant and strong tendency in pre-millenarian views to draw men's thought to the *proximity* of Christ's coming and hence to the expectation and

then to attempts to *fix the time*. I am glad to say that my mind has been thus far mainly interested in the *order* of the events.

April 4. I was pained to hear that "Lena" had died. I had thought of calling to see her once more. As I passed E. B.'s home I thought, "One more door closed, one place less to visit."

April 7. Joseph drove me out to the old farm. My mind went out very little to the past. I enjoyed looking at the beautiful landscape. I didn't feel as if I had ever been any part of it.

Sewickley, April 10. Got home at 8 : 30. I was completely used up. Flowers and other tokens of good will greeted me.

April 13. *Easter*. Went over after service and administered communion. I thought it would be pleasant at least for some of them to have me do it, rather than a stranger, but I felt a little strange myself. I have been out of my pulpit three months.

April 16. I took charge of the prayer meeting for the first time in three months. Mr. Jones broke out in thanks for my restoration and return. Mrs. Bakewell laughed and wept in turn. I was surprised at how well I held out and almost felt as if I might pick up enough to go on here again.

April 17. We don't escape troubles by being religious; we learn to bear them patiently and to use them wisely.

April 20. Session met anent my furlough; they seem never to have thought even of my resigning.

April 25. Took some things up to [a poor colored family.] Such tears of gratitude and child-like trust I never saw on any human face as shone on hers.

April 27. I walked by the young people's prayer meeting, and thought and felt how heavenly was the sound.

April 30. Mr. Nevin died this evening. I was there in the afternoon. I would give much to know whether he recognized me, and still more to have seen him before these clouds settled on him.

May 1. Ah! how much always remains unsaid and undone when it is forever too late.

May 2. Attended Mr. Nevin's funeral. Mr. D. said if I had lived inside of Mr. Nevin I couldn't have described him better. I wanted to be true to truth and to Mr. Nevin.

(To his brother John.)

May 9. As my people have extended my furlough to the first of October, we are doing all we can to get ready to spend the summer in Europe. I am not zealous, nor does Catharine care so much, but Lucy is delighted. We shall leave New York, June 14, by steamer Furnessia, for Glasgow. I have been steadily improving from the first, tho' slowly. At old Hanover I seemed to mend most, and I think it would have been better for me to have stayed there than to come to Sewickley. Aunt Lucy's was so restful. I think I shall be able to resume full work on my return; if not, my way will be clear to do what I had nearly decided on—resign. But I must say that the affection shown for us has been so overwhelming, and the readiness to give me every chance to become better, that to set all these aside seemed almost ungrateful. Then Catharine thought it would be so hard and cheerless coming back homeless after being the best part of our days in the parsonage. * * * I can read with comfort, and eat and sleep pretty well. I sent you my "Luther." I have just read the proof of a "talk" made to a ladies' club in Cleveland, which I shall send Sarah when it comes out. * * * Phelps' article in the last *Independent* assumes that a large number will be saved. To save many after looking at what men are and what Heaven is,—why should

more people want to be holy and unselfish in another world who show no desire for it here?

May 18. I think I may safely presume on my people's real interest in me. Perhaps I might profitably mingle more of myself in my ministrations.

May 20. Such a levee of farewells as we had, and poor Catharine all done out; I was too sorry for her.

Kent, May 21. The air was full of perfume and a delicate mist as if a censer had been swung under the whole heavens. How much of Heaven such a day helps one to forecast.

May 30. We are slowly and painfully, like lobsters, crawling out of old shells. Everybody so kind. I was at the corner when the G. A. R. came down from the cemetery. The boys of '61 were gray-headed.

May 31. We felt so cheery about getting to Aunt Lucy's and so anxious about delays, and then just as we left Bridgeport we were run into at right angles by a freight train, derailed, and our car turned over and myself and wife and many others bruised and broken, and for five hours we lay there, getting to York at ten p. m.

June 1. No bones broken, but very badly shaken up.

Hanover, June 3. Joseph called and talked so sensibly and took hold of my injured hand so skilfully that I was very proud of him.

June 9. George gave me and wife a drive over the Forge Hill and across the Pigeon Hills, via the old farm. Nothing could be nearer Paradise restored. "Nich 's als Himmel und Gras." S—— with father and mother in their last illness; his tears when I left.

Off the Scotch coast, June 23. I wonder whether such a general gladness will diffuse itself as we approach the heavenly world, each one so glad to get home and all so glad.

July 12. My feeling on first seeing England again on landing at Newhaven. England looks more solidly founded and evidences of her wealth and taste present themselves everywhere. France and Germany are equally carefully and laboriously cultivated, but all labor on the Continent seems directed by necessity. It is expended on production. Not so in England. The English find room for the gratification of their tastes. Adam was put into the garden to dress it and to keep it. Well, it seems to me as if the English found time and means to dress as well as to keep their Eden.

Sept. 7. While sitting in St. Dunstans-in-the-West in London, I thought over the past. My life seemed to drift from me out of sight, like a retreating shore, the whole past a fleeting vision; my thirty years of public service an unsubstantial thing that had not been. As we walked home by the Rolls church, I asked myself whether I would better preach or write out my thoughts, for I seemed to have some things to say. I begin to join in the regret of Mrs. Payne and others that I have nothing of all my preaching to leave behind. * * * In my case there is a great stimulus in the mere development of a thought by speech. It crystallizes along its appropriate lines. It becomes clearer to myself by this process of unfolding. I seem not to lead the thought but to be led by it. It has its own life—its own law.

(To his brother John.)

Hanover, Oct. 4. We landed at New York on last Monday. We stayed one day in New York to rest and to repack, and then came to Hanover to do some more resting and packing. We shall leave for home on Monday. Our summer was full of interest and toil, a good deal of heat, many bad smells and a fear of cholera or quarantine or both—but we escaped all. * * * We will be in Sewickley in a few days to see what can be done. My parish wouldn't hear of

my resignation in the Spring, and were willing to extend my furlough a year—nine months have gone, and I want now to go back and try work. I love my work better than anything else, but if I can't do it—I'll stop short. I hope you are reasonably well, and also the young folks, and especially the good wife who has been such a tower of strength in the midst of you.

Sewickley, Oct. 8. Public reception in lieu of prayer-meeting. Nothing could have been more spontaneous and therefore more pleasant. I remained about an hour, when I felt weak, and fearing faintness, withdrew, and so the welcome was closed.

Oct. 9. Elder Way told me of the Session's action anent my having but one service a day the first two Sundays—a very kind act.

Oct. 10. It wearies me very much to see persons, but I must conceal it. I want to be in my pulpit if possible on Sunday, to knit the bond between me and my people.

Oct. 12. My first Sunday at home again after nine months. Oh, how I feared the occasion, and how well it passed away. The kindness of my parishioners! Preached only once. Acts 17:27. My three European trips, and my three religious discoveries.

Oct. 14. Mr. Waters and Mr. Boyd spoke of the constant remembrance of me in the prayers of the church and in the conversation on the train.

(To Mrs. Lucy Williams Crehore.)

Oct. 14. (On the death of her husband). * * Well, Lucy, it is a hard blow—the hardest that has fallen on you in your life-time, but I know He who is able to keep you, will keep you. Respecting John himself I know it is well with him. He was very dear to me. I always was strengthened by my conversation with him. I was always sorry that I was not

able fully to comprehend his mathematical genius. I feel assured in my own mind that he has left something worthy of himself, and something of which his friends and the friends of science will be proud. But not these things were his nobility, nor will they be your comfort, but rather his unswerving integrity; that moral uprightness which kept him steadily to his purpose, in the face of great discouragements of bad health, straitened circumstances, and questioning, perhaps querulous friends. It is a great thing to stand unmoved amid such things. As we recede from the scenes of that conflict waged, and that battle won, we shall better appreciate his lonely struggle. Lucy, you are alone, and yet you are not alone. You have your friends and kindred, you have his and your dear children—whom may God bless—you have your husband's good name, and you have your dear Saviour. I should like very much to see you and hope I shall. A word about ourselves. We got home a week ago to-day—the day of Mr. Crehore's departure. We had a good time abroad, were pretty well all the time. We found our place open for us—and oh, what a welcome our people gave us. Who ever had so many and so good friends as we! .My heart failed me for their great kindness. It can't be told.

Oct. 19. Communion; a beautiful day and a very full attendance.

Oct. 22. Prayer meeting. I called on my elders and others to pray; so I didn't have to stand. I am very rich in praying persons now. I am surprised at the growth of my church in this respect.

Oct. 26. Preached in the morning—"Christians the representatives of God."

Nov. 2. Preached a Home Missionary sermon.

Nov. 3. Felt reasonably well considering it was Monday. During all my ministry I never felt "Mondayish," but now

in my weakness the exertions of Sunday don't show their effects till Monday or Tuesday.

Nov. 9. Preached in the morning. The room was very warm. I got thro' the sermon, cut the last prayer short and then felt so faint that I just was able to get into the ladies' parlor and lie down on a bench.

Nov. 10. Dr. F. was here to hold a consultation with Dr. M. I may recover myself, but I must give up work for the present.

Nov. 11. Thinking over the goodness of God to me I said, "Yes, God, it is easy for you to do good, you have the resources as well as the disposition"; but then I thought, "No, for you have limited yourself by the character of the beneficiaries, their infirmities and sin"; these are hindrances to God's doing all that he could and would.

Nov. 12. No more prayer meetings; without knowing it I held my last one last Wednesday.

Nov. 13. Session met at the parsonage. I stated my purpose to resign—after consultation they asked me to give the church three months more time and try full rest on myself.

(To his Church Session).

Nov. 16. BRETHREN OF THE SESSION:—I have considered your proposal and accede to it.

J. B. BITTINGER.

P. S. *You* must judge as to the best way to bring this action to the notice of the church and congregation. Anent parish matters, my own judgment is that it would be well to go on and perfect your organization. Hold your election for Elders—wherein the Lord lead you—ordain and instal them, and set yourselves to work. I believe it will quiet and edify the church to give them occasion to think and talk about their parish interests. You will pardon me, if now that I

have abdicated, I should seem to seek to rule you from my "monastery of San Juste"—but such is human nature, and it is because I have a love for you all.

Nov. 15. One may harness one's mind as one does one's horse, without thinking of it. I've done this for the last five weeks, mind and body. Yes, there is unconscious cerebration. The mind can work unconsciously—I have been doing it for weeks. But there is unconscious cerebration farther back. The will operates unconsciously—mine has for weeks. It sets the mind to work—it holds the body up.

Nov. 16. To-day began my new vacation. I can't tell how much I enjoyed my rest. It was the first real rest day —I had no care.

Nov. 24. My mind runs more and more each day on the kind memories of the past—the unkind dropping out of sight —except as I committed them myself.

Nov. 25. What is the margin for the growth of civilization? It lies between the line at which one makes use of one's experience for being useful and the end of one's life—and this multiplied on the capital of civilization.

Dec. 18. It is turning very cold—the bottom has been broken thro' by the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and the Arctic Ocean of the atmosphere is pouring in on us.

Dec. 23. Wrote my "Luke 24 : 29." Mr. Way's smilax set off the wood carving—a soft cream colored piece —most beautifully.

This poem on the words "Abide with us, for the day is far spent," he gave with a Swiss carving representing the Walk to Emmaus, to his wife on their wedding anniversary.

"Friend! come with us,—a welcome guest,
Fast sinks the day,
And deep'ning shadows fall
Upon our way."

"The night draws nigh, with us abide,
Our hearts yet glow
With walking by Thy side,
Still more to know."

Thus spake the two to Christ of old,
On that sad day,
While list'ing him unfold
God's hidden way.

Sweet was his speech,—and pungent too;
Both staff and rod.
The suffering Christ they knew,
And Son of God.

Thou heardst their prayer—didst enter in,
Didst break the bread;
Their holden eyes were loosed
Thy face they read.

Our pilgrimage is wearing on,
Do Thou appear.
Thou hast been near to us,
Be yet more near.

We, too, would know Thee, dearest Lord,
As guest and friend;
Come in and dwell with us,
Unto the end.

The door's ajar—the board is spread,
Make no delay;
The promised Father bring,
Oh, glad that day!

This is our cry,—we wait in faith,
'Tis Thy command;
The heavens may fall
Thy words will stand.

Dec. 25. *Christmas.* Went to the Sunday school festival—a room full of the happiest faces. I had an ovation. The carol sung on my porch by Anna, and Maude Chapman, Di Wallace, Annie Semple, Bessie Waters and Madge McMillan.

Dec. 27. Wrote a card to the six little carolers. Rev.

Mr. —— called. I took occasion to sow a little Christian union seed—he took it rather wonderingly.

Dec. 28. In the evening when we were getting ready for church Liza had a paralytic stroke, and fell at the door into the wash kitchen. Poor Liza, our good and faithful servant.

Memoranda. The Brae-face Avenue. You must see it in all the glory of spring, and in the greater glory of autumn—and then there are choice times—when the long rime is on the trees, and they look like celestial trees—plated with frosted silver—and then you must ride under those trees when they are laden with the downy snow that has fallen from heaven on a windless night—when the hush of another world seems to have fallen on them. The finest of lace is not finer, nor softer, to see the poplar holding, as in its hand, the soft snow, as if each tree were a candelabrum filled with white tapers ready to be lighted; and still more beautiful are the sycamores, their pendulous buttons capped with snow—no electric light could be purer or softer.

Jan. 1, 1885. We all went to Liza's funeral at the colored church. I took part by special request, and what I said seemed to meet with a hearty response.

Jan. 3. Last night I lay awake and tried to answer the question, How did our Bible grow, and what do the different authors say as to their work? On which principle of selection or survival?

Jan. 10. This morning I woke and thought how beautiful an act of loyalty and thanksgiving a celebration of the Lord's supper is—but how did it ever become what it now is—a fear?

Jan. 15. My present state. I have no pain, though a certain kind of stomachic unpleasantness. Then too, I am not faint, nor weak, yet my languor is very great. I am

able to sleep any time, morning or afternoon, but less continuously at night.

Jan. 17. Poor old Liza stopped working and living at the same time—a happy release from life and labor at one call.

Jan. 18. Of late my heart hungers to see old acquaintances, some of them only for a few minutes, but others for days and days at intervals. I lay awake constructing a diagram of the progress of civilization.

Jan. 25. I sat and looked over the reverent congregation before the service began, the sad words "as sheep without a shepherd," came to me and brought tears to my eyes.

Jan. 29. I made a neighborly call on the Gilroys, (Catholics), who have just lost a daughter. Sorry to have missed Father P.

Jan. 30. Walked over to the Academy and left part of the Bunsen child epitaph to be translated. Called at Mrs. Chapman's on my return. Mildred came into the room and opened on me like a Gatling gun, or an alarm clock, or an enfranchised pup. Five dolls, Violet, Daisy No. 1, and 2, and two smaller ones were her theme. It was a real little parlor drama.

This is the last entry in his life-long diary.

On the 1st of February he took his bed. Four days after, he wrote to the Session, offering for the third time his resignation which they now accepted. At the same time he wrote to the church this farewell letter which after his death was printed with a portrait prefixed and given to every member of his congregation.

(To the members of the Sewickley church and congregation).

DEARLY BELOVED:—I have severed every official tie between me and this parish, except the one that binds me to you. I once thought I would quietly withdraw, saying and doing nothing. I would simply open the door and go out into the darkness and loneliness of a minister without a people; but

that seemed hardly in keeping with the solemnity of such an occasion. I have been too long among you to leave so unceremoniously. It would look as though we had not parted good friends. I am not able to speak to you "face to face," and thus together look over all the way in which the Lord has led us these twenty years or more. I have therefore chosen to write a few farewell words, which will, I hope, meet your good will.

Never did I seem to myself to have more given me to say to you as a congregation and as individuals, than when I came back in October; and the confidence, cordiality and affection with which you received me moved my heart, and begat the strongest hopes and wishes that I might be of special service to you. But it was not so to be. I now see it clearly. I then thought I should sooner not live than not preach. I am still filled with regrets, but I do not repine. I lay all these hopes in the grave. They may spring up again but not for the present. As to your kindness, what shall I say? It has been uninterrupted these twenty years. I never had a quarrel with any member of my parish. I have eaten the salt of hospitality at nearly all your tables, and, at some of them, many, many times. You have been a good people. I feel the warmth of your love, and I reciprocate it. While I take you all in my embrace, I may be permitted to say that my interest and affections especially move towards those whom I have united in the holy bonds of matrimony. I have ever loved to lay the foundations of Christian households. But most especially does my heart go out towards the children—"the little children" whom I have baptized. As a nurse cherisheth her children, so do I hold all these little ones close to my heart of hearts. As to my Session: no minister was ever surrounded and supported by a stauncher, wiser and more

loyal body of counsellors. No rupture ever came between us. The commonest public justice compels me to say these things—because they are true. Of your private and personal treatment of me and mine—your kindnesses—this is not the time nor the place to speak. They are more than can be numbered. You may ask, When did we these things? I answer, always. You may forget them; I never can, nor do I wish to. They sing in my memory like a choir of angels. I may truly say the parsonage has never been without some fresh token of your love. The good seed was always in our house because you suffered it not to run out. A thousand times have I been gladdened and humbled by these kindnesses. It is not strange, therefore, that I have been here so long. I have had many honorable and importunate charges offered me; but to all such solicitations my heart has replied in the language of the Shunamite to the promotions offered by the prophet: "I dwell," said she, "among mine own people." So said my heart. I will not say more. I did not feel as if I could say less. You have been my Phillipian church, and I say to you what Paul said to them: "My God shall fulfil every need of yours according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus." Should Providence cast my lot among you, I shall always rejoice in your prosperity. How sweet will sound the church-going bell! It often called me to my duty. I expect it will often summon me to my privileges. Farewell. Be at peace among yourselves; and God Almighty bless you and keep you.

In the sketch of his life published in the *Qui Vive*, written by Elder John Way, he says:

On the fifth of February he had put into my hands a touching farewell letter to his church Session. At that time he spoke to me of his desires and plans for his future work in the parish, and particularly of the study of the revised

version of the Old Testament, the progress of which he had all along watched with interest. He recognized the fact that in human probability these plans for work and study must be relinquished for this world; but he warmed up with enthusiasm as he referred to his studies beyond the grave. The marked manner in which, in this connection, he spoke of the study of some abstruse and hidden passages, especially in the prophecies, made me regard him as a student, who, having gotten all the schools of his own country could give, was earnestly looking forward to the greater universities of the better country beyond the water. * * * During the last few months of his life the Doctor was unable to take any active part in his church work, but he never lost sight of the work and of the people that were so dear to his heart. Interested in the preparation of the Church Manual he perused it carefully when the first copy had been brought to him. Said he: "Why is not ——'s name on the published roll?" When he had been told—"Ah! that is sad! I had hoped when I got better to see him, and ——, and one or two others whose cases have been pressing on my mind."

After a confinement to his bed of about a fortnight, he came down stairs again and lay on the lounge in his study. He did not seem materially stronger, but his attacks during the last year of his illness had usually lasted about three weeks, and he seemed to feel that now he ought to be getting better and be about again. After making the exertion of coming down stairs for three days, he became worse, and on February 17 took his bed for the last time. During the interval of improvement we had written for our friend, Mrs. Mary C. Harvey of Cleveland, to visit us. When she came, he was very glad to see her, saying playfully, "I get tired of seeing just these two women about me, I 'm glad to see a new face." He talked with her, advising her in the selection of a school for her sons, and particularly expressed his enjoyment in hearing us talk, when he felt disinclined to take any part in the conversation.

On his resignation his people presented him with a purse of money, accompanied with an address signed by nearly all the members of his congregation, even little children printing their names or having them

written in by their parents. This touched him very much. He made a few notes of names omitted, mostly those of the humbler members of the congregation, planning to request them to add their names at some future time. This was in the early part of March.

After Mrs. Harvey's departure, he grew worse. He read and listened to reading considerably; the books he enjoyed most, beside the New Testament in the Revised Version which always lay on his bed, were Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," and George Eliot's, "Scenes from Clerical Life." During all his illness to the last, he delighted in hearing read his favorite German hymns, "Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt;" the hymn of the Electress of Brandenburg, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," and "O Jerusalem, du schone," and the old seventeenth century hymn:

O Jesu Christ, mein 's Lebens Licht,
Mein Hort, mein Trost, mein Zuversicht;
Auf Erden bin ich nur ein Gast,
Mich drücket sehr der Sünden Last.
Ein schwere Reis' hab ich vor mir
In's himmlisch Paradies zu dir;

But his especial favorite, and the one he never tired of hearing, was Zinzendorf's,

Jesu, geh voran
Auf der Lebensbahn,
Und wir wollen nicht verweilen,
Dir getreulich nachzueilen;
Führ uns an der Hand
Bis in's Vaterland.

Soll's uns hart ergehn,
Lass uns feste stehn,
Und auch in den schwersten Tagen
Niemals über Lasten klagen:
Denn durch Trübsal hier
Geht der Weg zu Dir.

Rühret eigner Schmerz
Irgend unser Herz,
Kümmert uns ein fremdes Leiden,
O, so gieb Geduld zu beiden;
Richte unsern Sinn
Auf das Ende hin.

Ordne unsern Gang,
Jesu, lebenslang;

Führst uns durch rauhe Wege,
Gieb uns auf die noth'ge Pflege
Thu' uns nach dem Lauf
Deine Thüre auf!

On March 30, his sixty-second birthday, the young ladies of the church sent him a magnificent basket of flowers. He was greatly affected by this beautiful gift, saying through his tears, "I don't deserve this, they are too kind—I can't thank them." He was very anxious to have these flowers (and indeed all sent him in his illness) sprinkled and tended so as to preserve them as long as possible. All thro' his sickness, until he became unconscious, he especially delighted in the flowers with which his friends kept his room so plentifully supplied. He had taken great pleasure in ordering a ring set with an emerald, as a present for his daughter on this anniversary; and the letter concerning this ring was the last one he wrote.

From the beginning of April he failed fast. The physicians then gave us no hope. On April 5, Easter Sunday, we sent for Dr. W. L. Wallace(since dead) to see him. He seemed to enjoy his friend's conversation and prayer, but was too weak to control his emotions or talk much.

On the same day, he gave his last messages to friends, and directed to whom his watch and some other articles should be given, the disposal of his books, and other matters. "Keep what books you want, sell the rest; don't lug them around with you. Keep what you like—dear mother the same—don't keep any because I liked them."

During the afternoon he held the last long conversation with his family, mainly on religious subjects. These are from notes of it. "I used to have such clear visions of Christ and of God—in the morning and in the evening—now I don't have them. Tho' the Psalms are so short, I can't call them to mind now." "I take comfort in 'Come unto me' in Christ's seeing of the travail of his soul and being satisfied,' in 'We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'" The verse (Psa. 27:16, in the Coverdale version of the Psalter) "O, tarry thou the Lord's leisure: be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart: and put thou thy trust in the Lord," was suggested as one he had taken comfort in, and he assented. "I am sorry that the Gospel is not preached more plainly, to comfort the common people in their troubles;—instead of breaking up rocks and giving it to them." He spoke too of "the power of knowing God oneself and so preaching him." Presently he said, "I am sorry that when I seem to have so much to say to my people, I should not be able to say it. But doubtless there are many left who understand the Gospel better than I, and

will preach it better." Afterwards he said, "I think very little now of many things that once engaged my thoughts so much. If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't preach on such deep subjects as I did; I would try to help people in this hard world."

When asked the next day, how he was, he said, "I have no pain—no distress—I only want rest—that's all I want." And again, "I can't breathe very well—but that don't distress me.

On April 7, after a faint from which it was very difficult to revive him, he asked his wife not to do anything to bring him back, if he had another attack. He continually said, "I want to go."

About this time Miss Fanny Travelli, one of the watchers by his sick-bed, wrote: "Dr. Bittinger is fast slipping away from us. His mind is perfectly clear, but he sleeps much, and only answers when spoken to. The most distressing nausea and violent retching keep up, which, so far, nothing has been found to relieve. How long he will live no one can say, but in all human probability it will be but a day or two, perhaps less."

The young men of the church took turns in watching with him, and his parishioners vied with each other in manifestations of the most thoughtful kindness. His Kent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Day, came on to assist in the care of him.

Dr. Kirke Cushing also came from Cleveland, and altho' he was helpless to save him, he yet suggested many alleviations of his sufferings, and was of the greatest comfort to the family. He pronounced the disease to be the rare one known as progressive or pernicious anœmia, an impoverishment of the blood and lack of the red corpuscles—which is incurable and usually lasts for several years, tho' with intervals of improvement until death ensues.

The Presbytery of Allegheny met April 14 to dissolve the pastoral relation between him and his church. But as it was seen by that time that he could not live more than a few days at most, his people asked Presbytery to suspend the proceedings, so that he might die as their pastor. The Presbytery acceded to their request, sending also a resolution of sympathy to the family and of fraternal affection to Dr. Bittinger.

That night it became evident that he was fast sinking, and at twenty minutes past two on the morning of April 15, 1885, he breathed his last. The hush which followed the ceasing of his breath was broken by the voice of Mr. Day, who repeated, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The funeral services at Sewickley were held on Thursday

afternoon, April 16. His church was filled by the largest congregation which had ever assembled within its walls. "At his special request no address was delivered. The services were conducted by Rev. R. S. Van Cleve of the Leetsdale Presbyterian Church; Rev. W. L. Wallace, D. D., of the United Presbyterian Church, Rev. B. F. Woodburne, D. D., of the Baptist Church, and Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., of the United Presbyterian Church. These brethren were selected by the deceased himself, some time previous, for the service." "Not only with characteristic modesty, but on principle, and as an example to his people, the Doctor had strictly enjoined any remarks at his funeral. All of the hymns and most of the scripture passages were of his own selection. He had named those who were to bear him to his grave."

Mrs. Chambers Miller, one of those who assisted most lovingly in the care of him during his sickness, wrote in a little memorial poem, of his appearance after death:

He is resting from his labors
In the Paradise of God,
A sweet and holy resting
From the weary way he trod.
We see no sign of suffering,
His face as Stephen's shone,
He waketh in Christ's likeness,
He "knows as he is known."

"Following a custom often met with in the earlier settlements of the country, at Mount Olivet cemetery, the dead are laid facing the rising sun, that they may sooner see the angel on the morning of the Resurrection. On Friday afternoon, the 17th of April, borne by his elders and by his nephews, he was laid to rest in the Mount Olivet cemetery, just south of the town of Hanover. At the grave the beautiful burial service of the German Reformed Church

was read by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Bowman, and the Rev. J. C. Koller, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran church, * both of Hanover. It was the first spring day after a long and dreary winter. Its warm sunshine had opened some violets and snowdrops, which loving hands gathered and placed in the casket. To him it was the beginning of a perpetual spring; as earnest of a new and ever-abiding Eastertide."

Five years after Dr. Bittinger's death, at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Sewickley church, February 17th, 1888, Elder John F. Robinson spoke thus of Dr. Bittinger:

I united with this church during his ministry in 1871, and became a member of his Session in 1872. I knew him intimately as preacher, pastor, and friend. No unkind word ever passed between us. He was no ordinary man. Like Saul, he was head and shoulders above the multitude in all that goes to make man true, wise, noble, and good. To me his grasp of mind and memory was like inspiration from God. He was informed on almost all subjects pertaining to the earth below or the heavens above, and not in a superficial way. He went to the bottom of things. As a teacher, the members of the "History class" (which he conducted for years) can testify that he had few equals and perhaps no superior. As a preacher, he was true, always true, to the teachings of the Word of God as he conscientiously understood its meaning. As a student of the "Word," and as a preacher of the "Word" he excelled all others of whom I have any personal knowledge. He was eminently a preacher of righteousness, in the sense of right thinking, speaking, acting, and living towards God and men. He had no sympathy with shams, syndicates or rings

* Dr. Bittinger desired him to take part, because Mr. Koller was the present pastor of the church in which he had been confirmed.

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formed for personal gain at the expense of the many, but exemplified and enforced his belief in equal rights for all, and justice to all, and the duty of all to make an honest living by honest work.

Dr. Bittinger was always ready and able in debate. His command of language was perfect. His words were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," fitly spoken. His sentences were short and terse, every word counting, and being in its place, and conveying his true meaning.

As moderator of our Session, he was wise and considerate in counsel, ever conceding to all the right to judge for themselves. He was wise above most men in ecclesiastical law. In all of his intercourse with us, no words of bitterness were ever spoken. Some of the questions that were unwisely forced upon us were very difficult ones and required great forbearance, wisdom and courage. Some of the most precious memories of the past gather about these meetings of our Session.

He held firmly the faith, that Christ "would so come in like manner as he was seen to go into heaven," and this conviction gave energy and power to his efforts to send the glad news of salvation to the ends of the earth. He was always interested in the missionary work of the church. His lectures to us on the various mission fields were always full of interest, and his knowledge of the geography, productions, civilization, and the peculiar characteristics of the people and their various religious views was thorough and complete, making his lectures the most instructive and interesting I have ever heard from any one.

As a friend, who so true and faithful as he? Who of us can ever forget his dignified presence and saintly countenance, as he went in and out before us, and as he spoke to us from the sacred desk—at the communion table—and the prayer

meeting? Who of us can forget his wonderful grasp of mind and tenderness of heart, as he spoke to us of the Fatherhood of God, and of his infinite love in the gift of his Son that we might be partakers of his holiness, and inherit eternal life? Who of us can forget the logic, force, and power of his eloquent words, when at times he seemed to forget all else but his responsibility to God and his love for his people, and he would step out to the side of the desk, and urge and enforce the privilege and duty of our becoming more Christlike in our love, and more earnest in effort to extend the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world? Who of us could forget the tenderness of his great love, when in great physical weakness he preached to us the last three or four sermons of his ministry, and spoke of the new revelations of the presence and love of God to him while he was in Europe, and of his great desire to see his people once more, and earnest longing of spirit that he might help us to see and feel more and more of the presence and love of God in our own hearts?

The memory of his pure life amongst us—his kindly greetings and saintly face—his ministrations in the pulpit and the meetings for prayer—the social gatherings—in our homes—and at the house of mourning, will abide with us always, and go with us to the end. In his death this community—this church—and the world, has lost one of the greatest and purest of men. In his death, has his influence been lost to the church? No, it will abide forever.

Since his death and that of others of this church whom we have known, and with whom we have "gone up to the house of God in company," the world has become less and less homelike and more lonely. Our eyes grow misty and dim as we think of the dear departed ones, and "forgetting the things that are behind," we look forward and upward

with heart-longings to the glad reunion in the dear Father's house above.

Elder George H. Christy said on the same occasion:

The pastorate of Dr. Bittinger, what can I say of it? It is a pastorate which went into and constituted the life of the church. He preached himself into the hearts of his people. The twenty-one years of his ministry here constituted his life work. All that went before was only a preparation for this. I will not say that we, as a people, appreciated him at his value; but I can say that we neither stoned him as a prophet nor whitewashed his sepulchre. We attained, whether deservedly or not, a large place in his affections, larger in fact, than any of us during his life supposed. Twice called to Collegiate Presidencies, twice to Theological Professorships, and I know not how often to larger and more lucrative pastorates, he still preferred his quiet work among the people to whom, as it eventually proved, he gave his life. If he had any ambitions other than those which appertained to the Master's service, his people, after living with him for over twenty years, failed to find them out.

In the early part of his ministry, his sermons generally were written out with care, but he gradually schooled himself to a different and a better system. For the last fifteen years of his life I do not think he wrote a sermon or a lecture, nor any part of one. By reading and thinking his mind became saturated, or perhaps better, to use an electrical term, became *surcharged* with a knowledge of those things which are of interest to humanity, so that, having trained himself, while standing and in the presence of an audience, to think clearly and to speak accurately, he never failed to interest. His mental store was charged with things new and old; and old things from his lips, and with his way of saying them, always seemed new. He had a wealth of

illustration, particularly from the flowers and the birds and the trees, and in fact, from the whole range of nature, which made a sermon often sound like a song. He was a close student, and mastered every subject he took up, and when he spoke on it he treated it with the skill of a master and the grace of an artist. His power as a public lecturer on the platform, in *extempore* speaking, was something wonderful, though his quiet people in Sewickley saw little of it. A clergyman who can, as Dr. Bittinger repeatedly did, stand up and talk from one to two solid hours, without manuscript, note or memorandum of any kind, and can hold for so long a time the fixed, unbroken attention of an audience of highly trained thinkers, on subjects outside of his professional studies, such as "The Influence of Grecian Thought on Modern Civilization," "Money and Finance," "Martin Luther and the Reformation,"—*such men are scarce.* When you wish to find one, you must look in that class of orators of which Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn and Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone of Hawarden are leading living examples. Half a dozen such men in a century seem to exhaust the supply.

It was Dr. Bittinger's desire that nothing of eulogy should ever be spoken of him in a public assembly. But had he been required to select some *one feature* of his life and services, of which public mention might be made, I think it would have been his regard for God's poor. "To the poor the gospel is preached," was the text of one of the best sermons I ever heard him deliver. The iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law, and the effort to enforce it in Northern Ohio during his Cleveland pastorate, apparently aroused in him not only a detestation of the wickedness involved, but a pity for the helpless victims. From that time on, his voice, often and repeatedly heard, amid obloquy and reproach, uttered no uncertain sound.

Some of his public addresses in behalf of the down-trodden were reported and preserved, and, read in the light of to-day, are terrible in their invective. At a later day he interested himself in "Prison Reform," and did much hard work and effective service in promoting that good cause. He was for some years a regular attendant at the conventions held in this country by the friends of this reform, and stood in the foremost rank of its champions. His published papers are numerous and of a high grade. The slave and the prisoner to him were among God's poor, and to the day of his death he did not forget them. The poor and the lowly in his parish were not numerous, but they had a strong place in his affections. In fact, his last public ministration, done in feebleness after he had relinquished his pastoral work, and almost while waiting for the Master to come, was a few words from the heart, spoken in a colored church, at the funeral of a colored domestic, who had served in his house for many years. If book accounts are kept in Heaven, that is the last, and possibly it is the best, entry which stands to his credit in the Book of Life.

Dr. Bittinger was a *large-minded* man. "Christianity" he remarked in one of his sermons, "is the religion of the best things." The "*best things*" of life, of character, of obligation, of opportunity, of achievement; the "*best things*" of time and eternity,—the "*best things*" of all space—the "*best things* of Humanity and Divinity, of Earth and Heaven —all entered into his conception of Christianity. Hence, outside of his parish work, his sympathies were as far reaching as humanity extends; and, by voice and pen, he endeavored to make his influence and labors felt equally far. With a body enfeebled and almost shattered by disease, he was necessarily limited in the *amount* of work done, but not in its quality. To almost his last hour his brain worked as perfectly,

easily and as true to the right as in his best days. But the work done outside of his pastoral duties—historical and literary work with a class organized and for years kept up in his own parish, kindergarten and other educational work among the teachers and friends of education in Western Pennsylvania, and lectures, of which mention has been made; contributions to magazine literature, little heard of, however, except among the specialists to whom they were more particularly addressed—these were too much for his limited amount of endurance. The protests and expostulations of friends,—and on this subject I speak from personal knowledge—were of little avail. The work of forty years he crowded into twenty, and then, worn out, tired out, physically exhausted, prematurely old at sixty-two, he lay down and fell asleep.

It was a *peaceable* pastorate. True, there were one or two occasions when some elements of discord were manifested; and some such must always be expected, for whether the sons of God or the sons and daughters of men come together, Satan comes also, as in the days of Job. But in this case the discordant elements were too feeble to be of any avail, and they soon died out or were voluntarily repressed. Pastor and people reposed the utmost confidence in each other. If a majority of us dissented from some of his views—rarely expressed, however, in public—on Eschatology, Political Economy or Social Science, we accorded him the liberty of free speech, and we exercised in return, without objection on his part, the right of free thought. Eliminating all he said that was to us erroneous, there was ample field for thoughtful Christian growth and edification in what was left, for he was always prodigal of his thoughts and ideas. Nothing was kept back or saved up to be made the basis of another sermon. And yet when he was done,

the hearer could never for an instant imagine that he had exhausted his mental store-house, as I doubt if he ever did.

While Dr. Bittinger's pastorate in Sewickley was not characterized by any general "revival," nor, in fact, by numerous additions at any one time, it is still true that the growth of the church was steady and practically constant. Perhaps its best characteristic was that it was a *working* church. With all the laziness and indifference of a portion of its membership I do not know of any church anywhere, which, all things considered, was better organized for work, or which has done better and more effective work than our own. And to his ministrations this fact was largely due. Himself an ardent friend and an eloquent advocate of the great cause of missions, he never *bgeged* in their behalf, but he taught his people to give liberally, and I think I may say that they profited by and applied his teaching, He was a worker himself, and he taught the lesson of work both by precept and example. But he never scolded, nor did he ever, to my knowledge, mention or allude to any sins of his people of omission or commission, in a fault-finding manner. His reproofs had a sting to them peculiarly his own; and those not hardened in laziness seldom needed a second reminder.

A rigid adhesion to historical truth would require at least a brief reference to certain occasions when some of his clerical brethren, who otherwise seemed to be good Christians, apparently thought they were doing God service by hinting or expressing doubts of Dr. Bittinger's theological soundness. But a review of what was so said and done, is unnecessary. It had best be forgotten. Of his critics, some preceeded him to the "shining shore," others have crossed over since and joined him there, and with the few that still remain, old age has apparently cooled the hot theological zeal

of earlier years. But in justice to his memory, I ought, perhaps, to add that knowing pretty well his views, I believe that he was in substantial accord with the leading doctrines of the Presbyterian church, as believed and taught by the majority of her best theologians.

And his brother, the Rev. John Q. Bittinger of Haverhill, N. H., wrote of him, in a style often singularly like his own:

He was deeply attached to his church, and rarely are a church and people more happy and contented in their minister. Here he worked in every way to build them up in all that is good and true in heart, in head, in social prosperity and in educational appliances, in making them see a truer aim and urging them on to a larger sweep of life.

His study was his work-shop, with a most select assortment of intellectual tools and appliances, all for use, nothing for ornament, except a few choice pictures and bronzes, notably that of the Great Reformer; and here, as he rhymed it in his poem, "The Weaver," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the shuttle went ever back and forth, at the fearful cost of life-blood.

He studied the Bible critically, but at the same time connectedly, comprehensively, and as Professor Shedd would say, structurally. It was to him a masterpiece of divine mould, not a mosaic of good sayings and wise precepts. Out of his close study of the Scriptures grew a number of Biblical themes which were discussed in the leading quarterlies, such as "Hebrew Servitude," "Paul and his Companions," "Paul's Salutations," and more recently "Studies in the Last Things," "The Eschatology of the Psalms," in a late number of the *Andover Review*, and an unpublished manuscript, "The Primacy of the Jews," that is worthy a place in print.

In addition to purely Biblical pursuits, he was a tireless

and comprehensive student in some special lines of public questions, such as finance and the tariff. The business men of Pittsburg, though knowing well his revenue reform views, asked him to address them on the tariff; and at a great convention of bankers in the city of Columbus, Ohio, he was invited to speak on the question of finance. At the close of his address, after the applause had subsided, the president of the convention, an octogenarian, congratulated him and said: "You are the first clergyman I have met that knows anything about money."

But his pulpit was first; the rest was only off-work, though always pursued with a patience and thoroughness that shows how much can be done to enlarge the mind's view and give a more comprehensive grip of thought. He was a born student, but all his treasures of thought and acquisition were used to expound the Book of Life.

During those twenty years on the banks of the Ohio, which from his study in the morning sun was ever before his eye, he had many temptations to go into what would be deemed larger fields and more inviting lines of work, but knowing that he had the unqualified confidence of his people, I doubt if he ever seriously entertained the thought of leaving them. The field is always large enough. It is the man that is wanting. These temptations were to other churches, to chairs in colleges and seminaries, amongst them to the presidency of Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, Mr. Blaine's *alma mater*, and to the presidency of his own *alma mater*, to which he was urged by all the influence of his mother church; and to take away every impediment in his path, a college classmate, of large ideas and a generous heart, stepped forward and promised the endowment of the presidency in the sum of $40,000. But to all these inducements he preferred his quiet church by the river,

and the ceaseless shuttle went to and fro, gradually, as the floods in the river abraded the banks along its sweeping tide, carrying it out into the vast ocean, so his own life was flooded out into eternity. The break would have come sooner, but for the wonderful ease with which he worked and spoke. His manner in public speaking was that of earnest conversation, resembling much the style of Senator Edmunds, or of our minister to England, Mr. Phelps. He was never declamatory, lashing into fury empty adjectives, or tearing into shreds paucity of thought. But he had a wonderful facility in building up his thinking into the most finished form, clothing his ideas in simple and often homely words, but never coarse. His last public address was on Luther, before the clergy of Pittsburg and vicinity, without notes, and published as taken down by the short-hand writer, and is one of the best of the many noble speeches which were made on the four hundredth anniversary of the Great Reformer's birthday. His German heart could well get at the striking virtues of Luther, whom he greatly admired. But with all his natural aids to work with, his large store of knowledge to draw on, the crash came at last. *He was a worn-out man, prematurely.* And so the spirit which had no body to work with was anxious to go to put on that new body. "I want to go; I want to rest; that is what I want;" and so he chafed to be free, leaving many hearts "sorrowing," as the friends of Paul sorrowed, "that they should see his face no more."

In the sketch of his life by Mr. Way, from which frequent extracts have been made, he says:

Dr. Bittinger has been regarded by some as not fully a Presbyterian. Those who knew him best, knew and admired his breadth of view on theological matters. He regarded the office of a minister sacred to the preaching of Christ; to

the saving of sinners, and the building up of Christ's church; but to spend the energies of the church on ecclesiastical walls and partitions he regarded beneath the true calling of a minister of the gospel. He was fully and truly a Presbyterian —and much more. He was the man on the mountain top who takes within his ken not only the whole valley spread beneath him, but also a length and breadth of the country around and beyond. He was as one of Michael Angelo's statues, cut too large for his niche.

Dr. Bittinger held pre-millenarian views of the second advent, but as he did not regard them an essential point of faith, I can recall only one or two instances of his touching on them in his sermons. He did once give a full utterance of his views, I think, before the Ministerial Association. One of his auditors, deeply impressed with what he had heard, begged of the Doctor a list of the books which he had read on that subject. "The Bible has been my only text book on that subject," was the reply.

He had ability to read character, to know men; a knowledge of human nature that at times was startling. On one occasion one of his hearers, with smitten conscience, came to him, saying: "Doctor, all that was wanting in that sermon was the announcement of my name. You were preaching about me; you knew that I had done thus and so!" At another time two of his members had had a bitter quarrel. The next Sunday's sermon apparently was so pointed and personal a rebuke that both these men, amazed and humiliated, went to him with thanks for his sermon, and confession of their sin. "Brethren," said he, "I know nothing of your matters, and if I had known, I would not assail a man from the pulpit where he had no chance for defense. I do know what is in human nature, and if, in God's providence,

I have spoken of things which meet your cases, accept what has been said as a message to you from God."

In the Abbott *Courant*, the magazine of the Abbott Female Seminary, of which Dr. Bittinger was once the principal, appeared this tribute from a Sewickley parishioner, Mrs. Mary J. Atwell Finkbine:

Richly endowed by nature intellectually, he acquired large stores of knowledge, and became a man of power. His scholarship was accurate. He respected facts. In a certain sense he was a man of the world; he knew men accurately, and was able to measure the forces that influence conduct. While he regarded the gospel as the great elevating and purifying power, he nevertheless recognized all collateral and supplementary agencies. For this reason he took an active interest in education in all its various forms—in the common school (the poor man's college) in the higher institutions of learning, in platform-instruction, in questions of social science, in prison reform, and kindred matters. To educators in his own community he was always the trusted adviser and sympathizing friend. His influence in this direction can not be measured.

To the question of prison reform he gave many years of thought and effort; in connection with others, succeeding in doing much to improve the condition of prisoners in the Western Penitentiary of his own state; endeavoring to moderate the rule of solitary confinement, establishing a library, chapel, Sunday school, and commutation of sentence for good conduct. By request of the governor of Pennsylvania he went twice as delegate to the International Prison Congress; the first time to London, in 1872. The paper (one of twelve) read by him on that occasion, made a profound impression on the convention. The second time the Congress met in Stockholm, in 1878, when the Doctor again read a valuable paper.

Of Dr. Bittinger as a minister but little has been said. As this comes home more directly to my own life, it will be difficult to condense into a suitable space what might be written. His preaching was characterized by breadth of view and clearness of statement. His style was terse and forcible, yet of singular beauty. He never used manuscript, not even notes, in the pulpit; yet such was his marvellous command of language that the critical ear failed to detect a blemish in his utterance. An eminent member of our judicial bench, himself a master of "English undefiled," remarked, at the close of one of the Doctor's sermons, "Such extemporaneous speaking is remarkable. Were that sermon to appear in print, not a sentence would need revisal." "My habit," said he to a confidential friend, "in preparing my sermons, is first to get hold of a living thought capable of gathering round itself things germane, and I trust to the inspiration of this central idea for my illustrations as I proceed." His reading was extensive. He sought knowledge from many fields—from history and biography especially; from poetry, general literature, the ascertained truths of science; and, more than all, from his own close personal study of men and things and the multifarious activities that crowd this busy age. The fruit of all this he gave to his people in his sermons. His mind, methodical, intensely logical, and withal of a poetic cast, moulded his material into symmetrical forms. The finished structure you could see and admire; but the scaffolding was never in sight.

His wide range of thought and catholic spirit kept him from falling into ruts. He was always loyal to freedom of thought, and maintained a broad charity for honest opinion. Although not denying the need of formula as a working force in practical religion, he never taught dogmatic theology in its narrow sense. He was too large a man for that.

Divisions on denominational lines among Christians he always deprecated, and did much in his life to break down the partition walls. Discussions on creeds and theologies he regarded as waste of time, if not worse.

He gave to his people an honest service, the whole force of mind and heart, and was never absent from his pulpit except on vacations. Although within a half hour's ride of the city, he would not occupy any of her pulpits. He knew his people preferred no other minister to him, and he was always with them. Even while away on summer vacations he rarely preached. He would say, "My people give me this time for rest, and it is due to them that I do rest;" and so he resisted all solicitations.

The Doctor was ever solicitous for the high training of youth. He believed in the gospel of work, and earnestly pressed its necessity on young men. He taught them to adopt high aims with the purpose of living noble and beneficient lives. His work in this direction was not in vain; persons now mature men and women are free to declare that the high views of life and duty derived from his teaching have gone with them as an inspiration through life.

In January, 1884, he was overcome by a general prostration. With his family he spent the summer in Europe, hoping to regain his health by travel, and with absolute freedom from work. Returning in October, he took up his work with a hopeful heart. He was able to preach but four sermons; full of pathos and power they were, but they proved to be his last. His strength failed utterly. He wrote a beautiful and touching farewell letter to his congregation, which is in print, and a copy preserved in every household in his parish as a souvenir. He looked calmly forward to his approaching death as simply an entrance into a higher state of activity and happiness. His mind never

lost its balance, nor did his habit of beautiful expression fail him, not even in the hour when he gave utterance to the saddest words of his life, "I am growing too weak to think."

His death occurred on the fifteenth of April, 1885. In early manhood the young minister left his eastern home to begin his work; thirty-two years of useful labor complete the circuit of his ministerial life, and now his body, borne by the elders of his church, who loved him well, in a spot chosen by himself near the place of his birth, is laid to rest by the side of his kindred. To us who knew him best, and profited most by his instructions, his life seemed all too soon ended. But the Master knew his work was done.

The Rev. R. S. Van Cleve, who was probably the most intimate personal friend of Dr. Bittinger, gives this view of his character from another side:

Dr. Bittinger's society was fascinating to me. I esteem it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known him: he was always cordial; he was always entertaining; his conversation was delightful and stimulating. I never left his presence without feeling the better for my interview with him. I never knew a man who could communicate information or discuss a subject as naturally as Dr. Bittinger did; he talked like a friend taking you into his confidence, you did not feel as though you were being talked to, but rather as though you were being consulted. The conversation not only held your attention, but awakened your sympathies. No matter what the subject, whether pertaining to Church or State, to abstract themes or to individuals, to converse with Dr. Bittinger about it made it live for you ever afterwards. I am all the while grateful for the good my dear friend did me in this respect; no one ever did so much to broaden my mental vision. Dr. Bittinger was a great man—great intellectually, great in his attainments, and great in his manly char-

acter. There never lived—certainly I never knew—a more manly man, so loyal to his principles, so courageous in their defence. If ever I knew Dr. Bittinger to show contempt for a fellow-being it was for one whom he recognized as a time-server. He was such a good *friend*; the very touch of his hand, and much more the glance of his eye told you of his respect for your manhood, and invited your confidence. It is something to thank God for to have had such a friend, and he *was* my friend as I was often made to feel during an intercourse of more than fifteen years. No one has ever taken his place; no one ever can.

A member of his church, Thomas Patterson, Esq., wrote this, which Dr. Bittinger would have valued more highly than anything else which could have been said of him:

When I am dead, and men shall come
To lay me in my last, long home,
Could I, by chance, hear what they say,
Awe-struck and whispering round my clay,
What words would bear the sweetest tone?

I shall not care what art hath done,
I shall not care for trophies won;
For art with sense shall fade away,
When I am dead.

But that perhaps one might be there
Could say, "He brought me strength to bear
My trial,—brought me truth and light
In darkness,—strove he for the right;
I think God hath him in his care,
Now he is dead."

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